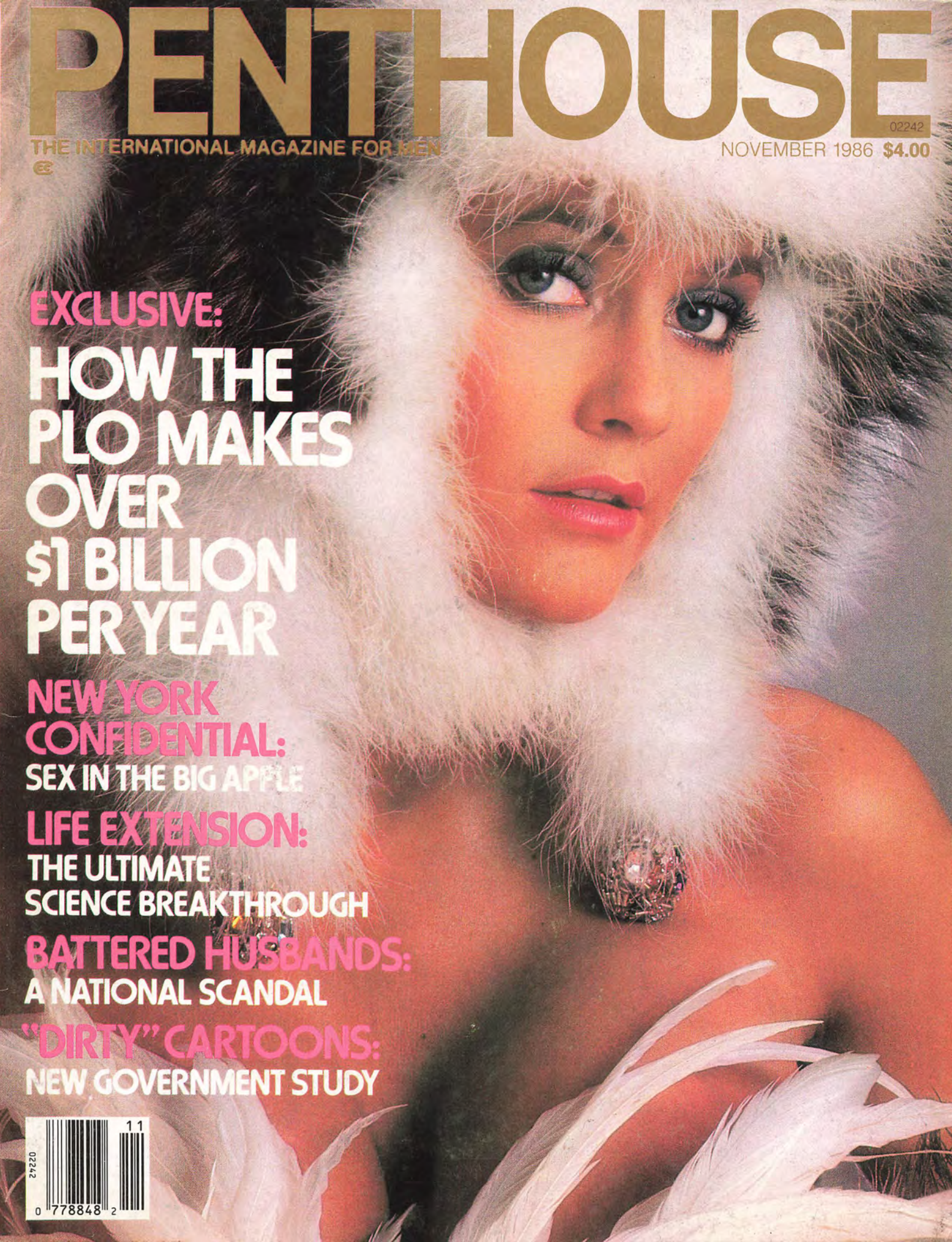
PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

NOVEMBER 1986 $4.00



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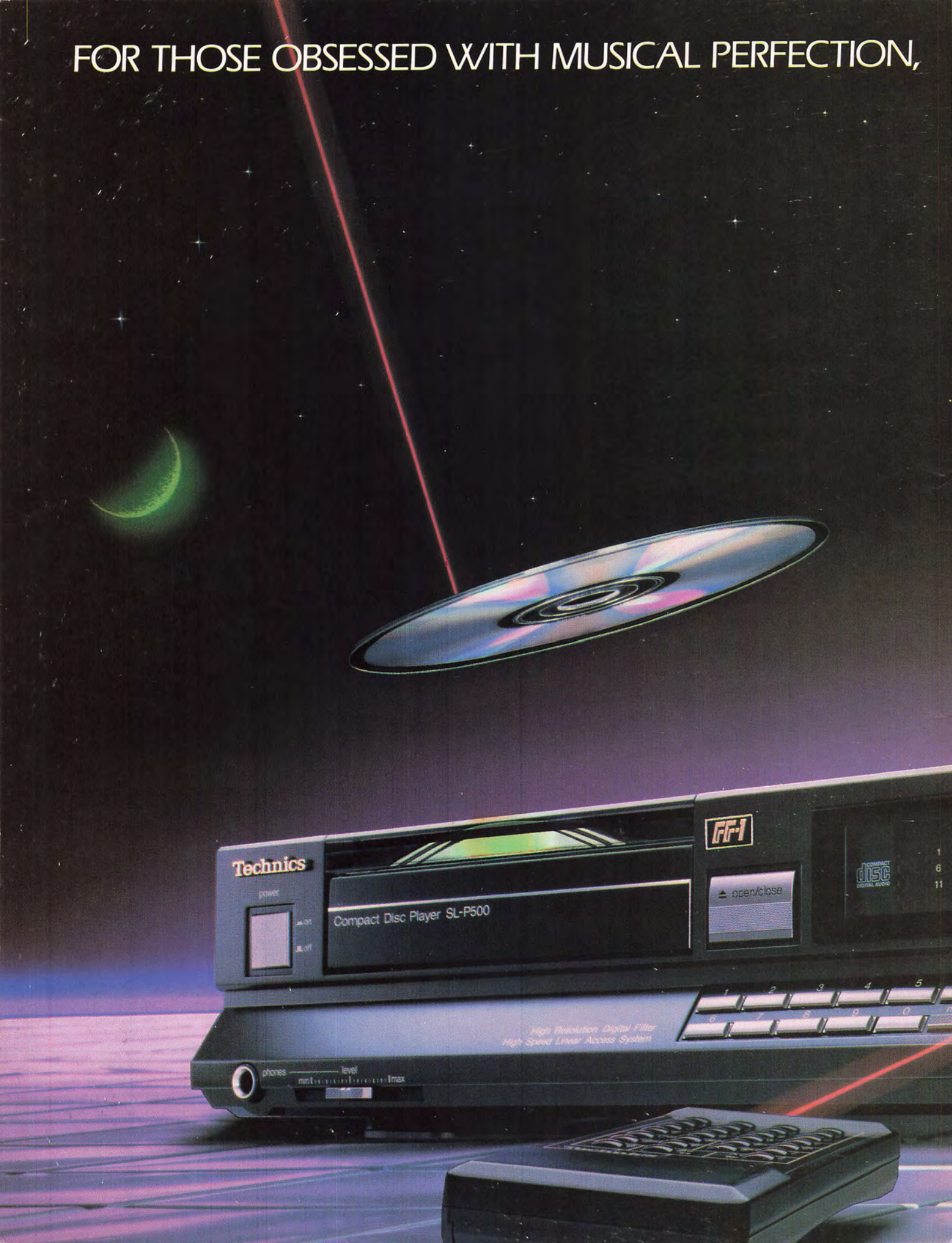
FOR THOSE OBSESSED WITH MUSICAL PERFECTION,



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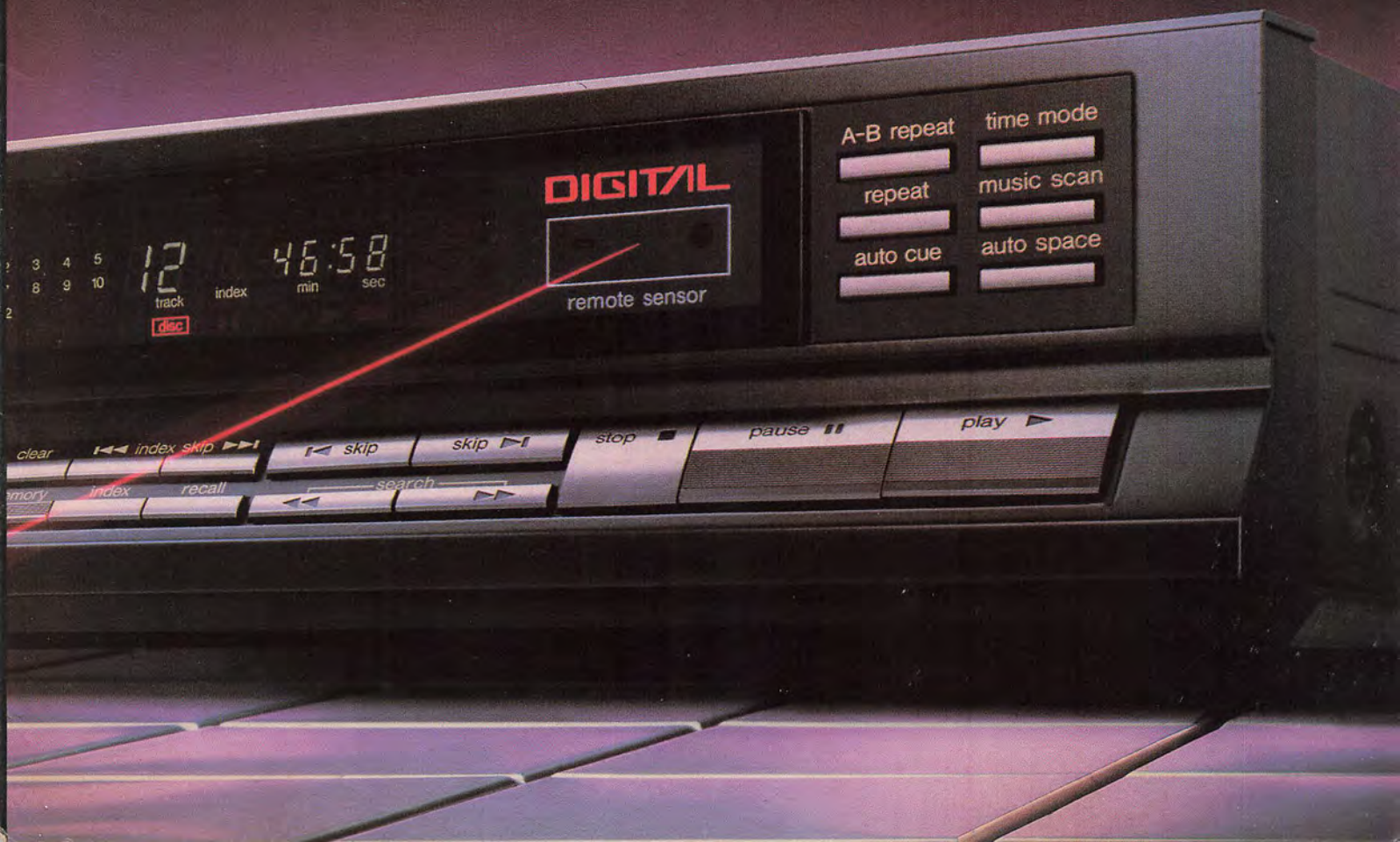

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Queens Reach.
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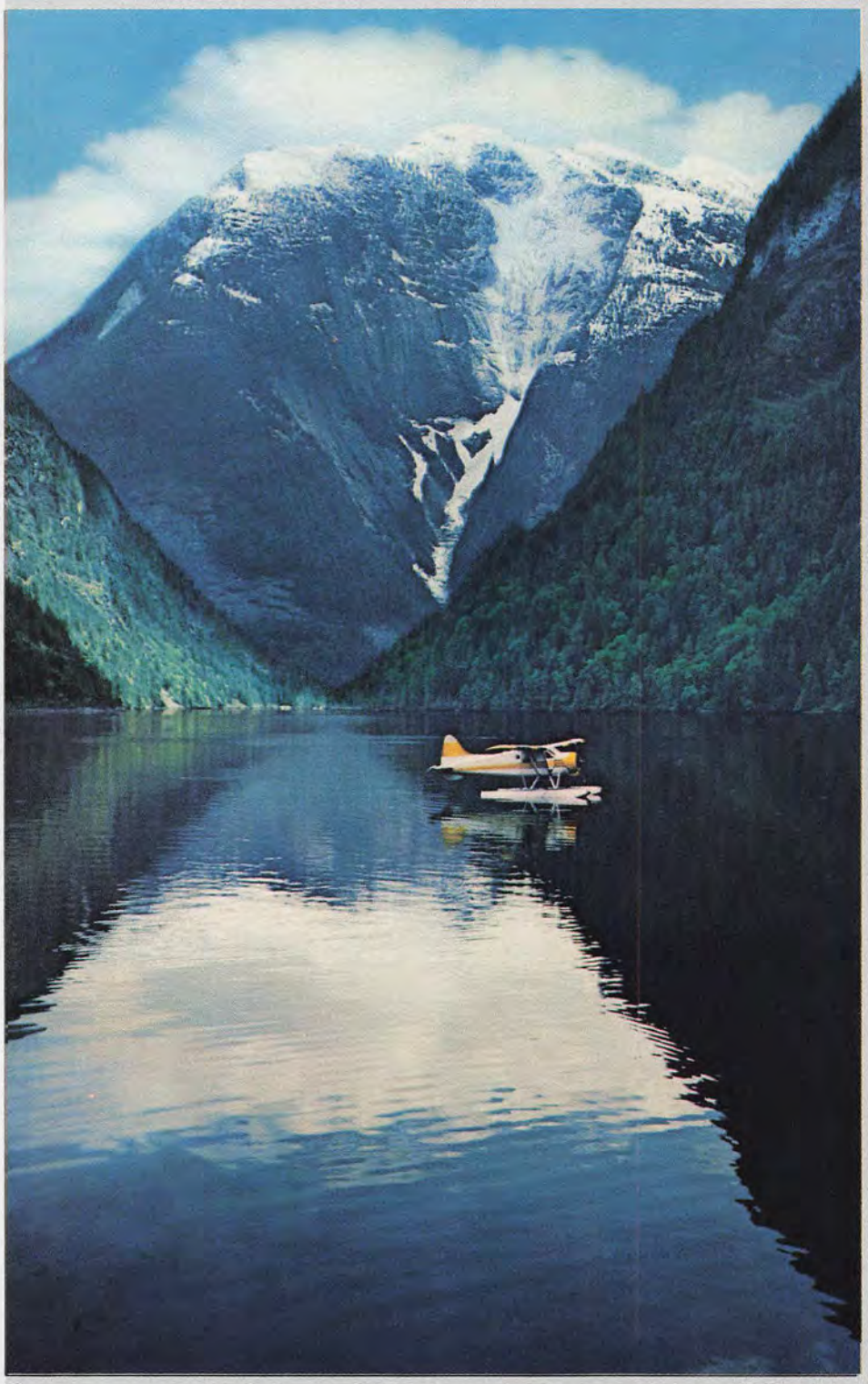

WESTERN CANADA— We found an opening between two peaks, then dropped down fast to the lake. It was the bluest water we'd ever seen, the smoothest too. So smooth, a ripple would have seemed like a wave.

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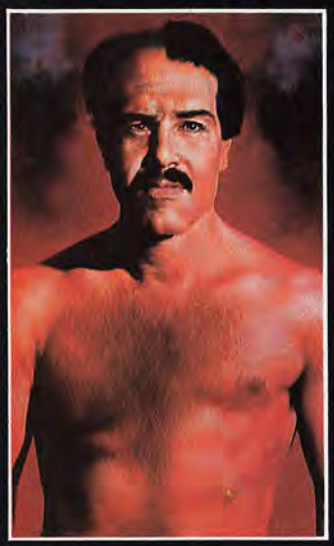

THE ULTIMATE BREAKTHROUGH
Thanks to modern science and technology, yesterday's science fiction is today's science fact. Man's eternal quest for the Fountain of Youth is becoming, according to experts, more and more reachable. One of these experts is Kathy Keeton, president of Omni Publications and author of *Woman of Tomorrow* (just out in paperback). "I strongly believe," she told us, "that one day we will all hold the power to lengthen our own lives. Scientists have begun to challenge one of life's most basic tenets—that we all must die." To celebrate and report on the many breakthroughs that point to this bold new direction in medicine and health care, *Omni* magazine is now publishing a newsletter called *Longevity.* You won't want to miss our special report on this exciting new publication and its revolutionary message.

BANKING ON TERROR
"Paying no tax and completely unrestricted, Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization has been able to invest in a wide portfolio in all the major Western financial centers." So reports James Adams in this stunning exposé, which is excerpted from his forthcoming Simon and Schuster book, *The Financing of Terror.* With its annual income well over $1.25 billion, he shows how the PLO now uses investment planning along with terror to achieve its aims.

"NEVER AGAIN!"
Rabbi Meir Kahane and the Jewish Defense League he founded 20 years ago in New York City are not concerned with financial subtleties when it comes to striking back at those they consider to be enemies of the Jewish people. Earlier this year, photographer Doug Menuez was given a rare opportunity to observe a JDL training camp in California. His pictures of Jewish zealots taking target practice with photos of Arafat and Qaddafi as bull's-eyes make a viewer despair that there will ever be peace between Arab and Jew. And in an interview with reporter Jane Merrill from Israel (where he is now a major political force), Kahane himself explains why he believes that Jews will always be the world's scapegoats.

JUDY REISMAN'S $734,000 THRILL
Gordon Raley's exposé of the life and times of an obscure television songwriter would make a great humor piece—if it wasn't for the rather significant fact that she was given 734,000 taxpayers' dollars by the Reagan Justice Department to "analyze" cartoons in magazines not in favor by the current administration—including the one you're now reading. Raley, who was a staff director of the House Subcommittee of Human Resources, is incensed by the waste of money and by Reisman's rather odd background (she once delivered a paper on dirty language used in high school bathrooms); but most important, he shows how terribly serious youth problems such as child abuse and teen suicide are being neglected by a government determined to make cheap political points.

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL
For years, Sharon Churcher's "Intelligencer" column was one of the highlights of *New York* magazine—illuminating the fauna that crawled from under the rotten parts of the Big Apple. In this preview of her new book, *New York Confidential* (Crown), she takes us behind the scenes of one of the city's largest industries . . . the Sex Business. Sharon, who will be writing an exclusive national column for *Penthouse* next year, shows how, as the song says, "If you can make it there, you'll make it anywhere!" . . . Our November Pets, of course, will have no trouble at all making it in New York, or anywhere else, for that matter. They'll make this Thanksgiving one well worth remembering!

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"She started moaning desperately, "We've got to do it now. I can't wait." I loved to hear her beg."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

I've never been a great athlete, but that never stopped me from being competitive. In high school I became involved with academic competitions, those question-and-answer, buzz-in-type games. I won a place on the team at the southern university that I attend. Training for the team is rough. We have material to study and two hours of practice every day. It didn't take long for me to feel like we could beat any team in the country.

Last August I attended my first tournament, which was held at a major university in the Midwest. I was prepared for mental challenges, but not for the physical workout I was to receive. Being an 18-year-old freshman, I wasn't very experienced when it came to sex. But at the tournament I learned a hell of a lot more than just the answers to questions I hadn't known before.

Our team was the tournament's dark horse, but most of the way through we looked like the favorites. We breezed through our first three matches with no difficulty, and I slowly felt my confidence grow. The fourth match was tough. Halfway through the match we were tied with the top team. I was nervous and looked around as we took a short break. Seated next to the moderator was a petite blonde. She was the scorekeeper for the match. She was pretty, with a cute little nose and a succulent mouth. The breasts beneath her sweater appeared to be almost perfect in size and shape. For a few seconds I fantasized about what they must look like bare. My

concentration was broken when I noticed that she was staring at me. I looked away awkwardly. I concentrated hard during the second half of the competition, and got several key questions correct. We ended up winning the match. We stood around the room shaking hands with the other team, and the blonde approached me. I was more nervous as I looked at her than I could ever be in a match.

"You were great," she said. "How do you know all those things?" I had no idea what to say. For once I didn't have an answer. Her name turned out to be Beth, and she was a student who was getting extra credit for working at the tournament. Nobody had to tell me that she found me attractive. At first I thought it was only an intellectual interest, but I soon realized there was a little more to it. She asked my name. "Bill," I said. It was a good thing she was being so forward; I was almost overwhelmed.

We talked in the halls between matches. We went to supper together during the dinner break. By the time the first day's competition ended, I knew we were going to spend the night together.

Beth quickly accepted an invitation to my room. As soon as we got there, she grabbed me in an embrace that almost took my breath. Her mouth was on mine instantly, her tongue gently intruding. I needed no further encouragement. I pulled her sweater over her head and quickly dispensed with her bra. Her breasts were as wonderful as I'd imagined, firm and full without being too large. The nipples were hard and turned out to be delightfully sensitive when I sucked them and ran my tongue over the ends. Beth was gripping my ass, kneading it savagely, pulling my crotch against her body.

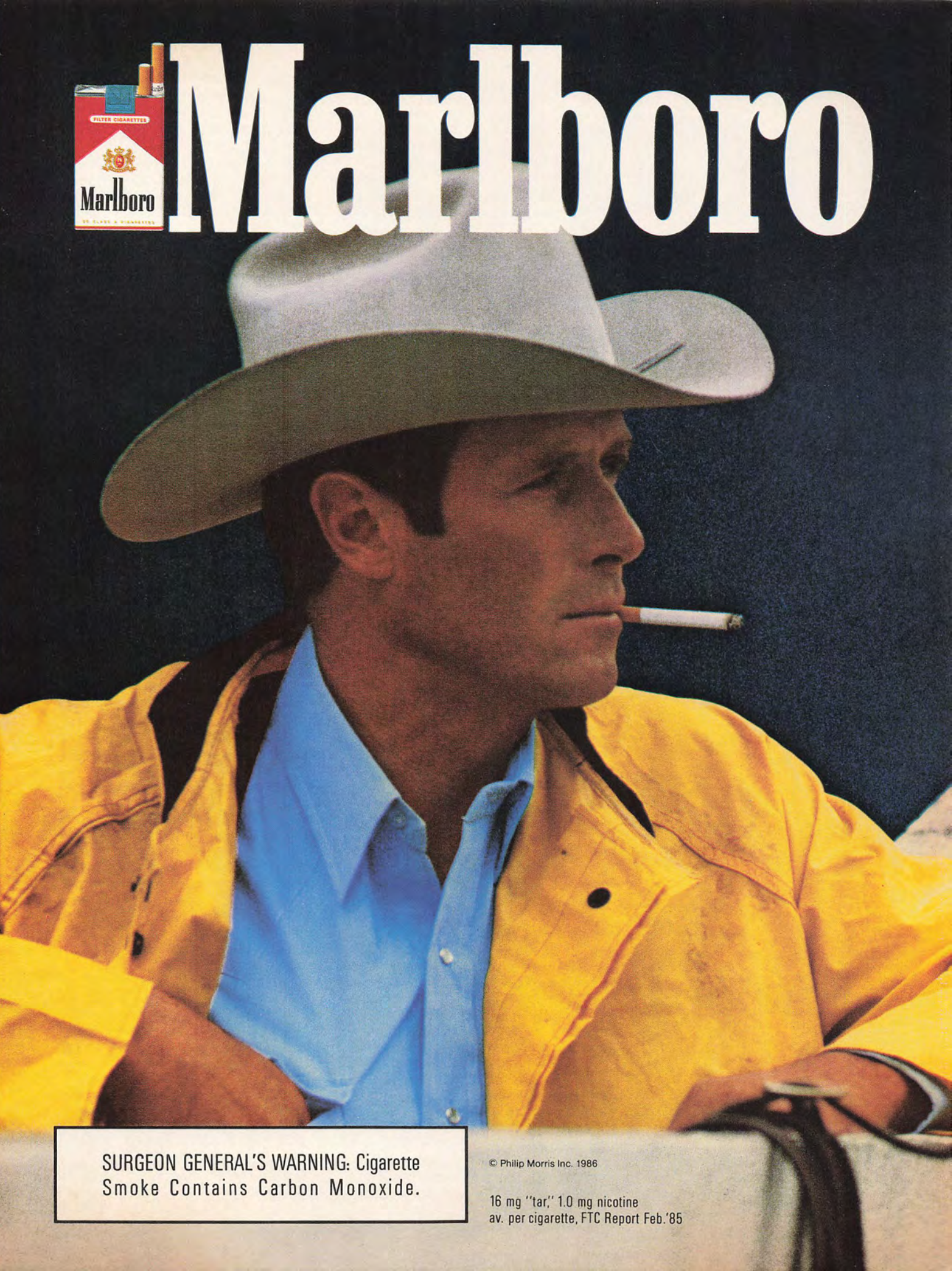
She quickly undid my pants and eased them down to my knees, and began undoing the buttons on my shirt. Then she fell to her knees and pulled at my shoes and socks until I fell back onto the bed. I pulled them off and she slipped my pants onto the floor. I pulled her up so that I could lick her stomach, feel her ass, and get her out of her pants. Once done, I pulled off her panties and kissed her wonderfully slick snatch. I flicked my tongue across the lips and slightly inside. Her body tensed and her breathing began to get sporadic.

I was harder than I had ever been in my life, and she pulled my briefs off and sucked my cock. I pulled my shirt off my shoulders and lay back to enjoy. Beth was feeding on my dick like a hungry kitten, making a contented purring sound.

"No more," I said, as I almost lost it. "Sit on me, sweetheart," I said, and she climbed aboard. She couldn't wait to get back on my meat, and I loved eating her as well. Her pussy was the most fantastic thing I'd ever encountered. We kept this up for a long time, her licking my shaft, deep-throating me, and sucking my balls.

She started moaning desperately, "We've got to do

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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NOVEMBER

it now. I can't wait." I loved to hear her beg, and that was all it took. I got on top and slid my cock inside, a bit too abruptly. She gasped, but when I pulled out she said, "Don't stop." So I didn't.

I knew I was a little thicker than she was accustomed to, but soon it was working out to her advantage. She clawed my back and wrapped her legs around me so tight that I thought I wouldn't be able to move. She came several times. Twice I had to pull out and settle for massaging her incredible breasts to keep from coming. I only wanted to do it when I was ready.

Eventually, I realized that we couldn't keep it up all night. She was whining loudly and I knew she'd soon climax again. I fucked her with long and steady strokes, trying to push against both sides of her pussy with my cock. She started to come and I started to pump faster. When she came, I knew I was close, so I went for it. She was letting out a deep moan as I humped so hard I thought we would break the bed. I shot three long streams of semen into her and kept fucking. Seven or eight more humps and I fell on top of her, panting like a racehorse. She held me close, puckered her lips and touched them to mine, then licked my ear.

We dressed a few minutes later and she slipped away, saying that she'd see me the next day. But she wasn't at the second day of the tournament. I guess it's just as well, since I don't know how I'd have kept from dragging her to bed the minute I saw her.

I never saw her again, but I'll never forget her. When the trophies were handed out at the close of the tournament and I was chosen most valuable player, I laughed inside. In more ways than one, it was a fitting title.—*Name and address withheld*

RISE AND SHINE

Until recently, my husband and I had led an all-too-common sex life. After a long, hard day at our offices downtown and a two-hour commute home, Luke and I were often too pooped to fuck. Sometimes we'd grab a bite to eat in transit to give ourselves extra time in the sack. But too often, Luke would hardly get my panties off before he would start snoring.

"Is it another woman?" I'd ask during anxious waking hours. Luke swore he was faithful, and I believed him. I'd never come across perfume or lipstick on his clothes or other telltale signs. "Is it another man?" Luke asked. I assured him he was my one and only. He kept suggesting, however, that we work part-time, even though we'd have to tighten our belts, to become better sex partners for each other.

One night we were both too tired even to attempt foreplay. Luke hit the hay and fell asleep instantly in his suit. I managed to strip to my ultrachic underwear, and sighing with disappointment, sacked out beside him. My sleep was refreshingly deep. Before dawn, I awoke to a growling stomach. Other times I'd have hotfooted it to the fridge. For a change, I unzipped Luke's trousers and fondled his cucumber and nuts. To my surprise and delight, he moaned in his sleep. I licked his cock until he stirred. "Oh, baby," Luke said in drowsy surprise and encouragement. "I love it. Do whatever you like."

That was music to my ears. Repeatedly, I flicked my tongue over the tip of his engorged penis. He got harder yet, and his pulse quickened. Soon he sat up and fondled my ears, neck, and breasts. I was getting wet. We changed positions again and again with growing enthusiasm. This was the way to wake up!

Our lovemaking proved more energetic than even on our honeymoon. My cunt sauce got Luke's blood flowing like so much hot coffee. His precome tasted sweet as syrup. "Jam it in me, sugar!" I begged in heat. "Let me load up on you!"

Luke obliged with pleasure. His fingers slid to my pussy while his thick cock penetrated my expanding vagina. His every thrust brought us nearer and nearer to climax. Suddenly his flamethrower set me afire. Luke shot a fantastic amount of hot jism into me, and I screamed in utter orgasmic ecstasy.

Spectacular sex at sunup! We discovered a secret that's stood us in good stead ever since: Early to bed, early to rise, the better to part your thighs. I still use my vibrators periodically, but chiefly to excite Luke before bed. Our dreams are sweeter than ever now—and we start off every day with a bang.—*Name and address withheld*

FAST FORWARD

My husband, Tony, and I enjoy swinging. We especially like to videotape our encounters so that we can relive them whenever we're in the mood. One night, Tony and I had a date with Dave, a very sweet 24-year-old with a baby face. I was a little nervous with anticipation, but I knew Dave was willing, and anyway, he would look great on tape.

We met Dave as we pulled into the parking lot of the bar where we had arranged to meet. The three of us sat together at a table inside the bar. Tony went to order our drinks while Dave and I eyed each other eagerly. We were all anxious to get the evening started, so we didn't linger over our cocktails.

As we pulled out of the parking lot, my pussy tingled with excitement. To get Dave really hot, Tony and I told him about the movie we had made the night before on our video camera. It was so exciting, watching myself make love on TV. Dave asked me if I wanted to make another movie tonight. I replied, "Yes, I love watching myself and I'd love to share it with you." When he heard that, he leaned over and gave me a kiss. My hot box started tingling even more.

The pressure between my legs was building as we pulled into the parking lot of our condo. Dave opened the car door

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for me and I led my two lovers up to our place. With each step I noticed my silk panties getting wetter and wetter. My clit was throbbing. I was more than ready to have both of them. Once inside, I removed my blouse and asked the guys if they wanted to join me for some fun.

As I led them to the bedroom, they both had wicked smiles on their faces. I removed the rest of my clothing while they quickly stripped. The three of us lay on the king-size bed, cuddling and kissing. While Dave rubbed his hands along my soft breasts, belly, and mound of Venus, Tony got up to switch on our video camera. I could tell by the state of his erection and the moistness between my legs that we would have a hot movie on our hands before the night was through.

My nipples started to harden as Dave swirled his tongue around them. Tony gave me a deep kiss before joining Dave. They each nuzzled a breast and I felt my love juices flowing down my ass. Dave let a finger slide into my twat and I started to purr. His fingers circled my clit as he slowly kissed his way down my thighs. When I felt Dave's tongue slide deeply into my hot cunt, I thought I'd lose it right then and there. In response to this wonderful feeling, I drove my tongue into my husband's mouth. As we finished this wet French kiss, I slowly turned my head and opened my eyes. Dave had his beautiful eight-inch cock standing at attention and I slowly moved my hand to touch it. His tool was hard, but his skin was warm and soft. I moved my mouth over to kiss the head of his lovestick. When I gave it my kiss of passion, it jerked in response to my touch. I knew just what this pleasant penis wanted, so I opened my mouth up wide. As I engulfed his swang with my lips, I felt Tony's hardness pressing against me. While I sucked Dave's cock Tony kissed my neck, cheeks, and breasts. I knew by the throbbing of his member that he was enjoying this threesome as much as I was.

As I gave Dave's balls another kiss, Tony started to kiss his way down to my quivering snatch. He told me how sweet and good my love juices tasted as he swirled and darted his tongue in and out of my slit. I moved my hips to enhance the feeling and gasped with pleasure. By now, I wanted to be fucked. I whispered in Tony's ear, "Please fuck me," and was grateful to finally feel his beautiful hard shaft gently parting my love lips. I moved my legs to the top of his shoulders, taking his cock deeply into my love tunnel, never once letting Dave's prick slip out of my mouth. Dave's entire body began to quiver, and as Tony thrust harder and harder I could tell we were not far away from the ultimate ecstasy.

Tony shot his love fluid into me and my vagina contracted. Dave pulled out of my mouth and shot his love load all over my breasts. Tony moved up to my face and gave me a deep kiss as Dave sucked his come off my tits. As Tony and I kissed, I felt Dave climb between my legs and slip his still-hard dick into my sopping cunt. My love lips parted and I wrapped my legs around his back, pulling his cock all the way inside of me. I moaned lustily with each thrust he made. With Tony sucking my neck and breasts, I adored being the center of attention.

Suddenly, I just had to be fucked in my favorite position—doggy-style. Dave willingly mounted me from behind, and I pushed my ass back against his balls each time he plunged into me. At the same time, Tony was gently kissing the back of my neck and caressing my swaying tits. I bucked my hips and ass in rhythm with Dave. Slowly, I moved my hand onto Tony's hard penis, squeezing it as Dave fucked me. The greater the feeling, the harder I squeezed Tony's cock. Dave's thrusts became harder and faster, and I knew that soon I would feel his love juices filling the inside of my vagina. He began to groan and tremble, then shot his hot load up my twat. I gave Tony's cock an extra-hard squeeze and moved my head so I could lick his jism as he spurted on my face.

As we separated to catch our breath, Tony rewound the video so we could watch an instant replay of our love match. It wasn't long before we were so excited that we began again. The only bad thing about the whole evening was that this time we were so hot we didn't stop to turn on the camera. I was disappointed, but Dave has promised to come over again soon to tape a sequel!—*Name and address withheld*

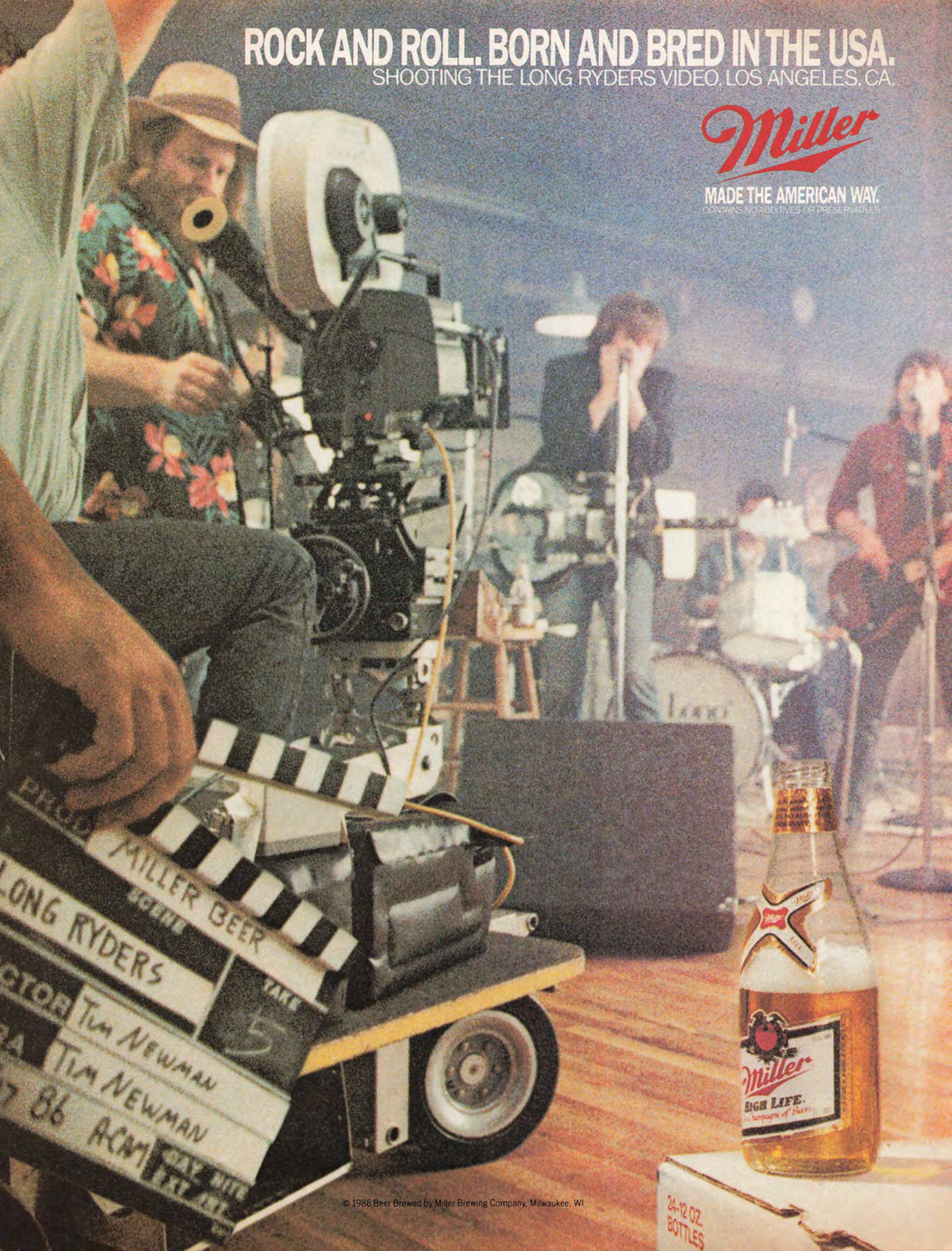
BOTTOMS UP!

I would like to share an unusual experience that happened the other night. There was a full moon and I felt something warmer than the weather in the breeze. I was not disappointed.

It was the last night of the week to have fun, Saturday night. But it turned out to be boring and I decided to go to an all-night eatery—a refuge for the frustrated!

I sat at the counter and ordered a hamburger. All of a sudden, a gorgeous girl sat down next to me. She was about five feet six inches, with brown hair, blue eyes, and nice large tits. She had a formal gown on that not only accentuated her chest but also her small, tight waist. I asked her what she was doing out alone so late. Pamela explained that she had just come from a boring cocktail party, all the while stealing glances at my enlarging cock. I decided my hamburger could wait so I invited her to my place for a drink. My answer came when she massaged my dick with her masterful fingers.

When we got home she went straight for the bar. As she bent over to see what she could have, I grabbed her waist from behind and she giggled. I spun her around and shot my tongue into her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mouth. She met the challenge by almost choking me with hers.

Pamela dropped to her knees and quickly unzipped my fly. She deftly pulled out my throbbing penis and licked my nuts, putting the left one in her mouth and sucking on it. She did this to the other, then started licking at the base of my cock with a little moan for each inch. I reached down and started massaging her breasts under the gown, feeling her nipples hardening under my thumbs. I unzipped her frock while she stepped out of it, not missing a lick of my prick! After I got out of my pants we went into the bedroom, but not before I grabbed a bottle of cognac. I had a little idea.

She took my shirt off and I had her lie back. Pamela eased herself onto the floor, spreading her limbs in all directions while smiling. As I bent down, admiring her pussy, I noticed a pool of moisture in her crotch. I took the bottle of cognac and poured some in her creamy slit. Now before me was a fleshy cup of pleasure. I repeatedly attacked her clit with my tongue, which caused her to grab my hair and push her cunt into my face. Soon Pamela cried, "Fuck me, fuck me with that big mother of a cock." She groaned as I plunged into those gates of paradise. After pumping away a few times, she wrapped her legs around my waist, allowing me to reach new depths. I slowed the rhythm down, then worked faster as I neared my climax. I shot the biggest load of my life into her cognac-flavored cunt. The mixture of fine brandy and Pamela's love juice made the best cocktail I have ever imbibed.—*Name and address withheld*

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

I'd like to share a recent experience I had while hunting for my first "real" job. I was on an interview that was not going well, but my libido, on the other hand, was taking off. I wasn't used to being interviewed by a woman. However, I didn't mind. Her no-nonsense manner made my meat turn to stone. Each question she asked made my cock twitch and swell.

She wore large tortoiseshell glasses, and her strawberry-blond hair was in a simple bun, but I was no fool to the deception. Behind the yuppie exterior lay a woman who desperately needed to get fucked. I had the raw resources the position required. I wanted to see her glasses fog up under the influence of a well-trained tool.

I conjured these images as she spoke, hoping my bulge wasn't obvious. She led me to a room where I was to take a short test. The test was a breeze, and I found myself with time to kill. I noticed a bathroom off the office and decided to relieve my anxiety.

Once inside, I immediately threw down my trousers and started to jerk off. Just as I was about to come, I heard my interviewer enter the outer room. Before I could even stuff my dick away, she had unlocked the bathroom door with a key. There I was, pants at my knees, literally half-cocked, stuttering and white as a sheet, totally in shock.

"If you're going to take up my time, this better be good," she said. She then told me to take off my clothes, and I did. She did the same. She had a firm and shapely body. Her breasts were upright and cone-shaped, with dark, hardened nipples that I could already feel between my lips. What was most appealing, however, was her beautiful blond crotch. It was golden and drizzling with dew.

I kissed her face and neck, moving down to her breasts, gently sucking and biting those dark, hard nipples. She stifled a long horny moan, and dug her nails into my butt cheeks as she drew me closer. I shoved three fingers into her snatch and she whimpered.

Soon I slithered to my knees, our sweating bodies serving as good lubrication, and plunged my face into her crotch. My probing tongue quickly found her clit, and I applied suction to it gently but continuously. I channeled my tongue deep into her crack and got a throbbing head rush every time she let out a cry.

She pulled herself away from my tongue and pushed me down flat as she lowered herself alongside me. Quickly, she

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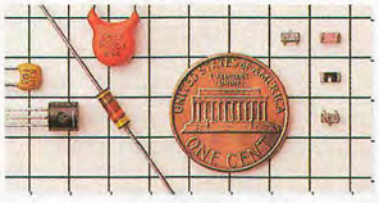

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grabbed me by the cock and sucked it hard. She rhythmically jerked it up and down and around as I came in a shuddering orgasm.

"Now it's my turn," I said as I slowly stood us both up. I bent her over the long, waist-level counter, entering her from behind. I moved my torso around, thrusting forward gently every once in a while. Then, taking my tool firmly in my right hand, I withdrew and rubbed her pussy lips with my crown, poking it in just a little to tease her once in a while. Her moans were now uncontrollable.

Once I reentered, I began to move faster. Her passionate moans grew louder and she moved around wildly. I could have come right there but instead I tensed up and pulled out.

Almost instantly she spread her legs wider, facing me and leaning on the counter. I slid her the snake right away. Within a minute, we came simultaneously in one sticky, sopping orgasm. Without a word, we both washed up and dressed.

"Leave the outer room five minutes after me," she said. "You'll be hearing from us."

I did, but it was only a polite rejection letter. It didn't matter. My interview skills have greatly improved since that day.—*Name and address withheld*

HITTING THE SHOWERS

I'm a physics major at a well-respected northeastern college. I'm six feet tall and, I'm told, good-looking. When I came to school, I'd hoped to get laid for the first time, but I never expected to lose my cherry the way I did.

The housing committee must have known how horny I was because it managed to place me in a coed dorm with some of the most gorgeous women on campus. I desperately wanted to fuck their brains out, but none of them even blinked an eye at me. I tried for weeks, but absolutely nothing happened.

One day when I was taking a shower, I heard some voices that seemed to come from a small hole in the shower wall. I decided to explore and found that the hole led to an air duct that connected my floor's shower with the one upstairs. I realized this was my chance to see the hot cunts I so desired. After careful planning and calculation, I devised a sophisticated periscope that let me peek into the girls' shower. I barely had time to adjust my voyeuristic device before I heard somebody come into the bathroom upstairs. I readied myself for a shower scene that Alfred Hitchcock never dreamed of.

It was Sherrie. She stepped into the shower with a sinewy sexiness that I now beheld as if she were downstairs showering with me. The hot water streamed over her long blond hair, onto her sexy soft shoulders and continued down her tits, which were more beautiful than I had ever dreamed. I followed the water as it worked lower, caressing and soothing every inch of those breasts, rolling down the gradual swell until hitting her nipples, cherry red and erect, pointing high and taut, as if begging for more stimulation. She decided to help them out, and she cupped and kneaded the firm flesh. Her tits bounced back in place with every undulating massage. As she played with her nipples, pinching and twisting them, I could see the intense pleasure it gave her.

I followed her probing hands as she began to soap herself up. Ever so gradually, she coaxed the soap over her flat stomach, slowly working toward her beckoning cunt. I nearly creamed in my pants when she worked that soap bar over her blond forest, running her hands all over her mound. She moved toward her pouting cunt lips, sliding all around the folds and clit, and finally into her waiting love box. I was dying to replace that soap with my aching cock. I would have given anything to run my tongue all around those perfect globes, but my fantasy had to end when she stepped out of the shower.

This was just the first of many private encounters with the women upstairs. I memorized all their schedules as the weeks went by, and I never missed a chance to catch them in the shower.

One day, on what seemed like another great night of watching, I caught Stella, a very sultry brunette with a goddess's face and a body to match, peeping into the hole in her shower wall. I was having too much fun to make anything of it, but then she shouted, "I hope you're having fun down there."

"Oh shit," I thought, "this is it—they've found me out." I was going to close up shop permanently, but as I turned to go, Stella walked into the shower room.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked. I had no answer and hung my head. She noticed my hard-on, which embarrassed me even more. But then she said, "Now you'll get a real taste of what you've been missing." I couldn't believe it. She darted straight at my bulge and practically ripped off my jeans as she whipped out all eight inches of my meat. Her lips encircled my throbbing dick; it was obvous she knew how to give a superior blowjob. After running her tongue up and down my entire shaft, pausing to lick my glans over and over, she took my whole cock into her mouth and deep-throated me as I came. She swallowed my load without hesitation and begged for more, but I had to recharge my batteries before I could give her what she was pleading for.

Meanwhile, Sherrie had finished showering and arrived downstairs. As if on cue, she and Stella slipped out of the little clothing they were wearing. Sherrie stroked my dong to stiffness and pulled me into the shower. Stella followed and turned on the water as Sherrie told me to lie down. I lay on my back with my dick

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sticking straight up, and Sherrie straddled me and put her steamy cunt right above my dick. I watched as my dick disappeared, engulfed by her pussy lips and thick, dark bush. She began thrusting with slow, deliberate strokes and increased the tempo, always grinding her clit over me with every downward thrust.

With the increasing pace, Sherrie was getting hotter and hotter, squirming and writhing, tits jiggling with every push. She screamed that she was coming and sank fully onto my shaft as her back arched and waves of passion began flowing over her, her cunt contracting spasmodically. I was in ecstasy, and her orgasm triggered my own.

I was not allowed to relax. Stella, not wanting to be disappointed, moaned that watching Sherrie and me had made her hornier than ever, and she came over and placed her gaping cunt over my face. I gladly helped her out, tonguing every crevice in her golden pussy, tugging on her clit, and darting my tongue into her juicy orifice. I could feel her passions building, and her hot juices trickled out onto my face. I stuck three fingers up her welcoming pussy and thrust them around while concentrating on her clit with my mouth. She soon succumbed to a massive orgasm, and I enjoyed every minute.

Her pleasures subsided, Stella then explained that she and Sherrie had planned this fling when they noticed my periscope a while ago. I'd had no idea they'd seen it, but all along they'd wanted to see how horny I really was. I'd never figured I would be rewarded so well for my project, and neither did they!—*Name and address withheld*

DOUBLE TROUBLE

My friend Steve and I attend a small-town school in Idaho. Recently, after a basketball game, we scored bigger than we could ever have expected. We went to a dance and left with two girls. Their names were Farrah and Denise, and they were the most beautiful and luscious girls in the county.

We decided to take them to Steve's house, where we proceeded to wine and dine them. After a few glasses of wine, they started to get aroused. Farrah struck up a conversation about having sex. After hearing this, we knew it was time to make our moves and we took them to Steve's bedroom. Steve was surprised when Farrah went right for his cock. I knew it was my turn to make my move with Denise. These girls were in for the time of their lives.

Denise and Farrah lay back on the water bed as Steve and I started to lick up their thighs toward their beautiful blond bushes. As I was licking away, I slid one finger into Denise's soaking-wet pussy, while Steve did the same to Farrah. This went on for several minutes, and each girl had one orgasm after another.

Denise and Farrah grabbed our cocks simultaneously between their legs and started to slowly jerk us off, while we squeezed their ass cheeks and caressed their tender breasts. We were in total heaven with these two babes. They guided our tools slowly between their pussies. They both screamed in ecstasy while we moved in and out. I noticed Farrah's groans becoming increasingly louder and I found it hard to keep myself from exploding in a frenzy. Farrah was much louder than Denise, and for a while I wished I was in Steve's place, but the sounds from Farrah made me fantasize that they were coming from Denise.

I slid out of the missionary position and coaxed Denise to climb on top. She did with pleasure, and this made me more excited than ever. Denise wrapped her fingers around the bottom of my dick as it slid in and out of her, and I thought I would not last much longer. We were rocking in one rhythmic motion when I pulled out and sprayed my semen all over her blond bush.

Meanwhile, Farrah had gotten off of Steve's dick and swung around to a sixty-nine position. I watched Steve as he began to buck.

Denise slid my penis back in her love canal to enjoy me one more time. I watched Steve and Farrah come in a single motion, and it was like something out of an X-rated extravaganza.

We took the girls home. Steve and I went back to his place to reminisce about the experiences of that wonderful evening. We can hardly wait for the next dance.—*Name and address withheld*

"Is this a hidden-camera interview?"

WEIGHT WATCHER

I am a 19-year-old college freshman attending a California university. I guess you could say I'm a regular kind of guy. Until recently, I was still a virgin. I had only one sexual experience. It was with a girl named Amy. Amy was an inflatable sex dummy, so I'm not completely sure if that counts. Anyway, in my 19 years I have read all about people's sexual fantasies but had never experienced anything that resembles a fantasy myself. Luckily, all of this changed about two months ago. My experience has changed my life and the way I look at women.

I was at a frat party with about 300 other people. There was a festive atmosphere and an excellent ratio of guys to girls. After a couple of beers, I was feeling fairly happy. I was sitting at a table when a girl came and sat next to me. She introduced herself as Kate. Kate was not a goddess or even the kind of girl involved in most men's fantasies. I guess you would have to say that Kate was a bit on the heavy side. She was quite nice but seemed a little shy, like she felt uneasy about her weight. After a while she seemed to start feeling comfortable talking to me.

We talked for a while, then she asked

me to dance and I obliged. When the party ended about 2 A.M., Kate asked me if I would be willing to escort her back to her sorority house. Although I really didn't want to, for fear of leading her on, I did because she was nice and I liked her in that sense.

We went to her sorority house, which was at another college, and I drove up to the steps to let her out. Then, all of a sudden, I realized that we had driven in Kate's car and I was stranded. Kate quickly assured me that I could simply wait while she phoned for a cab. Seeing no other sensible solution, I agreed.

Kate led me inside into a rather large room. She instructed me to wait while she phoned for a cab. Then she returned, wearing a trench coat buttoned up to her neck. Kate turned around and gave me a devilish stare. I started to dream up some pretty weird ideas about what was happening. Suddenly Kate spoke. "I'm in the mood," she said. In a flash, Kate whipped off the long coat she was wearing to reveal her Rubenesque figure, all dressed up in a black lace teddy. I started to panic and was not sure what to do, but before I could react Kate made her move and grabbed my crotch. My blood started to race. It was so exciting I couldn't stop her. She removed my clothes and started to caress my penis. At first she jerked it hard, then she stroked it gently. I'm not very well hung, but my red erect cock seemed to be all Kate needed. She gently pushed me onto a pile of pillows as she removed her teddy. Kate was glistening with wetness, as she exposed her massive pubic mound and colossal pink breasts. At that moment, I knew she was in complete control.

She positioned my prick with her hands and then squatted on me, driving my rod deep into her love canal. I moved my hands onto her huge soft tits and played with them. Her meaty thighs gripped my body as she thunderously started to thrust down upon me. Her extra weight rippled over me and shook my entire body. I could feel Kate's hot sex juices running down my legs. With every upstroke, Kate would tighten her cunt lips around the base of my dick and try to drain me until I just couldn't hold it in anymore. In seconds, I shot my load deep into Kate's core.

My entire body was shaking as she stood up. She told me not to move and that she would be right back. I gladly used the ten minutes she was gone to catch my breath. When she returned, she was accompanied by four of her sorority sisters. I was in total ecstasy. I started to imagine I was a safari hunter in the wilds of Africa, standing in the midst of a herd of wild animals. Kate came forward and said, "We are all yours, yet you belong to us. Are you ready to give us your love?" I couldn't help but shiver in excitement.

Kate wasted no time and started to suck me off until I was as hard as any stone. She then backed off and let two of her sisters take over. The way they worked me over was incredible. One slid my cock deep into her dripping vagina while the other wrapped her juicy cunt lips around my cheeks. In minutes I experienced my second orgasm. After those two finished, the other two took their place, got me stiff, and went to work. All night long I performed every sex act imaginable with these five fabulous females. I must have had 15 orgasms that night. By daybreak everyone was worn out, the pillows were soaked with sexual fluids, and I couldn't take any more. I said good-bye to Kate and her roommates and thanked them, and then went home.

Even though I'd never really experienced sex before, I knew that that night was something special. To say the least, it has forever changed my views and fantasies about big gals. Now every weekend I return to Kate's sorority sex haven to get my fill. Beauty and, especially, eroticism are truly in the eyes of the beholder.—*Name and address withheld*

SNEAK ATTACK

Last week I had an amazing sexual experience with my fiancée, Chelsea. Chelsea is a truly beautiful woman, with a supple body highlighted by firm 38D tits. I'm a 22-year-old senior at a very conservative private midwestern college, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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PENTHOUSE **FEEDBACK**

FIGHTING CENSORSHIP

Dear Bob Guccione:
A few weeks ago I was fortunate enough to see you on a television debate with Jerry Falwell. I was impressed with the way you handled that "fearless leader" of the morally right. In my opinion you debated him better and more clearly than anyone else I have ever seen.

Because I was impressed with the debate, I am enclosing a photo of a painting I did recently, entitled *The True Believers*, showing Jerry, Adolf, and Benito in juxtaposition. I thought you might enjoy it.—*Paul E. Spiegler, Leesburg, Va.*

Dear Bob Guccione:
I was pleased to see you once more on Phil Donahue's show, giving the right-wing moralistic idiots hell on their distorted ideas of pornography. I am truly sick and tired of what is coming under the Falwell-Reagan administration, because that is exactly what it appears to have turned into.

Pornography has been proven harmless by research. People like Falwell have taken the most extreme cases of abuse of all kinds and presented them as normal examples to the ill-informed public, causing many to make hysterical conclusions about pornography.

I am happy to know that you will stand up for your rights and continue to publish *Penthouse* with the enthusiasm that you have shown in the past. I feel that we should have the right to read and to look at what we want. We'd better all start to do something about retaining our rights or we will find our whole society under a dictatorship with rigid censorship imposed on this country. Remember, censorship is and always has been a first form of dictatorship and supression.—*L. Colantuono, San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

Dear Bob Guccione:
My husband and I are avid readers of *Penthouse*. I read "Fighting Back" in the July 1986 issue. America should be proud to have someone like you! We would also like to know if there is any way that we can help in your fight against censorship. We feel that if everyone who reads your magazine got involved, Ed Meese and his commission wouldn't stand a chance.

I would like you to know that your magazine has helped us in many ways. Besides its informative editorial features, it has helped us learn more about how to please each other.

It will be a sad day when censorship rules America. Please keep fighting for our freedom.—*Olivia Leleux, Myrtle Beach, S.C.*

Dear Bob Guccione:
My wife and I have been avid readers of your magazine for many years and have enjoyed it very much. I cannot visualize you or anyone else giving up the right to freedom of expression to any law or religious terrorism, just to appease Meese and Falwell. All of America's rights and civil liberties are being put on the religious chopping block in an effort to convince the public that books like yours create violence, murder, inhumanity, and the abuse of children.

What today's public does not understand is that if these fanatics are given free rein to do as they please, we might find ourselves living in a country dominated by an insane religious group, with terror, death, and destruction an everyday occurrence.

All free Americans must continue to fight the boob-tube religious crackpots who intend to dictate to us what we will read, see, and hear. Millions of Americans were killed in two world wars trying to protect our freedom, and I will be damned if I will give up what they fought and died for. Falwell and his followers are trying to destroy our freedom and privileges as American citizens.—*Name and address withheld*

CORRECTION

In our September 1986 Treasure Hunt Gift Finder, the address and telephone number for American Hoverstar should have read: 845 N.E. Dixie Hwy., Jensen Beach, Fla. 33457, (305) 334-4690.—*The Editors*

EDITORS' NOTE

Our September 1986 Pet of the Month, Ginger Miller, who was photographed by Dennis Silvermoon, was wearing a hat and vest designed by Martin Bernstein.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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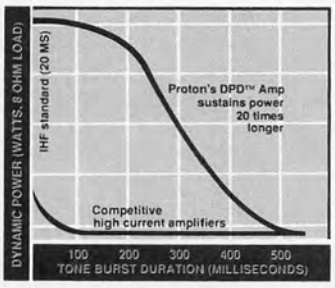

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The Supreme Court
has shifted its role from the court
of the people to the court
of corporations and the government.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

The first Monday of October marks the beginning of each new term of the United States Supreme Court. Like sports fans who come to the arena with a special eagerness when the team has added a new superstar or coach to the roster, court watchers are waiting to see how the newly constituted Supreme Court will perform.

Chief Justice William Rehnquist is a 15-year veteran of the court, where he has distinguished himself by his uncompromising adherence to extreme right-wing views on nearly every issue. It will be interesting to see whether he will move toward a more centrist position in an effort to enhance his influence on the court. Associate Justice Antonin Scalia is a newcomer to the high court, but in his four-year career on the court of appeals, he has written opinions that promise to make him a Rehnquist soul mate (some would say a heartless soul mate).

Scalia, for example, subscribes to a narrow interpretation of the First Amendment and has spoken out against affirmative action. Both Rehnquist and Scalia are clear thinkers and good writers. They will strengthen the already strong right wing of the Supreme Court for years to come.

What does all this mean to the average American? It means that the little guy—workers, housewives, minority members—will get less justice, and the big guy—corporations, states, and the feds—will get more power. Over the past decade, the Supreme Court has dramatically shifted its role from the court of last resort for the people to the court of last resort for corporations and the government. This trend is likely to accelerate with the recent appointments.

A glimpse of bad things to come was offered by the Supreme Court's decision last June in the notorious sodomy case. Inviting Big Brother into virtually every bedroom in America, a narrow majority of the justices upheld the constitutionality of a Georgia sodomy statute which criminalized almost everything interesting that takes place behind drawn curtains. Although the ruling itself was limited to homosexual sodomy, there is no reason why the decision is not equally applicable to unmarried heterosexuals.

The sodomy ruling signifies that the Supreme Court is no longer interested in fencing off zones of privacy to keep out the government. It is ironic that increased government intrusion into the most intimate areas of our lives is being fostered by an administration that describes itself as "conservative" and that campaigned on a platform of "getting big government off our backs." It is also ironic that a Supreme Court which claims to be engaging in judicial restraint reaches out to legitimate such intrusion when it could easily have dismissed the case on the ground that sodomy laws are rarely enforced.

The current term of the Supreme Court may well be a watershed. The Warren court (1953–1969) expanded both the rights and remedies available to nearly all minorities and disfranchised people. The Burger court (1969–1986) moved in a zigzag, with little governing philosophy except that of political compromise. The Rehnquist court (1986–?) promises to be far more ideological and doctrinaire. It may well reverse some of the most important decisions of the past several decades, taking back rights we have all come to take for granted.

Paramount among our newly endangered rights are those concerning personal autonomy: the right to reproductive freedom, to sexual freedom, and to expressive freedom. But it is important to remember that these rights do not rest solely with the Supreme Court. It is the *elected* branches of government—the president, Congress, and state officials—that are empowered to enact the laws which restrict our liberties. All the Supreme Court can do is rule on the constitutionality of these repressive laws.

The fight, therefore, must be taken to the legislatures that pass the laws and the governors and mayors who sign them. Without bad statutes, there cannot be bad Supreme Court decisions. But as long as politicians pander to hypocrites who insist on imposing their puritanical morality on those who do not share it, there will always be enough bad laws to keep the Supreme Court in business. And the Rehnquist Supreme Court will have as its favored customers those powerful institutions hell-bent on destroying our liberties, rather than unempowered individuals who need the courts to protect them from tyranny.

The big picture appears dark and gloomy for the foreseeable future. America's most enduring contribution to the theory of democracy is our Constitution's provision of a system of checks and balances, but in order for it to work, it needs a Supreme Court willing to stand up to executive and legislative overreaching. Unfortunately, there is little likelihood that the current Supreme Court will rebuff a popular President and his legislative lackeys, thereby failing to check the political system.

The chances of the court challenging the chief executive will grow even slimmer if President Reagan gets to appoint any more justices to the bench.

When the new Supreme Court opens its sessions, the marshal intones the ritual blessing: "God save the United States and this honorable court." Over the coming years, we are sure to be praying for God to save the United States *from* this honorable court.

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Men are broadly and unjustly accused of being the sole perpetrators of domestic violence.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Imagine a club-toting Neanderthal mercilessly dragging a woman by the hair to his cave, and you have effectively grasped the image of men fostered by our nation's courts, law-enforcement officials, state agencies, and social scientists. Pigeonholing men as aggressive, animalistic, and brutish, these feminist-inspired cabals broadly and unjustly accuse men of being the sole perpetrators of domestic violence. It is, however, increasingly evident that many men, far from being the tormentors of women and children, are often themselves the silent victims of spousal abuse.

We are virtually bombarded by material that paints a picture of men as domestic villains. Scores of books, pamphlets, brochures, and handouts provided, at taxpayers' expense, by social-service agencies offer battered women step-by-step guidance on how to protect themselves against men's violent impulses. *The Handbook for Beaten Women,* published by the New York State Department of Social Service, includes such information as how to obtain a Temporary Order of Protection against your husband, how to gather incriminating evidence, and how to proceed in criminal or family court. No analogous information for men is available, suggesting that men are clearly the perpetrators and rarely, if ever, the recipients of spousal abuse.

The domain in which I feel this false image of men has the greatest potential to cause harm is our nation's judicial system. Reflecting the view of men as beasts is an article entitled "Domestic Violence: The Criminal Court Response" by Jeanine Ferris Pirro, assistant district attorney for Westchester County, New York, and chief of the Domestic Violence Prosecution Unit, which appeared in the *New York State Bar Journal.* The stated purpose of this blatantly gender-biased piece is the defense of women. In reality, it serves as an overall indictment of men, accusing them of persecuting their wives and thrashing their children. In short, Pirro likens all men to Attila the Hun.

The danger inherent in this type of thinking is obvious. Not only are men considered guilty before they even set foot in the courtroom on a wife- or child-abuse rap, but some courts have seen fit to condone women taking the law into their own hands by acquitting or dispensing extremely lenient sentences to those who kill or attempt to kill their husbands. Lawyers have successfully argued that it is not unreasonable for a "physically weaker" wife to defend herself with a lethal weapon such as a gun or knife if her husband swings a fist. Thus, in a much-publicized case, Francine Hughes of Lansing, Michigan, was acquitted of murder on the plea of temporary insanity after setting her sleeping husband on fire. More recently, in April of this year, Emma Dee Bauer of Lorain County, Ohio, was sentenced to 90 days for shooting her husband five times on grounds that she could no longer suffer his continued beatings.

Happily, there are a few brave souls who have dug deeper than the prevailing stereotypes and have examined the phenomenon of husband battering. University of Delaware sociologist Suzanne Steinmetz, extrapolating from her studies of domestic quarreling in New Castle County, Delaware, estimates that at least 250,000 husbands are severely thrashed by their wives each year. In independent studies, Robert Langley, coauthor of *Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis,* found that roughly 12 million men are physically abused by their wives at some point in the marriage and approximately one million are seriously beaten.

While these statistics may seem exaggerated, they are, if anything, drastically underestimated. According to Steinmetz, "The most unreported crime is not wife beating—it's husband beating." She further explains that "Unless a man is battered to the degree that he requires medical attention, he is not going to report it." Roger Langley and coauthor Richard C. Levy concur that most men are too ashamed to admit they've been beaten by their wives. They write, "The humiliation a battered woman suffers is multiplied enormously for a man who must stand before a police sergeant and file a complaint. Not many men have the courage to face the snickers, innuendos, and open sarcasm inherent in this situation." Clearly, men are caught between the proverbial rock and hard place—while denounced as callous perpetrators of violence against women, they are at the same time ridiculed as wimps if injury is inflicted upon them.

In addition to being a men's rights leader, I am also an attorney, and in my own experience I know of many cases where women have suffered physical abuse at the hands of their husbands. However, I have also dealt with a substantial number of male clients who were brutally beaten by their wives. The difference is that instead of running to the police and crying out against female persecution, these men, saddled with their masculinity, choose to lick their wounds in quiet desperation.

Unfortunately, their silence results in the perpetuation of a false and injurious stereotype. The only way to counteract society's misconception is for abused men to speak out, file legal complaints, and apply pressure for social-service agencies to provide the same support system for battered males as it does for females. Perhaps then, men and women can mutually agree to throw in the towel and call it a draw.

Men could use some protection from women.

(And vice versa.)

Of course, there's no doubt whatsoever that men and women are the single best thing ever to happen to each other.

There are, however, complications.

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Fasting—to "cleanse" the system or to lose weight—is dangerous. Living on water alone for more than 24 hours leads to malnutrition.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

I've heard that fasting is an effective way to clean out the system. I'm a 30-year-old female in pretty good shape, and while I love eating, I thought maybe I'd try fasting. Do you recommend it?—Susan Messinger, North Plains, Nebr.

Fasting to "cleanse" the system is a dangerous myth. Fasting with water alone for more than 24 hours leads to malnutrition. Fasting to lose weight is an even sillier idea, because it never works. After 20 to 30 hours, the body defends itself by turning down metabolism, which brings on exhaustion and appetite. When you give in—and your body will surely force you to give in—you will probably gobble up at least as much as you intended to lose.

A while ago, we tracked five overweight women who fasted monthly for two to seven days at a time. After ten months, three were the same weight and two had gained five and eight pounds respectively.

Fasting for more than a day also decimates performance, at work and at sport: Blood and brain sugar decline, muddling thinking. The burning of body fat and muscle produces toxic waste products, which can lead to headaches, dizziness, nausea, and joint and kidney pain. If you value your health and fitness, leave fasting to hairy mystics with a penchant for self-punishment!

On the other hand, intermittent food restriction, a day at a time, can have healthy effects. It has been found to extend the life span of animals. In 1979 Dr. Charles Goodrick, in a report for the U.S. National Institute on Aging, allowed rats to eat as much as they wanted of a highly nutritious diet, but only on every second day. The rats lived 50 percent longer than those who were allowed to eat all they wanted every day. In addition, Dr. Roy Walford at U.C.L.A. has shown that those mice on restricted diets had a lower incidence of cancer and heart disease.

However, just like suburban humans, laboratory rats given unrestricted access to food are plump, slow, and sick. With more than 50 million Americans seriously overweight, and with overweight firmly linked to cancer, heart disease, and early death, perhaps these studies are telling us that both rats in the lab and people will happily dig their graves with their teeth.

If you want to try fasting in the hope of living longer, to gradually drop a few pounds, or even for a psychological "cleansing," here's how to do it safely: Fast no more than one day a week, eating nothing after 6 PM. Have only water or herb tea in the morning. Then eat an unrestricted healthy lunch. This system provides an 18-hour "fast" with little discomfort and is far easier than gritting your teeth all day while others enjoy their food.

With all the yelling going on about how awful stress is, I was wondering if there's any way of telling whether a malady is caused by stress or by something else. For instance, my girlfriend gets headaches every Saturday afternoon, like clockwork. For the last six months I've been breaking out in hives on my arms and legs. Our doctors blame stress and offer no remedies. What can we do about it?—Peter McAllister, Toledo, Ohio

At the time of his death in 1983, my colleague and friend Dr. Hans Selye (the "Father of Stress") was planning a series of clinics across America devoted to the treatment of stress-related illnesses. His books pioneered our current understanding of stress.

To put Selye's work in a very incomplete nutshell, many medical problems such as the ones you describe stem from the mismatch between modern culture and our evolutionary past. That part of our nervous system which controls our emotions is a holdover from a time when humans were nervous hunter/gatherers in nearly barren lands. Survival back then depended on the ability to fight or flee. So nature developed the hypothalamus, a part of the brain behind the nose, to respond to real or imagined danger with what is called the "defense/alarm reflex." This reflex is a unified neural, hormonal, and muscular reaction that prepares the body for instant fight or flight. Blood pressure rises, the heart accelerates, sugar reserves mobilize, and adrenaline floods the bloodstream. In effect, your system is on red alert.

But today we live elbow-to-elbow in ticky-tacky, and the driving muscular component of the defense/alarm reflex is rarely carried out. From infancy, we are trained to restrain ourselves even when physiologically boiling. The result is greatly prolonged emotional tension, a major source of America's ulcers, migraines, and heart and vascular diseases.

The best way to handle stress-related maladies is to prevent them. One effective trick is to exhaust the inherited muscular component by running, weight lifting, wrestling, or other strenuous sports. Just as effective is to learn a relaxation response that you can employ in stressful situations. But beware of gurus bearing mantras and quacks bearing biofeedback devices, and steer clear of most tranquilizing drugs, which only mask the problem and *prevent* you from learning how to deal with it. Good relaxation response takes expertise to teach and effort to learn. If you want to know how, write me. Once you master it, the fight/flight reflex will seem to disappear, and the stress of life will become a welcome belly laugh.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have a problem, although most men would consider it a blessing. I hope that you, with your experience, could shed some light on the matter. You see, I am what I believe to be a multi-orgasmic male.

Don't get me wrong. I love sex. In fact, I can't seem to get enough. That's where the problem comes in. I mean, I don't just maintain an erection for long periods of time—I float from one orgasm to another in a long series of orgasms, sometimes as many as 15 or so in a row, almost all of which are accompanied by a strong ejaculation. I made love to a woman for six hours on one occasion.

The problem that this creates should be obvious. There are very few women who can keep up with this kind of pace. I have worn many women out and on several instances have caused women to bleed, although I have received no complaints. To the contrary, almost all of the women I have bedded claimed to have fallen in love with me. I'm not sure I believe that. I think a little higher of the emotion of love than to just reduce it to physical satisfaction.

My problem stems from these women's reactions to me. By most I'm considered something of a freak. I have had women ask me, "What are you?" A couple have called me a true satyr. For the most part, I usually stop long before I lose my erection for fear that I am going to cause someone else pain. The only thing that really turns me on is seeing someone else's pleasure. As soon as I see that the other person is becoming uncomfortable in any way, I stop. What this does, though, is make the woman feel as if she hasn't pleased me, when she sees my flagrant erection after what may have been hours of lovemaking. One woman told me that sex with me was something of an aerobic experience. Very few women have been able to understand that because I have orgasms so easily, that they are not the object of sex for me, as I assume they are in other men's lovemaking. Instead, what I look for in bed is the ability to please the woman. I find that on a purely physical level, I am very capable. However, almost all of my partners have been unable to become emotionally secure with me because they fear they aren't providing me with the same level of pleasure that I seem to be giving them during lovemaking.

The few women I have attempted a long relationship with were afraid that they would prove inadequate and lose me. This in turn made them intolerably jealous.

I think I have become pragmatic about the whole thing. I realize that it is going to take a very secure woman to feel comfortable with me, and that I may have to wait a long time for this person. I'm willing to accept that. I look at my relationships as recreational. I am very careful not to hurt anyone emotionally, if at all possible, and approach sex something like tennis. I'm always on the lookout for a partner, and I feel that "playing" with a variety of partners improves my "game." Although it may sound a bit callous, I'm using the reference to tennis only as an illustration. I still think very highly of sex, and I would really hate to start treating it in such a glib manner.

Xaviera, my questions are these: Have you ever heard of anyone with a problem like mine? I have been told by several women that I could be making money with my talent. Is this true? I have to admit that the idea of becoming a gigolo is somewhat appealing to me. If it is possible, could you tell me how to go about breaking into the business, so to speak?

I am 26 years old, well educated, relatively attractive, averagely hung (about seven and a half inches), and a very good oral lover, besides having the other sexual strength that I've already discussed. Do you think I could become a male prostitute, and if so, how would I go about it?—D. W.

Without realizing it, you have gone a long way toward solving your own problem, simply by writing it down. Although I have never met anyone with quite your orgasmic capacity, I lived with a man who, like yourself, was horny all the time and, given the opportunity, would have made love to me more or less continuously.

When he first met me, he thought that he had at last

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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found the right person to keep him sexually satisfied, and for almost three years we made love at least three times a day. He was intelligent, witty, and an entertaining companion. He was also a competent and unselfish lover, but after a while it began to get monotonous. Our sexual relationship lacked what I call "intrigue." I felt that he regarded me as little more than a sex object, a receptacle for his sperm. He continued to demand his three orgasms a day, and we started to spend more and more time apart from each other. During these periods of separation, which varied from two to four weeks, we both shopped around for other partners. When we were together, we experimented with threesomes, foursomes, and moresomes. You name it, we tried it. But whatever we did, I felt excluded because he was perfectly content with his ongoing love affair with his own prick. *Anticipation* seems to be a word that neither you nor my lover know.

Your partner who said that sex with you was an aerobic experience was absolutely right. What every woman wants is a kind of foreplay—atmosphere, flowers, lovemaking with words and caresses, titillation maybe—but all of it leading up to a loving sexual experience, culminating in orgasm, not hours of Green Beret boot camp with blood, tears, toil, and sweat as a kind of religious act of worship for your divine penis.

When my boyfriend was being so obvious and blatant about his sexual prowess, I tried to make him understand that it can sometimes be a much greater turn-on to a woman to be in bed with a man who has a nonerect penis, although he is very interested in her. It is then up to *her* to take the initiative and coax a minuscule package to become a firm appendage that raises its friendly head but needs reassurance that the woman really wants it where she will direct its owner to put it. Then you can lie back and enjoy it while her mouth and fingers do the work. Have you ever thought of sublimating your sexual desires by trying something described by another famous four-letter word, called *talk*?

Maybe you ought to get yourself a platonic girlfriend one day a week with whom you can share things other than just your cock. Allow her to stimulate your mind and, if she is bright enough for you, you may find that the mental titillation is more satisfying and exciting than just another brain-scattering orgasm.

As far as your making extra money is concerned, you can, of course, cash in on your sex appeal. Producers of X-rated movies are always on the lookout for young men who can get hard with a film crew watching them and stay hard no matter how many fucks they have during a day of shooting. You seem to be excellent stud material, and if you are reasonably good-looking and can go on forever without going limp, you have a career waiting for you in porn flicks.

BOY TOYS

My boyfriend and I are experiencing a frustration we believe other people must be encountering as well. We greatly enjoy reading Penthouse *while touching ourselves or each other. I enjoy using a vibrator while reading or fantasizing. Our problem is that we cannot find a satisfying accessory for my boyfriend to use alone or with me. We have tried a vibrating sleeve, but the vibrations were too weak and the sleeve itself too awkward. We have searched stores but the selection in male sexual accessories is poor and limited. It is so disappointing. Can you suggest anything my boyfriend could enjoy?*—A. R.

After studying various catalogs and examining the stock of sex shops in European cities, I am forced to agree with you. Available accessories for male masturbation are uninspiring and limited. In addition to the vibrating sleeves, various artificial vaginas are available. Though why a guy would want to screw around with a synthetic pussy when he has the real thing available is beyond my comprehension. Here is an opportunity for enterprising and farsighted designers in the field of domestic engineering to come up with something more exciting for men to use as an aid to self-gratification.

Personally, I oppose using mechanical devices in company. I think that a lot of the fun and excitement about sex comes from using your imagination to stimulate your partner in original and thrilling ways. I think of you and your boyfriend sitting side by side, both with a copy of *Penthouse*, and each of you listlessly holding an electric appliance against his/her crotch. It reminds me of a bored truck driver sitting in a roadside café reading a magazine that is propped against a ketchup bottle while he consumes a boring tasteless meal.

There has to be more to life than this!

A TANGLED WEB

I am a happily married mother of four children. I'm 41 years old, considered very attractive, and work for a large company. For years, my husband has enjoyed watching me have sex with other men. Albert was not interested in other women, he just likes to see me get laid. Although we are and always have been very much in love, it was his desire to see me get a better fucking by someone with a bigger cock than his. About two years ago, he asked me if I would mind meeting a guy alone while he waited for me at home. I knew the man he had in mind, and I had been with him before, so I agreed.

I felt like I was cheating on my husband, even though he had delivered me to the hotel-room door for the sole purpose of getting fucked by another man. Despite this feeling of cheating, I found the experience very exciting. Albert had fantasized about me begging for a man's semen and eventually begging for his

cock. After a few minutes with Jason, that is exactly what happened. I found myself anxiously awaiting his call so I could feel his hot, thick jism drain down my throat.

I began to be uncomfortable about my feelings for Jason, so I stopped seeing him and told my husband that I did not wish to fuck other men anymore. He was disappointed but did not press the point. He said that if I ever wanted to get laid on the way home from work and come home to him with a dripping pussy to go ahead. A few months ago, I met Jason again. He called my office and begged to see me. I was not able to resist, and as soon as I was in his room I dropped to my knees to receive his big thick prick into my mouth. I continue to meet him alone for wonderful lovemaking, and I suck him dry every time. My husband is not aware that I am meeting anyone and really would not mind. But he might mind if he knew I had been doing it for so long. I love my husband, but I also love my long-pricked boyfriend. I want to tell Albert because he will get really turned on at the thought of me sucking someone off and meeting him alone and wanting him so often. But still I'm kind of leery of telling. Ever had this problem?—K. T.

"What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive," said the poet, but you have raised cheating to the level of an art form.

The monotony of a humdrum marriage is not for you or your husband, and the moment either of you senses that your life together is following a pattern, you change it around. It will come as a surprise to a lot of people that this can be a formula for a successful and long-lasting relationship.

I have lived with the same man for the last five years, and we are an excellent match. Both of us have screwed up previous relationships by fucking around. But now we allow our lunatic libidos free rein, which keeps us together and in love. We spend several months a year apart, during which we can do what we like. But the rule is that when we are together, we don't screw around with other people. The fun of having rules is—in my opinion, of course—breaking them.

AGE OF INDIFFERENCE

I am 36 years old and divorced after six years of marriage. Now that I am single again, I have been looking for a woman to share my life with. Until recently, none of the women I have associated with have appealed to me sexually. The one lady that does turn me on is 12 years older than me. Ruth is a beautiful woman, poised and elegant, and I've admired her for a long time.

The other night we went to her place. We sat on her sofa and had a deep discussion about the age difference between us. The discussion took an intimate turn. We both wanted to get closer to each other, so we decided to go for it.

We entered the bedroom, and Ruth excused herself to go to the bathroom. While she was changing, I undressed myself to my shorts. As we lay on the bed for a moment, I felt a bit uneasy. I wanted to take some time with Ruth and really make love to her. I started by kissing her on the lips, then her ears and neck, until I got down to her breasts. She reached for my dick and started stroking it roughly, but it hurt and turned me off. I asked her not to be so rough, and she complied. But even after she started stroking me gently, I still could not get hard.

I wanted to make love to her so much, but no matter how hard we tried I just couldn't get it up. Ruth was very disappointed. I told her that I wanted to make love to her, even if I couldn't get an erection. I asked her if she had ever tried oral love, and she told me that no one had ever gone down on her. I told her that I wanted to do it, and if it didn't appeal to her, I would stop. She didn't know what to do, so I told her to spread her legs and let me do the rest.

After licking her clit a few times, she started to moan. I started tonguing her hole, sliding back and forth from her slit to her clit. This really got her hot and bothered. She held my head against her cunt. Ruth began gyrating her pussy around my tongue so fast that my tongue went from her clit to her hole. She came like it had been her first time in years.

After she came, Ruth said she wanted me inside her. I still couldn't get it up, and that is not normal for me. I told her I was sorry, but it just wasn't working. She thought it was because of her that I couldn't get it up. I assured her that it was not her fault. I told her that I normally didn't have that kind of problem and I enjoyed giving her head. We are both happy that I introduced her to oral love. I am sure that we will try again.

Is something wrong with me? Is it normal for a man to be attracted to someone so much older than he is?—D. R.

As you have found out, under situations of physical pain or embarrassment, the ability to get it up can be inhibited. What turns one man off may be super-stimulating to another. Ruth's roughness might have affected you.

A divorced lover of mine told me how his marriage fell apart. When he was 29, he fell in love with a woman who told him she was five years older than he was. They lived together for almost a year and then got married. Only when she had to give her date of birth for a passport application did he discover that she was in fact 14 years older. Their marriage only lasted a year. He admits that it was probably his fault, but every time they made love he became increasingly aware of physical signs of her age. If she had been honest with him, maybe it would have been all right, but the knowledge of her deceit made him more and more sensitive to their age difference. Finally he just

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
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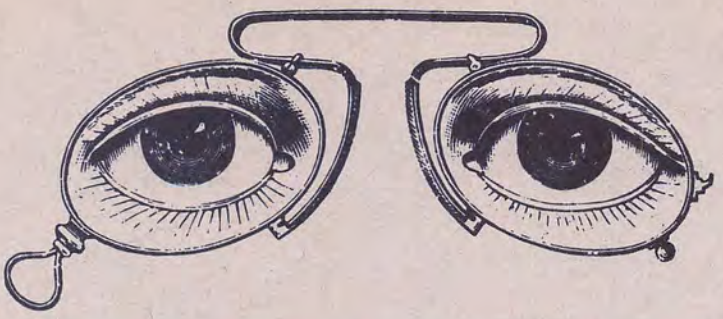


VIEW FROM THE TOP

A BLOW TO FREEDOM

BY EMILY PRAGER

The recent Supreme Court decision upholding Georgia's sodomy laws, ruling that oral and anal sex are not protected under the right-to-privacy statutes in the Constitution and can, therefore, be made illegal by states, is ludicrous. And it's historically wrong. Everybody who studied American history knows that Patrick Henry once said, "Give me a blowjob or give me death!" and he was speaking on behalf of the Founding Fathers at the time.

And not only is the decision historically inaccurate, it's dangerous. For years, men went to prostitutes to get the oral sex their wives wouldn't give them. Then came the sixties and seventies, the age of sexual fun, and women's magazines encouraged those wives to give that oral sex, to keep it in the home, to, pardon my French, enjoy it. Now, because of the Supreme Court, millions of wives throughout the country will be saying, "I'd like to, honey, but it's illegal," thus squirreling out of the job and driving their husbands to hookers, a high-risk group for the AIDS virus.

I mean, show me a man who does not believe in his inalienable right to a blowjob and I'll show you a liar. Or a guy with a concrete prostate who's too old to care. What's going on here? Who do they think they're kidding? Just because they did it in Sodom, it's not okay? Hogwash! Americans worship the golden calf as a way of life, as a political ideology, and are rewarded for it. Why not oral sex?

And what about cunnilingus? Finally, women get men to go down on them to bring them to orgasm, and now this! Every time women achieve sexual freedom, the United States government wants to take it away. Excuse me, but it sucks.

But really, it's no matter for amusement. This is only the beginning. This administration wants to make abortion a state's right as well. This would mean that in many states, abortion would immediately become illegal. Pretty soon, they'll rule that you can keep your wife in the closet and only let her out to give birth and do housework. Some of you may want this, but it's not what you need. Trust me.

What about anal sex? Well, they tell me that down in the South, where it's illegal, butt-fucking and skinning polecats go hand in hand. Did you see *Deliverance,* or what? But I'd bet that this ruling is mainly directed at gays. They've got to blame someone for the AIDS virus. But here's the thing, and don't forget it: There has never been a period in history when gays were persecuted that heterosexuals had any kind of sexual freedom. Sexual persecution is a creeping disease. One man's deviance is another man's boring routine. Eighteen years ago, in New York City, it was illegal for lovers who were not married to live together in an apartment. Cohabitation was ground for eviction. If the fundamentalists have anything to do with it, we'll be reliving this era quite soon.

Those who remember the sexual censorship of the past know they should fight against it. Those who don't, be warned. There was a time, a mere 20 years ago, when there were two kinds of women, good and bad, and the good had no freedom at all. Men had two choices, hookers and ignorance, and life was a search for warmth. Freedom, as any refugee will tell you, is having legal choice. But there are people who cannot handle choice, who cannot control themselves and seek restraint from higher authority. Beware of these people. They will turn your life into nursery school, and you'll spend your life standing in the corner.

But there is some hope: Every time they deem something illegal in America, people rush to do it. I mean, times have changed. We are used to sexual freedom now. I doubt they can take that away. Perhaps more wives than ever will give blowjobs now, out of rebellion. And more husbands will give head than we ever dreamed possible. In the bedroom, at McDonald's, on the steps of the Capitol building. If all goes well, perhaps one day oral sex will be as sought after as crack.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

WORDS

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

Gerry Spence is a spellbinding storyteller and trial lawyer. But the macho legal gunslinger is a most unlikely candidate for sainthood in the radical-feminist movement. Why, then, have Gloria Steinem and Andrea Dworkin canonized this self-proclaimed male chauvinist, whose 1983 book, *Of Murder and Madness,* contains some of the most sexist characterizations to be recorded in recent history?

Spence's girls "service" their men with "quickies," are called "pieces of ass," "clap traps," "swivel-assed girls," and "nice, fat, juicy mamas." He refers to "cleavages," "pink-asses," breasts "sticking out straight as guns," and "parts of her [which] hung somewhat like inverted pears." In his book, he jokingly repeats his boss's comment that he would "rather fuck a good friendly bitch dog any day than one of them Russky women [who] had hair an inch thick on their legs and it hung down under their arms like a billy goat's, and they stunk."

Yet this is the same author who Gloria Steinem solemnly declares to be "one of even fewer men who empathizes with women," and who Andrea Dworkin praises for his "deep understanding," his "eloquent and committed writing," and his "fighting for the rights of *women.*" What has Gerry Spence done to deserve such effusive praise from two who so rarely and grudgingly bestow it on men?

In his new book, *Trial by Fire* (Morrow), Spence has joined the holy crusade against pornography and become a "born-again feminist." His mentor is the shrill censor Andrea Dworkin, whose voice is "as sweet as an angel," whose spirit has a "chastity of purposes," and whose "deep truths" about pornography he quotes with reverence. Predictably, the recent convert has exceeded the zeal of even the longtime faithful: "[T]he greatest threat to the First Amendment is not the limitations the law purportedly places on free speech," says the new gospel

Spence: feminism's new hero?

according to Dworkin-Spence. "[T]he real danger is the unbridled abuse of the right to free speech. . . . The First Amendment rights of the media aren't chilled by libel suits—the First Amendment rights of citizens to exercise their freedom of speech are chilled by the press . . . and the Supreme Court encourages *Penthouse* and *Hustler* to sell their slime."

The vision leading up to Spence's conversion to a feminist sympathizer grew out of a libel suit he brought on behalf of a woman named Kim Pring against *Penthouse.* It was revealed to Spence that a model libel suit by a woman against a magazine is no different from a medieval witchcraft trial: "This was the case of a woman who had been charged by *Penthouse* with possessing certain . . . powers owned only by a witch. . . . Nothing changes. It was the trial of a witch and the law of the Malleas [the medieval treatise on trying witches] applied."

In fact, Kim Pring had been charged with nothing. It was she, advised by Spence, who had charged *Penthouse* with libel. The facts were simple: In its August 1979 issue, *Penthouse* published a spoof on the Miss America contest. The main character, Miss Wyoming, had perfected the art of fellatio to the point where she could levitate a man into the air. Pring, a former Miss Wyoming, was understandably upset. Spence told her to sue *Penthouse.* In the complaint, Spence alleged that Pring was sexually "chaste." He then railed against our legal system for permitting *Penthouse* to inquire as to whether that allegation was true or false. Eventually, Spence amended his complaint to drop the claim of chastity, and the judge ruled that Pring did not have to answer any questions on that subject. But Spence makes it seem that it was our medieval legal system, rather than his own blunder, that turned a libel case into a witch-hunt about Pring's chastity.

Spence persuaded a hometown jury to render a judgment against *Penthouse* for $25 million in punitive damages. The court of appeals threw out the whole case, ruling that the story was obviously a satirical piece of fantasy that libeled no one. It would have been better for everyone if Spence had written his sometimes powerful book instead of invoking the judicial system, about which he fulminates. Spence's book is as successful in showing how even fiction can hurt as his lawsuit was unsuccessful.

Gerry Spence has two awesome weapons at his disposal: He is a great trial lawyer and an engaging writer. He must learn when to use and when to holster each weapon.

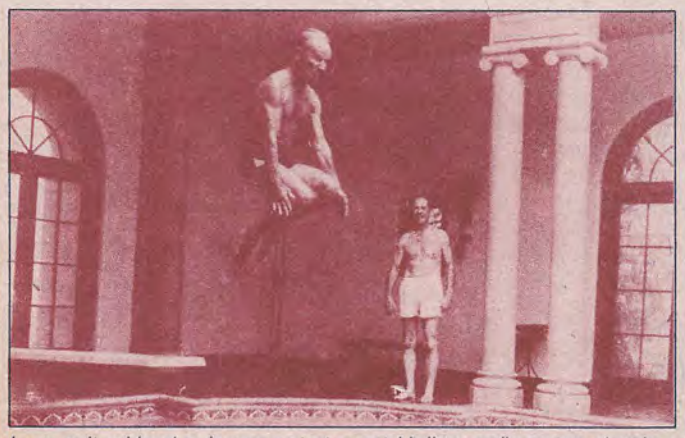
Spence ends his book by telling us that he is now bringing a libel suit on behalf of his friend Andrea Dworkin. This time it is against *Hustler* for some offensive cartoons. Please, Gerry, write another book and stop mucking up the First Amendment!

SCENES

BY SUSAN ELLIS

His passion for the actress Maude Gonne unrequited, a desperate William Butler Yeats went for broke. In due course, the poet became the new owner of a cluster of ape testicles, grafted into him by Serge Veronoff, a Russian physician whose "rejuvenation therapy" netted him a tidy fortune.

The quest for immortality has been largely measured in an incredible series of indignities. Otherwise clear-thinking individuals have eagerly gulped lamb's blood, lapped up Bulgarian curds, and injected dog testicles into their withering buttocks.



Longevity: Hard science puts to rest Hollywood's easy miracles.

Packs of benighted life-extension investigators have trekked stolidly toward distant Soviet villages to observe coveys of ancients gumming yogurt. The likes of Winston Churchill, Charlie Chaplin, and Christian Dior suspended disbelief long enough to submit to the ministrations of doctors who "rejuvenated" their clientele with fresh cells from unborn lambs.

Perhaps in no other area of medicine has so much been promised and so little delivered. But all that is changing. The evidence streaming in from laboratories around the world is adding up fast: For example, a derivative of vitamin A has been found to rejuvenate sun-damaged skin. The drug DHEA, already available overseas, may help prolong life by treating obesity. And thymic extract taken from bovine fetal tissue has shown proven life-extension results in Polish laboratories.

The news arrives none too soon. The census projects that the next century will find at least half of the population living beyond 84 years. If we move no closer toward understanding how we age, warned the Population Reference Bureau last year, medical researchers will have helped create a society overrun by the "functionally old." Last year, the bureau urged that research be focused on slowing the aging process "because a chronologically old but 'functionally young' elderly population would not be a burden but a social asset."

As you'll see in a major photo essay elsewhere in this issue, *Longevity,* a newsletter to be published by *Omni* magazine, offers the most up-to-date information on the art and science of staying young. "I strongly believe that one day, all of us will hold the power to lengthen our own lives.

"Across the nation, a group of scientists have begun to challenge one of life's most basic tenets—that we all must die," says Kathy Keeton, president of Omni Publications. Already, it is possible to rejuvenate skin, grow hair, and enhance memory. The effects of debilitating bone loss and stroke can be reversed, and radical new technologies that have the potential to cure Parkinson's and Alzheimer's diseases are being examined. There are drugs being tested now that boost the immune system, correct metabolic disorders, and protect cells against the damage incurred over time.

Never before have so many medical investigators tangled with the question of mortality that has haunted philosophers and theologians. Within the next decade or so, investigative research could permanently redesign the face of old age: substitute vitality for decrepitude, strength for frailty; produce vast numbers of 80-year-olds who work, go mountain climbing, play tennis, and look forward to several more years of independent, active living. Writes one of the new breed of gerontologists, Roy Walford, who is preparing to live at least 120 years, "Thank your stars you were not born too early in human history to participate in the life extension revolution."

Longevity newsletter will report on the breakthroughs and the research that point to this bold new direction in medicine and health care, toward a time anticipated by noted author and scientist Lewis Thomas where it would be perfectly natural "at age 120 to go from tennis court to deathbed."

Among the scientists and visionaries are those who talk of achieving immortality. But eliminating death doesn't seem likely. After all, with a five percent probability for accidents, the very longest we could hope to live—even absent disease and decrepitude—would be 600 years.

SPORTS

BY SHAINA HILSENRATH

When some of the country's top female bodybuilders graced the pages of *Penthouse* a year and a half ago ("Body Girls," June 1985), we reported that a controversy was raging about whether the ideal bodybuilder's physique should be feminine or highly muscular.

Today, according to Ben Weider, president of the International Federation of Bodybuilders, that controversy is over. By outlawing the use of steroids (drugs that enhance muscle development), the federation has made it impossible for a woman to build a "masculine" physique. "The decision to encourage a more feminine look for the girls is related to the steroid problem, because that was getting out of hand," Weider said. "Women were becoming actually grotesque. They were becoming so massive that the media was writing up the contests like

Beauty and brawn.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

they were freak shows."

The federation's main concern is the health of athletes, and taking any kind of drug is taboo. But the decision to have a more feminine ideal for women bodybuilders was also made, Weider told us, "to help the sport grow." He anticipates that more women will be attracted to bodybuilding if they see that attractive women like working out. Obviously, that excludes women who, after taking steroids, look like men.

Weider says that even this new image will not stop all adverse reactions to women lifting weights. The main objection to women bodybuilders since they first began competing, he explains, was simply a reaction to something new. "It is not only upsetting to some people that women are now in bodybuilding, they were upset when women first became doctors or lawyers." But female bodybuilders and competitions are, in fact, becoming as accepted as female doctors and lawyers.

There are 128 countries in the International Federation of Bodybuilders, making it the sixth largest international amateur-sports organization. Last year the People's Republic of China held its first women's bodybuilding championship in Peking, and the federation is negotiating with the International Olympic Committee for recognition. Weider feels confident about a favorable decision, and believes that the federation's new standards for women's competition will popularize the sport even more.

"They still are muscular enough to show that a woman is not a passive beauty queen," Weider says of the bodybuilders. "Women who enter beauty pageants are what we call 'passive beauty queens.' They are what they are because that's the way they were born. What we have are active athletes that really have to train to become what they are." Move over, Miss Universe—here comes Miss Olympia!

SEX NEWS

Our favorite sex syndrome of the month is *koro*, a psychological affliction of Chinese and Malaysian men. Victims are convinced that their penises are shrinking into their abdomens and fear they will die as a result. . . . Iran continues to burrow back into the Dark Ages with its crackdown on "badly veiled" women, who are sent to special reform camps. The speaker of the Iranian parliament said "there is no such thing as equality between women and men" because "women have smaller brains than men.". . . The Republican party in Massachusetts is having trouble placing a candidate for governor on the ballot. Among other charges, a leading candidate was reportedly seen naked in his office, talking on the phone to himself. . . . A Zurich plumber was granted a divorce on the ground that his wife was obsessed with jigsaw puzzles. "I was forbidden to go into the living room because she said I would break up the puzzles spread all over the floor," he said. . . . The former mayor of New Orleans and 40 others who were in a crowd scene spliced into an adult movie by mistake have won $400,000 in damages. It seems *Candy the Stripper* contained segments of a videotape made for an Easter Seal benefit. . . . A man has filed suit against his former wife, alleging she hoodwinked him into giving her sperm samples, which she used to conceive a child after their divorce. She then demanded he pay child support. . . . Stone Age "families" might have consisted of only women and children. The "fathers" were outsiders roving in freewheeling packs. Researchers in prehistoric life say the nuclear family is a relatively new concept. Some early languages did not even have a word for "father.". . . A move to confiscate the book and movie profits of the "Mayflower Madam" has been defeated. A Manhattan judge ruled that because prostitution was a victimless crime, Sydney Biddle Barrows did not have to give up her profits. . . . Fear of divorce is one reason wives decide to work. Two economists at the University of Virginia concluded in a study that women feared abandonment and wanted to be able to survive on their own in the job world. . . . Constant exposure to men's underarm odor can regulate a woman's menstrual period, according to researchers at the International Flavors and Fragrance Corp. Scientists are using this information to investigate the possibility of a scent-based method of birth control. . . . A group of feminists in Rochester, New York, bared their breasts at a beach recently, asserting that if men can go topless, women can, too. The seven women drew oglers and police, who busted them for shedding their shirts. . . . When the Republicans and the Democrats both chose women as candidates for governor of Nebraska, a GOP state senator decided to challenge the nominations with a petition candidacy. Senator John DeCamp said the race would be just a "prom-queen contest" without him. . . . Even though most men agree housework should be divided equally, women still end up doing most of it. An Associated Press poll revealed that while men have good intentions, it is women who get the floor mopped.

Feminists flashing for their equal rights.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS

"My turn!"

Yasir Arafat's PLO is a sophisticated billion-dollar multinational corporation using investment planning to achieve its aims.

BANKING ON TERROR

BY JAMES ADAMS

Just off Shah Bandar Square in downtown Damascus is a five-story building of light brown cement. It looks more like the unassuming office of a low-level government department, unpainted since the colonials departed, than what it is—the headquarters of one of the wealthiest multinational corporations in the world.

Inside, the walls, which vary between dull gray and light green, are covered with several layers of filth, probably from the fumes emanating from the old-fashioned pipe stoves used to provide heat in the winter. During the summer, the ground-floor rooms will be cooled by large, gently whirring fans that do little to counter the oppressive heat. Although the floors appear to have been swept, smudges and dirty fingerprints cover the light switches.

The director's office, on the second floor, contains a large, heavy desk with two telephones, a tattered sofa, and coffee tables covered with aging coffee stains, full ashtrays, a few dog-eared books, and a noticeable layer of dust. Only the color portrait of Yasir Arafat and the handmade black-and-white poster, showing three versions of the same little girl's face, with the caption in English, THERE WILL BE A TOMORROW, hint at the real purpose behind this extraordinary building.

The man overseeing this squalor is Mohammed Zuhdi Al-Nashashibi, a senior member of a prominent Palestinian family, whose official title is secretary of the PLO executive committee and head of the PLO administration department. Because he is considered a highly pragmatic man, unallied to any faction, Western diplomats, particularly the Europe-

PAINTING BY DON PUNCHATZ

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
What's News—
The Outlook
1986

ans and Australians, often seek his views on developments within the movement. As a member of the PLO executive committee, he is one of the 15 most powerful men in the PLO, but as chief administrator, he is even more important. In addition, Nashashibi is the keeper of the keys to the rooms on the floor above his rather tatty office, and what those keys guard make him, apart from Yasir Arafat, the man most truly to be reckoned with in the PLO.

Nashashibi's keys open a locked heavy steel door leading from the fourth floor to the top story. Behind this barrier lies a different world: a world of high-tech 1980s state-of-the-art computers, a world light-years away from the seedy old-fashioned appearance of the floors below, and even further removed from the popular image of the PLO terrorist.

In air-conditioned splendor, this whole floor is divided into two rooms. The main room, which is approximately 25 feet by 15 feet, houses banks of Honeywell reel-to-reel computers; leading off this is a smaller office about 18 feet square, where the reels of computer tape are stored. The machines are carefully tended by young white-coated Palestinians, most of whom have been trained in the United States, some at M.I.T. and Harvard. As one visitor to the closely guarded center said, "It was a completely different world, all high-tech and super-efficiency, not at all what one would normally associate with the PLO."

The PLO is not generally recognized as having changed dramatically from the fumbling, impoverished organization that added aircraft hijacking to the world's nightmares and popularized the kidnap-and-ransom business. Years of receiving enormous stipends from Arab countries, combined with an acute business sense and a constant plea of poverty, have given the organization one of the healthiest financial profiles in international business.

Some unofficial sources have estimated that the PLO has assets in excess of $15 billion, but this is an exaggeration. However, it is generally agreed that through the Palestine National Fund (PNF), the PLO has control of some $2 billion in assets, and taking into account the assets of all the different groups that make up the PLO, as much as $5 billion may be salted away. In 1983, approximately $600 million in current-account income was generated for the PNF, and of this, less than $100 million came in the form of donations from wealthy Palestinians or Arab nations; the balance was made up by investments all over the world. The total annual income of the various PLO factions runs to well in excess of $1.25 billion. This sum, which is greater than the total budget of some Third World countries, makes the PLO the richest and most powerful terrorist group in the world. As the complexity of managing their funds grew, the PLO adapted its organization to take account of the huge inflow of funds. At the head of the financial pyramid is the Palestine National Fund.

"There's been a cutback in personnel! I'm afraid one of you is going to have to let me go. . . ."

Although the main computers are just off Shah Bandar Square, the headquarters of the Palestine National Fund is a few blocks away on Baghdad Street. This four-story building is just as run-down and its offices appear much more cramped. The visitor to the PNF headquarters is greeted by the office manager, Darwish Abyad, a middle-aged man of at least 220 pounds with a little rim of white hair encircling a bald pate. In his fading pinstriped suit, he looks more like a failed and miserable bank clerk than the man who controls much of the Palestinians' multimillion-dollar budget.

When the PLO was originally formed, it had three main financial institutions: the Palestine National Council, the Executive Committee, and the Palestine National Fund. To simplify the structure and to separate the financial management of the organization from the politicking that bedeviled every area of the PLO, the PNF was given ultimate control.

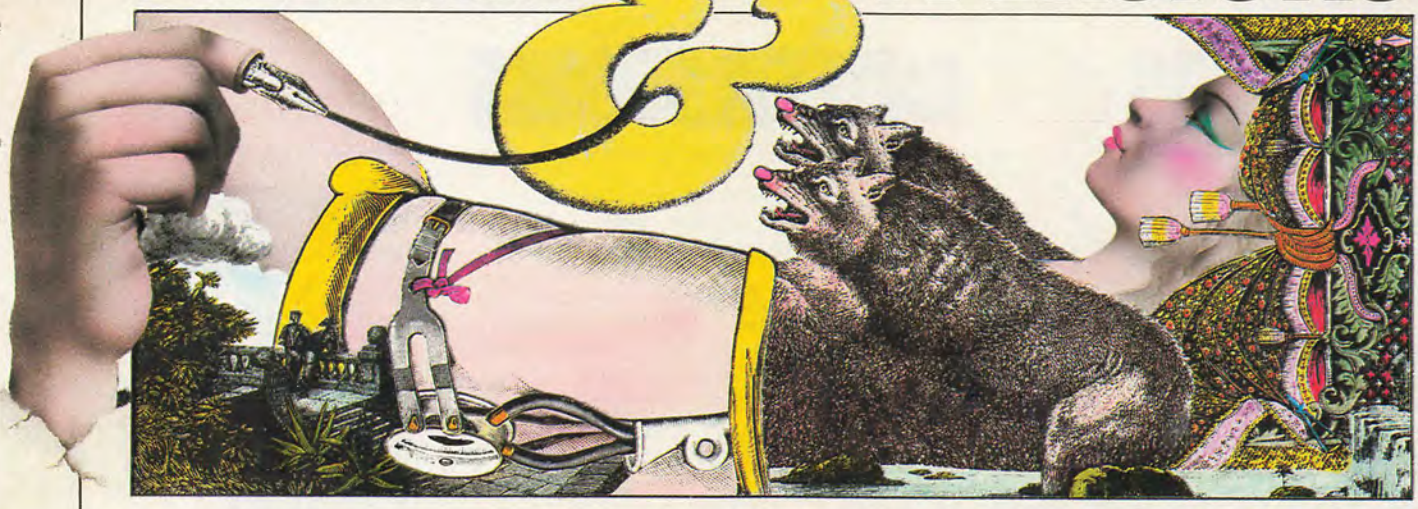
In order that the PNF be free from factional fighting, it was determined that it should be as independent as possible. To this end, it was decided that the chairman of the PNF would be the only official elected directly by the Palestine National Council; others would be either salaried staff or co-opted into the PNF by existing members of staff. "That made the PNF chairman the strongest person in the PLO," according to one former director of the PNF. In 1981, the PNC began electing the fund's director as well as its chairman, but the strength of the most senior figure in the PNF, the chairman, remains undiminished.

In 1974, Dr. Walid Khimawai was the first PNF chairman to make the job full-time, and the fund's influence and wealth grew most during the period of his leadership. According to Khimawai, the PNF's role is "controlling and receiving all contributions and taxation, every income that comes to the PLO organizations." This policy should theoretically embrace the different organizations under the PLO umbrella, but in practice, this has been impossible to enforce: The Arab leaders who support the different PLO factions would be unhappy to see their attempts to buy loyalty and influence thwarted by the organization pouring all the donations into a common pot. And the individual group leaders want to make the most of what little independence they have, and to parlay their own money for soldiers and for power. Therefore, while all the groups pay lip service to the PNF and to the PLO, they all maintain their own budgets.

During the Khimawai era, the PNF's agenda was primarily aimed at putting controls on spending, but according to Khimawai, this was later expanded to embrace other duties. "We added to these financial activities all the economic relationships of the PLO, such as joining economic institutions, Arab or international, attending economic conferences and such things."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



HEAVEN KNOWS BEST

A fundamentalist group in Georgia charged an elementary-school teacher with "witchcraft" for including stress-reduction training in her third-grade class.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

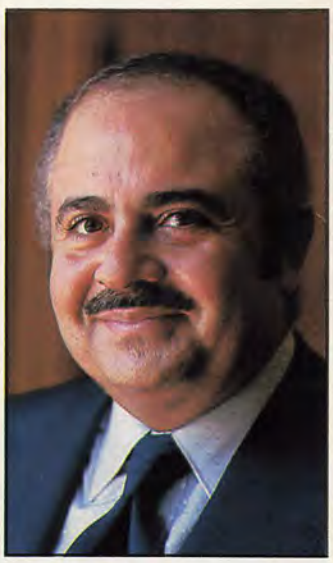
A bank robber in Lansing, Kansas, fled on foot after holding up a local bank. Later, while trying to hitch a ride to the bus station, he flagged down a car—which, unfortunately for him, turned out to be an unmarked police car searching for the robber.

LIFE AT THE TOP

Saudi Arabian oil billionaire Adnan Khashoggi has put up his yacht for sale. The boat, whose asking price is $60 million, is 500 feet long and includes a disco, hospital, helicopter pad, and 296 telephones.

SOME PEOPLE GROW HAIR ON THEIR PALMS

A Marina Del Rey, California, man summoned an ambulance for what he described as a serious injury to his neck. Doctors discovered that he had dislocated a vertebra while masturbating.



NEW WORLD RECORDS

An Iowa pig farmer broke all records for growth among his animals by playing tapes of provocative love songs. One of these ditties went: "My dearest red-hot mama, you are so provocative in your black-silk bikini underwear."

A Pennsylvania restaurant owner, claiming that he heard the "voice of God" telling him to allow customers to pay whatever they chose, instituted a voluntary payment policy. In the first month, the restaurant's profits fell nearly 70 percent.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The United States Department of the Air Force sends out the following form reply in response to the many requests it receives from companies and private individuals who are seeking to be put on the department's mailing list of military research contracts: "Please be accurate and complete in filling out your application and suffix listing. We must know if you are a woman-owned, large or small business or a small disadvantaged business before your name can be added to our mailing list. Please note that a small disadvantaged business is the same as minority business. Small disadvantaged business is the new name for minority."

HIGHS AND LOWS

Prisoners in Folkestone, England, fell violently ill after drinking homemade alcoholic concoctions they'd brewed in chamber pots.

Several of the jurors who acquitted Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards earlier this year of fraud and racketeering charges were accused by Louisiana court officials of stealing towels from the hotels in which they stayed during the trial.

DOUBLESPEAK

The United States Treasury Department sent notices to residents of New Mexico informing them that interest would be deducted from their Treasury notes on the ground that they are citizens of a foreign country—New Mexico—and not the United States.

LAST LAUGH

The new government of Haiti discovered that former president Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier and his wife looted more than $400 million from the country's treasury before they fled into exile.

WELL, IF YOU'VE SEEN ONE, YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL

A Lansing, Michigan, man was convicted of rape charges after his victim identified him by a spider tattoo on his penis.

BETTER THAN WRITING A LETTER TO THE TIMES

Ashley Summers, a former Pet of the Month in the British edition of *Penthouse*, protested the ban against a star cricket player by running onto the field during a match at the exclusive Lords cricket ground near London and stripping naked before the shocked and unbelieving audience that was assembled to watch the game.

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, ETC.

A fundamentalist minister in Los Angeles led his congregation in prayer, asking God to take the life of Supreme Court Justice William Brennan for upholding a woman's right to an abortion. The congregation later hired a plane to trail a banner reading PRAY FOR DEATH: BABY-KILLER BRENNAN over a law-school graduation exercise where Brennan was the commencement speaker.

WRETCHED EXCESSES

Officials at a zoological park in Kenya, angered over attempts by visitors to tease and disturb its crocodiles, posted this sign: VISITORS THROWING LITTER INTO THE CROCODILE PIT WILL BE REQUIRED TO RETRIEVE IT.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Some of the fans disgust me. They swill beer. They drink whiskey. Their teeth are black from chewing tobacco, which they spit. And some of the men are just as bad."
—Professional wrestler Exotic Adrian Street

BELIEVE THIS AND YOU'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING

Linda Marchiano, otherwise known as Linda Lovelace, star of the famed 1970s porn-film classic *Deep Throat*, claimed that she was offered the sum of $3 million to go to bed with a prominent lawyer and have the resulting encounter filmed.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A recent compilation of new products that failed to capture attention in the marketplace includes: *Male Chauvinist* (after-shave lotion), *Gorilla Balls* (vitamin-enriched malt candy), *Gimme Cucumber* (hair conditioner), and *Yogurt Face and Body Powder*.

Another new children's toy, a variation on the traditional ant farm, features an "ant skyscraper," in which thousands of ants are housed in miniature apartments and offices. Children using the toy are advised to put the ants in the refrigerator first, because the cold "makes them more docile."

A Pittsburgh orthodontist offers special braces for Cabbage Patch Kid dolls.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PATRICIA

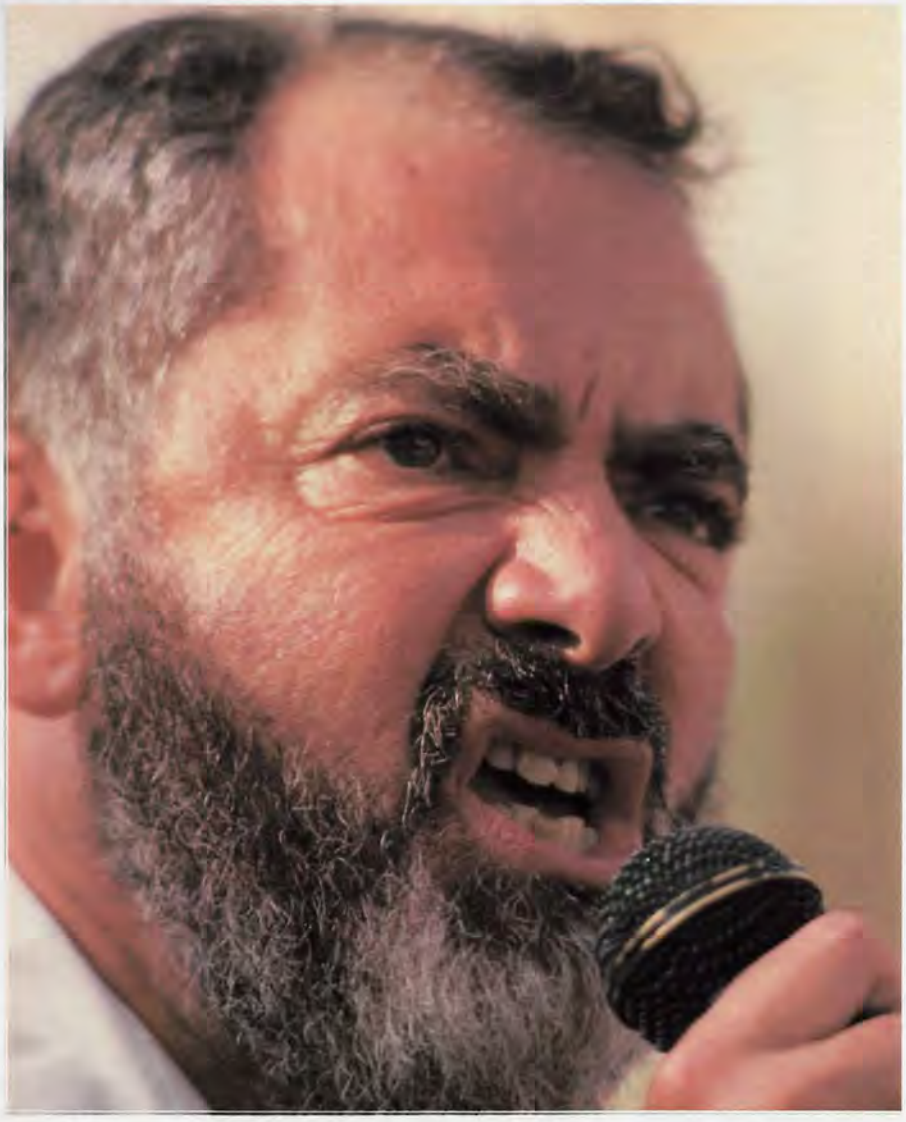
Patricia is a woman whose interests range from ancient history to high technology. A computer repairperson by day and a reader of Plutarch and Livy by night, she describes her life as "a crazy quilt of data and romance. I commute, you might say, between Silicon Valley and the Rome of the 12 Caesars."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARITY BELLE

All accessories and jewelry by Quasimodo, Kings Road, London.

"I decided to get into computer-repair work from programming when I realized that the one thing all computers, big and small, old and new, had in common was that they broke down a lot."

"Of course, when I'm on the job, I have to dress conservatively—tweedy suits and herringbone and high-collared blouses and all that. But at home," she smiles, "I indulge my liking for silk and satin and frilly things."



"NEVER AGAIN!" JEWISH ZEALOTS TRAIN FOR COMBAT

TWENTY YEARS AGO, RABBI MEIR KAHANE FOUNDED THE JDL. TODAY, ITS YOUNGER LEADERS HAVE TAKEN IT TO EXTREMES EVEN HE DEPLORES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG MENUEZ

Although denounced by the Jewish establishment as counterproductive in the fight against anti-Semitism and labeled hoodlums and terrorists by gentiles, the Jewish Defense League for nearly two decades has remained firm in its conviction that it is the best hope for Jewish survival in the United States. Founded in New York City by Rabbi Meir Kahane, similar groups sprang up in other cities and suburbs with large Jewish populations. With the departure of Kahane to Israel, national leadership of JDL has been claimed by Irv Rubin in Los Angeles. Rubin states that JDL is "dedicated to the preservation of Jews and righteous gentiles."

It has been Rubin's contention that the increase in world terrorism forebodes nothing less than doom for world Jewry. What is needed, Rubin insists, "is an organization that will respond to any Jew in need." Jewish establishment organizations, e.g., the Anti-Defamation League, are amoral for not responding to Jews who are threatened. And the response that Rubin is talking about is physical force. Jews, who in the past have been squeamish about defending themselves with weapons and martial-arts combat, can no longer afford that luxury if they wish to survive in this world. It has become Rubin and fellow JDL members' self-proclaimed mission to train Jews for combat.

Located a few miles outside the city in a deserted area near the Los Angeles National Forest, a small cadre of JDL zealots can be found training Jewish recruits for combat. Last February, photographer Doug Menuez was given the rare opportunity to visit the camp to observe and photograph the activities. Training sessions are usually held once a month on a Sunday. The rest of the month is usually spent trying to convince area Jews of the necessity of learning armed combat. "The people that they attract," Menuez observed, "range from enthusiastic male and female teenagers to former concentration-camp victims in their sixties." A few of the elderly trainees told Menuez that they perceive a new wave of anti-Semitism in the world and that this time they are going to be prepared for it.

At dawn on a Sunday morning, cars, vans, and station wagons begin to converge at a secret staging area not too far from the forest. There are coffee and doughnuts as they wait for all of the recruits to appear. The trunks of the vehicles are filled with weapons and live ammunition. Soon everyone is present and the convoy led by Rubin hits the highway and heads to the forest.

Once at the site, the weapons are quickly unloaded from the vehicles. Another JDL leader, Berry Krugel, lectures the recruits about anti-Semitism and the importance of why they are there. The 20 or 25 recruits listen intently and are quick to respond when Krugel asks for donations to help finance the cause. The point

JEWISH
DEFENSE
LEAGUE
"NEVER AGAIN"

of it all is to get the recruits to feel solidarity with JDL.

Next, a former officer in the Israeli Army gets up and begins a long lecture on weaponry. There is a wide variety of weapons on hand, including an assortment of handguns, M16s, MAC-10s, AR-15s, and, of course, Uzis. Finally, to the excitement of the recruits, weapons are distributed. Everyone moves to an area where targets have been set up. Photographs of Qaddafi and Arafat are pinned on the targets. If JDL recruits can't get at their real enemies, they at least have the vicarious thrill of putting bullet holes in their photographs.

The ex–Israeli Army officer is like a drill sergeant, moving up and down the firing line, encouraging, criticizing, and instructing. As soon as the rifle practice is completed, the same scene is repeated for another hour or two with handguns. Then, after an examination of the targets and a final critique by the weapons expert, the group breaks for lunch before the final event of the day, instruction in the martial arts by JDL members. The exhausting day ends at three or four o'clock, when the weapons are reloaded into the vehicles and members head home. As Menuez observed, "It all may look a little ragtag, but these people are well skilled in what they want to accomplish."

JDL leader Rubin told *Penthouse* that since 1971 the group has conducted weapons training courses on an on-again, off-again basis, finding it easier to attract recruits after some sensational terrorist activity in the world. Immediately after the 1986 terrorist attacks at Rome and Vienna airports, JDL began to expand its training activities. He disdains critics who call JDL members Jewish gangsters: "By no means can you call us troublemakers," he says. "There are neo-Nazi groups, Ku Klux Klaners, and others out there who hate Jews and must be defended against."

Rubin is not the only Jew to express these feelings about anti-Semitism and what the Jewish response to it must be. For the last two decades, Meir Kahane has been living his life in the center of a storm of controversy. For the last several years he has been residing in Israel, where some have denounced him as the Middle East's latest crazy man, while others are hailing him as a latter-day saint. Before moving to Israel, the Brooklyn rabbi made headlines in this country for his exploits as founder and leader of the Jewish Defense League. With memories and lessons of the Holocaust etched in his mind, Kahane came to believe that dialogue and assimilation did little to fight anti-Semitism, and with the cry "Never again," his JDL troopers became militant activists in a war against those all over the world they believed enemies of the Jews.

Earlier this year, reporter Jane Merrill traveled to Israel to interview Kahane, by then a member of the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Merrill spoke at length with him about a variety of subjects, including his impressions of JDL since his departure from the organization and his controversial plan for the removal of all Arabs from Israeli territory. What follows are some excerpts from the interview.

On the Jewish Defense League in 1986: "I think that it has split into two or three groups. JDL is any group that is a strong group which has a strong militant program. But it has to have leadership because it tends to draw into it people that are violent types and they need a strong person to keep them down. You can't have a Jewish fist without a Jewish head. Now

Previous page: Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder of the Jewish Defense League. To his right, a former concentration camp inmate vowing to prevent any future Holocaust. Left: A determined JDL recruit leaps into mock battle. Above: After storming an "enemy" position, jubilant trainees raise their weapons and banner in victory. Below: An ancient talisman, the Star of David, adorns a JDL rifle.

it's a bunch of fists. It's not good. For example, the bombing of Arab offices in America. I think it is a disaster. Not because there is anything wrong with it, these are PLO fronts, but the question is, what good does it do? There is an incredible macho need to have violence for its own sake. It is a terrible thing. Violence is a dangerous thing. It's unfortunately necessary at times, but you have to know when, you have to know how. JDL simply doesn't have the leadership today. So therefore it has gone off, dissolved into a gang."

On charges of being a racist: "Racism is a concept that someone is permanently inferior to me and can never in any way be equal to me. I say that any non-Jew who wishes to become a Jew tomorrow is as good a Jew as me. Is that racism? It's nonsense! Of course I believe that Jews have the truth. There are Roman Catholics who believe that they have the truth, just as Moslems believe they have the truth. And because I believe that we have the truth, therefore we are the chosen people, and anyone who wants to be chosen is welcome to come in. The same thing applies to the ban on intermarriage.

"The real problem for the secular Jew is that he doesn't want to be Jewish. He is embarrassed by his Jewishness. He does not have the courage to say it. Most Jews wouldn't know a Jewish concept if they tripped over one. Their ignorance is only compounded by arrogance. A ban on intermarriage is not a racist thing. It is only to hand down to our children that which we believe is true. Are we against intermarriage because of color? Of course not. It's a religious issue."

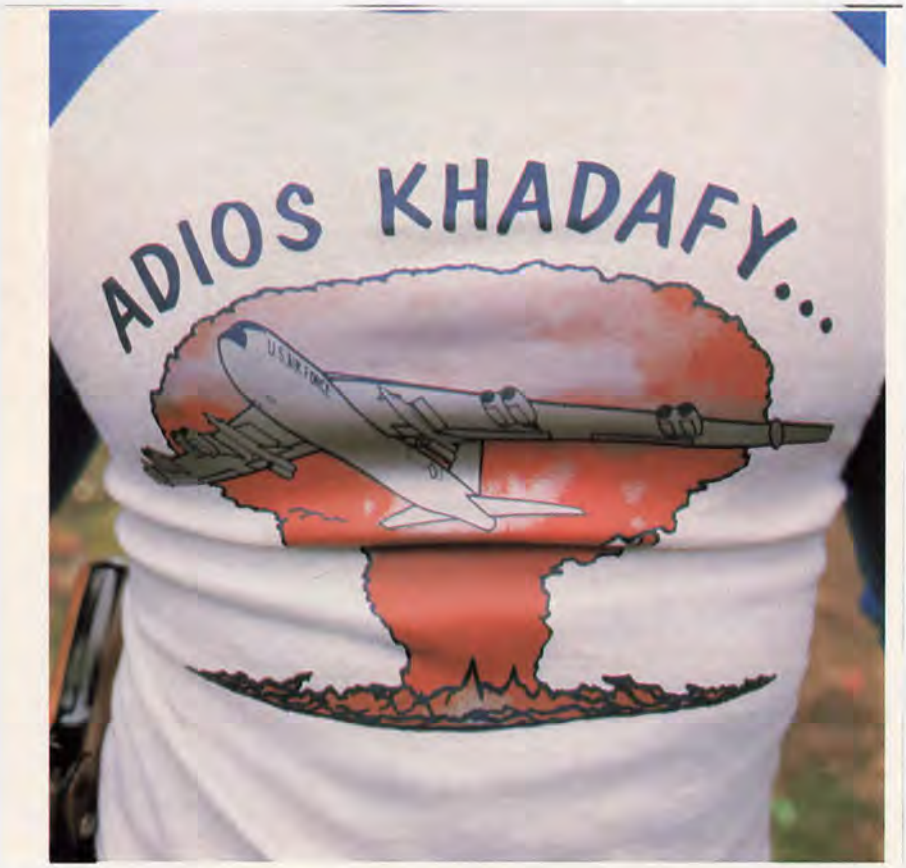
On Arabs: "As far as the Arabs are concerned, I don't hate Arabs, I love Jews. If the Arabs were Swedes who were threatening Jews, I would say the same things about them. And if the Arabs didn't threaten Jews, I wouldn't say them.

"[Liberals and leftists] have contempt for Arabs. They believe that if you raise their living standards, they will be good Arabs. What a disgusting, abominable concept of Arabs, as if you can buy a person's national pride—not by bread alone does man live and not Arabs either. There is not one bad Arab living in this country who is a bad Arab. They are good Arabs. What is a good Arab? One who would want to live in an Arab state.

"[The government tries] to escape from the fact that the Arabs sincerely believe that this is their country and want to be the majority. When they are the majority, there will be a law of return that applies to Arabs only and not to Jews. They will say what was good for you is good for us. Because I respect Arabs is why I say they have to go."

On Israelis and Arabs: "The real problem is not the Arabs. The real problem is the Jews. The average secular Jew in this country is riddled with guilt feelings. He doesn't believe that he has a right to be here. He really can't answer the Arab who says, 'When your grandfather came here we were the majority. What right did he have to come here from Russia?' I have no problem with this. To me God gave us this country. The Jews lived here on that promise. It's the secular Jew for whom God plays no part. So they have to take the Arab's side on every issue. In essence, what they really want to do is commit suicide but take us with them. I wish the Arabs truly well, but I wish them well elsewhere.

"Do the Arabs have a right to be returned? If democracy says so, fine. Then in the name of democracy you are ready



Above: The training session is over, but grim JDL recruits are not too exhausted to brandish their weapons. Below: Although not the official dress of the JDL, it is common to see members wearing a know-thy-enemy T-shirt. Right: Bull's-eye! It may only be vicarious, but JDL riflemen can celebrate as their bullets go through the heart of the Libyan leader.

C D E F G H I J K L
Kaddafi
25 YD. SLOW FIRE PISTOL TARGET
5 6 7 9 10 9 8 7 6 5

to let Israel go under. I am not. I choose a Jewish state over democracy."

On Judaism and Zionism: "God made the world so it should be good and not evil. He doesn't want evil in this world. That's not a Western concept; we don't know what is good and what is evil. In the West, they live in a Margaret Mead kind of world in which Margaret Mead finds a South Sea island in which people eat their mothers-in-law. So, therefore, she comes to the conclusion that it is not inherently evil to eat one's mother-in-law. It's a subjective cultural factor. In Judaism it is evil to eat your mother-in-law. Therefore you can stop people from eating their mother and you can stop people from doing things Judaism says is evil. It's immoral; it would destroy the people.

"There are no Zionists here. They don't know what Zionism is. Because Zionism without Judaism is an empty nonsensical thing. Why should I be a Jew? Why should I be a Zionist? Why should I be in a country which I have served for three years and every year for 30 days in the Army, and [where] there are constant wars and threats of war and taxation? Unless there is a special reason to be a Jew, and that's God's will and it's God's country and it's God's destiny. It is where it all began, and it's where it will all end, too. So those are the reasons."

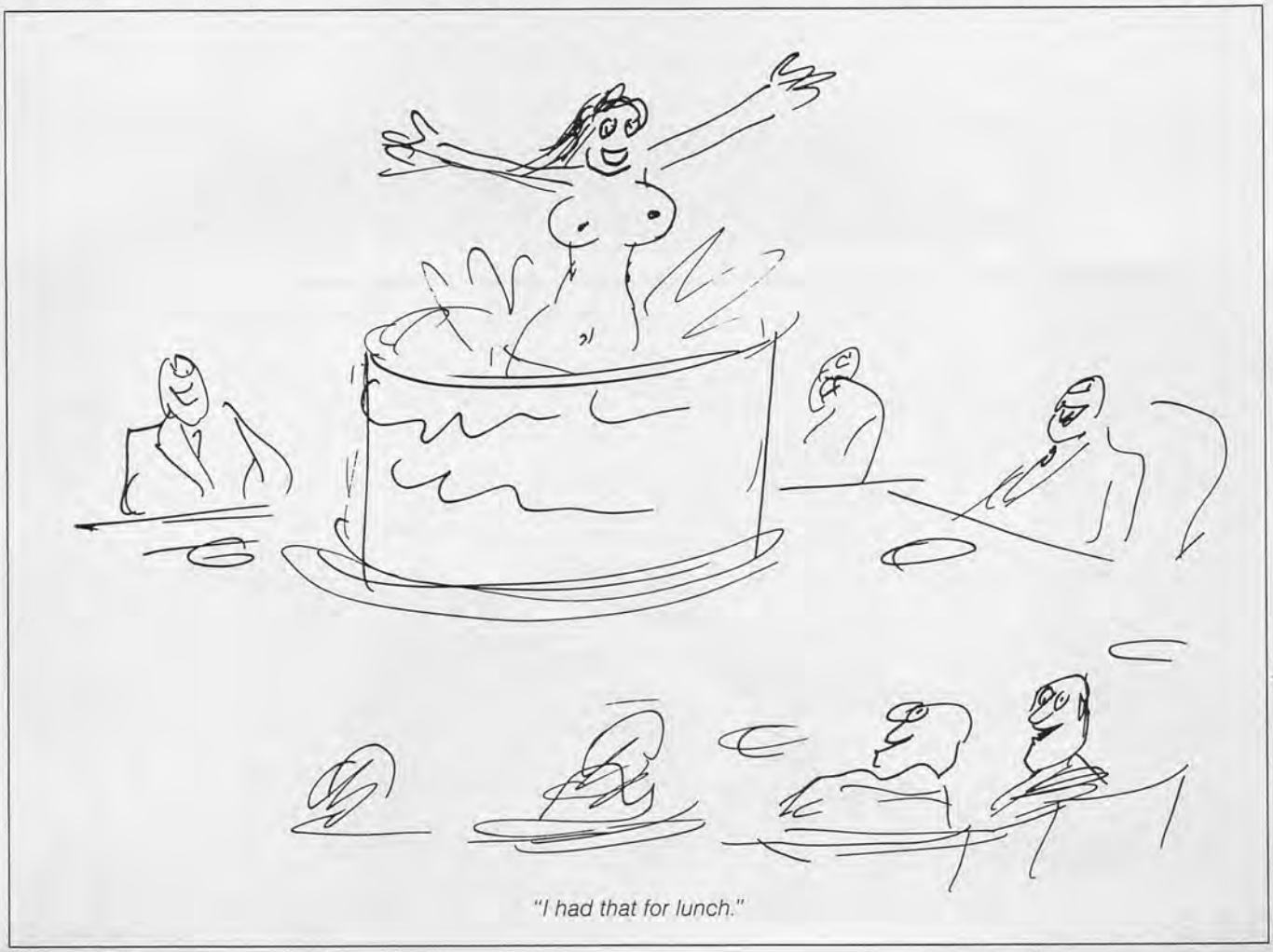
On American aid to Israel: "There are no friends in politics and there are no enemies in politics. Ronald Reagan is the American President and rightfully his first concern is American interests. When he supports Israel it is out of American interests and when he doesn't it is also out of American interests as he perceives them. [As far as the argument about whether President Reagan is a friend of Israel], it's part of ghetto Jewish fear. We don't need friends. We have to explain to the Americans that they should back Israel not because we are a good country, a democratic country, but because it pays for you.

"If I were prime minister, I would cut off all economic aid. We have to learn to stand on our own feet. This is a country that has to learn to work, work hard, get out of the service industry, and start to produce. This country is on the verge of economic collapse, and with this nonsense about this economic program working—it's just nonsense. Anyone can prevent inflation, anyone. You pass a law saying you can't raise prices, that's it. Factories are going under. People are cheating, stealing. I don't want economic aid, I want military aid on that basis—that it's good for the United States. You want a strong ally, we're it. You want it, pay for it. Not economic aid. That's a disaster for us."

On rising anti-Semitism in the world: "It is all tied to economic problems. In other words, the average person doesn't hate Jews, doesn't like Jews, he doesn't think about Jews. Jews think that every single gentile spends his days and nights thinking about Jews. It's absurd. When times get bad, people say it's because of the Jews, whether [they believe] it or not, because people who are frightened need a scapegoat. The Jew is the most obvious scapegoat because the Jew has money, the Jew has influence, the Jew has power.

"I have always said that if I were God I would compel every Jew to spend a night every week in a working-class bar. Just sit and listen how they talk about Jews. That's where you really find out what people are thinking. But they don't spend their time in bars. They spend their nights at dinners for the National Conference of Christians and Jews, where nice people get together. Nice people tend to say nice things.

"I am convinced there is no future for the Jews in exile. I am convinced of a horrible tragedy for the Jewish people in exile. I believe what happened in Germany was no aberration. This gives one added reason for the Jewish establishment in America to hate me. They don't want a Jew going on television with gentiles watching and hear him say, 'Jews come home.' "



"I had that for lunch."

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CENTRAL
CENTRAL PLAZA
FOLLOW GREEN EXIT
TRAINS

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL

Though its boosters call it the Big Apple, in my new book *New York Confidential* (Crown Publishers), I prefer to describe America's largest and most outrageous city as the Big Onion. It has one value: success, the kind of success you measure in cash. In this excerpt, we look at how this applies in one of the Onion's murkier layers, the Skin Business.

BY SHARON CHURCHER PAINTING BY PAUL CADMUS

"We offer a sex-positive, comfortable, nurturing environment where women have access to the tools of pleasure. That's why we sell vibrators. We view them as 'liberating appliances.' "—From the "Dear Sisters" letter in a brochure for Eve's Garden, a feminist sex boutique on 57th Street

New York probably has more liberation movements than the whole of Central America, and the most high-profile of them have to do with one of the city's largest industries . . . sex. Unfortunately, since the Fortune 500 does not address such statistics, no precise measure is available of the value of the tsunami of depravity that has been lapping at the doorsteps of the city's rich and powerful and has provided a quiet rental income to certain of these pharaohs.

For a rough flood gauge, however, let's begin by adding the pickings from the Times Square flesh palaces—one estimate is that a billion dollars is spent in them each year—to the earnings of the Big Onion's prostitutes. Its galaxy of whores is generally regarded as the biggest in numbers, as well as other statistics, in the U.S., and, for an idea of how they're doing, you only have to watch a rather common round-the-clock drama on several local thoroughfares.

Eyes popping in anticipation, driver after driver slams on his brakes on Kent Avenue, in a Brooklyn industrial neighborhood that is a mecca both for working girls and for hot-dog salesmen who service the cars and limos as the johns await their turn. The cacophony of john-lock is intensified in some quarters of Manhattan by the thrum of other mechanical aspects of the oldest trade. Predictably, this led to an early manifestation of the yen that many New Yorkers have to be liberated *from* the sex business: A Federal Communications Commission squad rushed to the rescue of a tenant in an apartment building who wailed that the use of a vibrator in a brothel upstairs was interfering with her television reception. After a spate of complaints that as many as 18 streetwalkers at a time were brawling for the patronage of each customer in another area, it was local cops who galloped to the rescue, barricading part of 27th Street to late-night traffic. Perhaps it was because such actions constricted their marketplaces that a number of transvestite hookers (you can tell them because they tend to flag down cars with their skirts) have been supplementing their earnings with a modish practice known as "yoking." Reported by *The New York Times* to be the absolutely latest fashion in mugging, the sensation of two hairy arms sneaking up your back, prior to grabbing you in a headlock, is quite delicious, and the vermilion-stained talons that then reach around into your jacket, to feel for your wallet, are the epitome of elegance.

With the sex industry offering this sort of thrill-filled potential for both practitioners and customers, it's hardly surprising that some New Yorkers prefer the perspective of Eve's Garden, the feminist sex boutique, on what constitutes liberation. *Their* fight, as will be seen, is for a piece of the action. Though they seem to be succeeding, in deciding whether to side with them in the struggle, you should weigh the risks of being caught. Unlike Eve's Garden, most sectors of the industry are illegal. Technically illegal, that is. The police public morals division's Captain Jerome Piazza puts it this way when asked to explain his perennially understaffed squad's enforcement philosophy: "It depends on the number of complaints. If only one person complains about a prostitution situation, you're probably not going to get any action. It's where ten people complain, 20 people, that's when you're going to get action."

Moreover, in the unlikely event that you do get caught, it really can be rather pleasant. Hizzoner's sentencing procedures commonly are predicated on the belief that a hair shirt is something to share with the socially disadvantaged strumpet who's before the bench. If you're lucky, he'll even share the bench. In one famous case, Lester Evens, a criminal court judge and sometime law partner of Mayor Ed Koch, ordered a hooker who was waiting to pay a fine in his court to pull up a chair and sit next to him for several hours. "To keep her from sleeping in the courtroom," the jurist explained. Another judge informed a convocation of municipal leaders that she did enforce the prostitution laws—but was more lenient if the girls obeyed certain ground rules, like confining their work to after midnight.

> "A lot of guys," complains one madam, "will ask for the same woman on a regular basis. Then, when she is really in love with them, they book another woman. I've seen that happen over and over again."

"In our homes there's no escape from violation, fear of rape."—From "Protest Song," published in Women Against Pornography's newsletter

The battle was initially joined in 1977 with the launch of a campaign called Stamp Out Smut. As its name implies, this sought to liberate the citizenry from the clutches of for-profit libido and took the form of a march past the Times Square flesh palaces by the saintly, who were marshaled by Ed Koch's predecessor as mayor, Abe "I'm Mad as Hell" Beame. The protesters strutted through the streets, blue noses quivering, to the refrain of "God Bless America" and "When You're Smiling," blasted out by the Staten Island Musicians Society, and speeches were given. Memorable among the orations was the call by actress Tammy Grimes for "an investigation of the sex business by a special grand jury," and baseball great Bobby Thomson's pitch for a return to the days when "ball games were enough for entertainment." Mayor Beame, for his part, had drawn himself up to his full five feet two inches in the preceding weeks and personally commanded raids on a topless bar called Jax Three-Ring Circus and Show World Center, which advertised "the hottest live sex acts in America."

"For years," Beame fumed, "the courts have thwarted our attempts to clean up this spreading blight."

In New York, one man's blight can be another man's fortune, even if you're on the side of the angels.

Should you be a developer, for instance, obviously you're eager to join the Head Blue Noses in administering the latest penalty for smut: capital punishment. In seeking to level 13 acres of the Times Square area and replace its frowsy entertainments with four granite office towers, a merchandise mart, and a 750-room hotel, Comstock's Builders—an alliance of city and state planners—point to their desire to exterminate "crime and frightening street life." Since much of this street life is concerned with ripping off tourists, just why bringing more tourists (the hotel) and more out-of-town businessmen (the mart) into the neighborhood will be a deterrent is a little unclear. In 1977 there were 121 sex businesses in the Times Square vicinity; by 1983, a municipal cleanup drive had lopped this to 65. That same year, while robberies in the area decreased, murders doubled to 14 from seven, and there were 45 rapes, to the previous year's 24. The trend elsewhere in the city was for serious crime to fall. A less ambiguous statistic, from the point of view of the real estate industry, is the price tag on the Times Square redevelopment—$2 billion, to which figure you should add the usual gargantuan tax incentives and zoning breaks that go with this kind of scheme. Still, only someone who did not understand the selflessness of a New York politician would suggest that Ed Koch's enthusiasm for the plan has any connection to the fact that George Klein, the property sultan immortalized in the mayor's best-selling memoir, *Mayor*, as "at the very top of my list of campaign contributors," has been tapped to develop the Tower Quartet. Such generosity does not "in any way" influence him, Koch has said. Obviously, it's just that he wants visitors to the city to have the sort of fun that is unavailable

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anywhere except, maybe, in downtown Moscow. Just think of the thrill of sightseeing at the newsstands in the new skyscrapers, window-shopping in the mart (which will only deal wholesale), then repairing to your comfortable suite in the new hotel, safe from putsches by the hooligans who will have been zapped by the Women Against Pornography. This feminist cleanup group, whose unpaid toil is much-appreciated by the mayor's office and the developers, conducts tours of Hades, just to emphasize the need for the death sentence.

Setting the scene, WAP excursions begin with a pep talk in a room decorated with a poster of a *Hustler* cover of a girl being fed headfirst into a meat grinder and emerging as hamburger.

The lecture presses all the right panic buttons. For instance, women in the New York porno industry are predominantly "Third World" ("Absolutely not," says a surprised police expert. "The industry is white middle-class America"), and some of them are being murdered by producers of "snuff" films in order to get footage of these rites. What the talk doesn't mention is that one of the few points of agreement between police and sex-industry operators is that *Snuff*, the porno flick that gave the genre its name, was faked—and that there is no evidence that any of the other "murder" movies are genuine.

"That's what the police say," snaps the Women Against's Evelina Kane. Her group also seeks to discourage Madison Avenue from producing ads that "degrade and promote violence against women"—by zapping offenders with small plastic pig awards. Hanes Hosiery got one for a commercial in which a professional woman, finally gaining entrance to a men's club, is ogled by its members because of her "smooth and silky" legs rather than her "assertive, successful, autonomous" spirit.

Such demeaning, commercially motivated material in no way should be confused with the collected works of Women Against's own photo opportunity: Linda Marchiano, formerly Linda Lovelace. Born again as the Happy Housewife, following her nuptials with a cable-television installer, Linda has been urging a boycott of *Deep Throat*, her internationally renowned swallowing feat. She was forced into her performance by her previous husband, who had "learned hypnotism in Honduras and . . . exotic sexual practices from the Japanese," she explained in *Ordeal*, her graphic best-selling book. Marchiano has disowned her old pseudonym. "She is another person," she said. You couldn't find *Ordeal* under "Marchiano" at the library? She wrote it under the name Linda Lovelace, silly.

"It was a time when women were starting to see the economic possibilities of their bodies."—A man who used to patronize a very exclusive Manhattan establishment which bills itself as "a unique environmental health club for men & women"

Traditionally, the prostitution industry in New York has been controlled by men—male pimps, male bordello owners—while it has benefited the mob and some of the more button-down members of the city's power structure.

• *The Mob* provides brothels with protection. Against the mob. Should you be unwilling to pay weekly tribute to one of its enforcers, a call goes in to 911 from a gangster who, identifying himself as a concerned passerby, screams that your house of ill repute is going up in smoke. Since having firemen troop through the building upsets the johns and dirties the rose shag carpet, you soon pay up. This arrangement, beneficial though it is to all concerned, was disrupted temporarily by the FBI. After one of its finest posed as a whorehouse owner and was threatened with violence by a gentleman called Butch, who was demanding protection payments, the government wielded the Hobbs Act at Butch's boss, Salvatore "Sally Crash" Panico. Argued the feds, they had jurisdiction in the case because the whorehouses were shopping across state lines for "plastic trash bags, baby powder, mouthwash, paper towels, prophylactics, detergents, bar equipment and brass beds." It took two and a half years for the lawmen to catch Sally after he was convicted at the subsequent trial.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

"Wait a minute, Estelle. Was that toilet there yesterday?"

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 1985.

The experience you seek. Kent.

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TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

However, when Khimawai retired to Amman in 1981, the activities of the PNF were split into three main departments to accommodate the expansion of the PLO. The PNF itself remained responsible for financial management, but a department of economic affairs and a bureau for statistics were established in 1981. Khimawai was succeeded as the head of the PNF by Hana Nasser, who resigned in 1984 and was replaced by Jawid el Gussan, a close friend of Yasir Arafat.

PLO members often refer to the PNF as their "finance ministry," and that is very much the role it plays—quite separate from the PLO's constant terrorist attacks against Israel and periodically against each other; the subversion of Lebanon, which has resulted in that country's disintegration; and the assassination of enemies abroad. That having been said, the PLO itself would argue, with some accuracy, that these violent acts are now only a minor part of the PLO's worldwide operations. As its wealth has grown, the terrorism and reliance on military force has declined. Simple decisions about whether to launch a terrorist attack in Jerusalem have become infinitely more complex, with economic and international political repercussions taking precedence over purely military objectives.

Through its economic muscle, the PLO has become part of the worldwide business establishment, which has given it a great deal of political credibility. This has infuriated the Israelis who, as they bear the brunt of the terrorist attacks, understandably still characterize the PLO, both for internal consumption and for international propaganda purposes, as a purely terrorist operation, while realizing that such a simple image is at least ten years out of date.

The PLO's new approach is also reflected by its financial commitment to improving the living standard of Palestinians through social, economic, welfare, and educational activities. Fully 70 to 75 percent of the PLO's budget is devoted to administrative and welfare issues. Of this, by far the biggest drain is the cash disbursed to what the PLO describes as "martyrs' families," and internal PNF estimates put the number of families covered by the PNF as high as 20,000. There is also money disbursed to an additional 40,000 injured and maimed, who have either suffered during the various Lebanese wars or during Israeli attacks.

Each faction fully realizes that their support among the Palestinians as a whole is very much dependent on a humane follow-through of their terrorist activities and the acceptance of responsibility for the consequences of their own actions. At the same time, they recognize that it makes good sense to have the cash handouts administered from one central authority so that there is both continuity and consistency. So all the factions contribute directly to the fund and update their own martyrs' lists, which are then put on to the PNF's central computer.

Once the PLO was granted observer status at the United Nations in 1974, its credibility among many Arab countries and in the Third World was greatly enhanced. For the first time, instead of being a political pawn in Middle East politics, the organization began to be taken seriously. The PLO is now either officially recognized by or has offices in 77 countries around the world, and this number gets larger every year. With political stature has come a huge increase in income. Sources within the PNF indicate that, between 1974 and 1981, assets increased 16 or 17 times. This can be attributed to generous donations from Arab countries and to better financial management, which has, in turn, brought a bigger investment income.

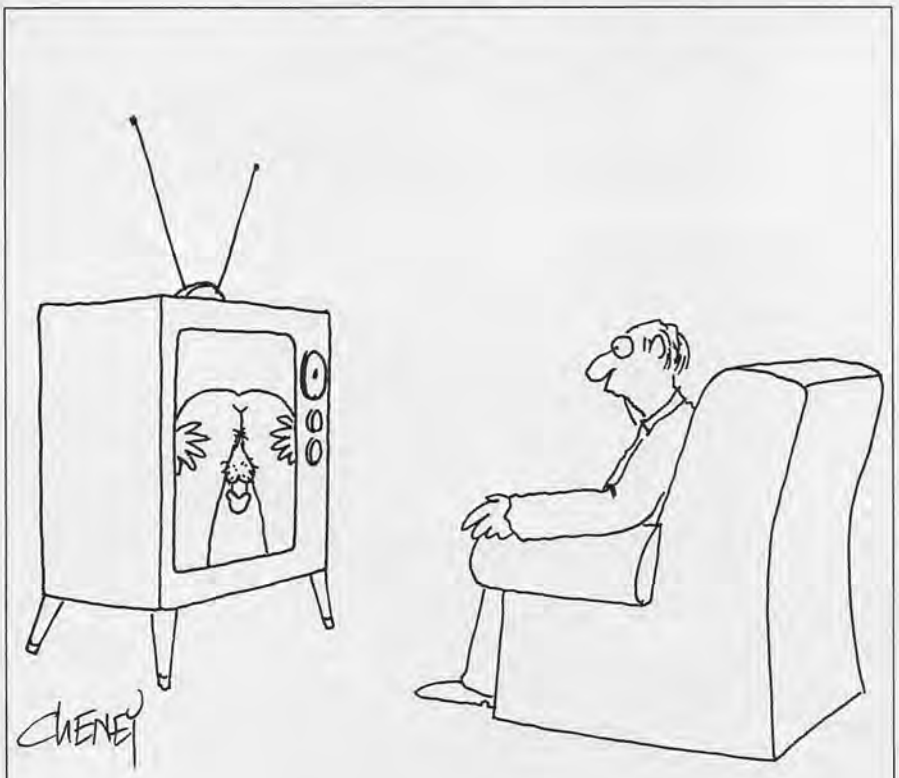
As the PLO's political base has developed, its priorities have also changed. When the PLO was first formed, nearly all of its income came from donations, and almost all of that was earmarked for military training or for arms. Now donations are responsible for less than 20 percent of income, and more than 70 percent of the annual budget is spent on development projects, education, and welfare.

The PLO has become a reliable client for business loans from such organizations as the Islamic Bank, the Abu Dhabi Fund for Economic and Social Development, and the Arab Bank. During 1981, this type of business deal increased 100 percent, and despite its eviction from Lebanon, the PLO continues to benefit from a credible business reputation.

The PNF resembles the finance ministry of any legitimate (as opposed to terrorist) government—constantly looking for the best investment that will give the maximum return on capital, while at the same time attempting to ensure that some money is spent on the welfare of the people they claim to represent. (The question of representation is a thorny issue since no real elections to any part of the PLO are ever held, and therefore, in a democratic sense, the PLO cannot claim to represent the Palestinian people. However, the longer the PLO is allowed to build its financial base—with all the social infrastructure that implies—the less likely it is that any credible rival, Israeli-sponsored or otherwise, will emerge.)

The PNF and the PLO generally pride themselves on their sound financial management. As Salah Dabbagh, head of the PNF's economic department, pointed out, "President Reagan doesn't believe in deficit financing. Neither do we." The PLO has succeeded in putting its policy into practice and (barring the odd financial hiccup) manages to keep a very healthy balance sheet.

In 1978, as the PNF had become more than a simple accounting system, the fund invested in computers to keep track of



". . . And now a word from our sponsor."

the cash. Purchased by a roundabout route from the United States, the computer system works in English and is operated by technicians educated in the West, primarily the United States.

In addition to those in Damascus, computer systems are believed to be located in Kuwait, Amman, Tunis, and Algiers. Despite their increasing involvement with Western financial centers, the PLO has not based any of its operations outside the Middle East. According to a PNF official: "They wouldn't be very safe outside the Arab world."

In 1978, the PNF employed around 45 people full-time to operate the computers based in Damascus. As the fund has expanded and the computer centers have become spread around the Middle East, more than 100 highly trained Palestinians now keep the records.

In the early days, the computers were simply used to handle the money and ensure that the accounts were up to date, but today, the computers also keep track of all the PLO's military hardware. This makes available an up-to-date inventory of ordnance, ammunition stocks, and the personnel available to fight at any one time. For a modern army to use computers is not unusual. For instance, the French Foreign Legion, which was part of the multinational peacekeeping force in Lebanon in 1983, brought its own computers to do exactly the same job.

Seeing the benefit of the computer revolution, all the other major PLO factions, including the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (DFLP), the PFLP General Command (PFLP-GC), and the Syrian-sponsored group Saiqa, have acquired their own systems to monitor their investments and income from around the world.

Unlike more legitimate operations, the PNF does not produce an annual report, even for internal consumption. Only one full pamphlet on funds, which dealt with the 1978 financial year, was ever issued, but the reports from the various departments tend to spell out the complexities of the share of PNF money that the individual factions receive. Some element of ambiguity is helpful to avoid recriminations, and also, of course, an annual report would give the Israelis useful intelligence, which the PLO consider to be an unnecessary bonus for their primary enemy. In fact, the PLO has successfully concealed its wealth and sources of income from the Israelis who, despite their much-vaunted intelligence service, do not have nearly as detailed a dossier as they would like on the PNF.

The four main sources of income for the PNF are taxation, donations, state sponsorship, and investments. Every Palestinian is obliged to donate five percent of his income as taxes to the PLO, and in two places, Libya and Algeria, this amount is deducted at source before the workers receive their salaries. In the case of Libya, Colonel Qaddafi has had a habit of keeping the money for his own use, depending on his attitude toward the PLO at that particular time. The five percent from each Palestinian's income goes into the coffers of the PNF. The independent factions also tax their members at rates which, in a number of cases, are similar to those used by some Western countries. Because these extra taxes are collected from people under the group's control, who are not necessarily their supporters, such tax collections are not always popular, but they do represent a sizable chunk of each faction's income. Al Fatah, for example, collects some $60 million a year from its supporters—around ten percent of its total annual budget.

The PNF, as well as each faction, has a list of supporters who can be relied upon to donate large sums of money—generally upward of $100,000—in time of need. As the PNF has become increasingly self-sufficient, it has relied less on the individual donation, although the factions still depend on such income to some extent. The factions make the rounds each year, and in time of crisis, such as a war, they do not simply rely on unsolicited donations but actively seek cash support from their friendly and rich support-

ers. Some wealthy Palestinians and Arab sympathizers in the Gulf actually give frequently to a number of different groups, hedging their bets so that if a Palestinian state is ever established, they will be viewed as having been on the side of the faction that comes out on top.

Sponsorship by Arab states has declined enormously in recent years, because the governments in the Middle East have become increasingly disillusioned about the prospects for a Palestinian state, and also because, as the PLO and its factions have acquired their own wealth, state sponsors are less able to exercise control.

The PLO has benefited from the insecurity of Gulf leaders and from the Arabs' love of intrigue, but despite this, the PLO and all its different factions have intensely disliked the Arab leaders for the loyalty they have expected because of their donations, and all Palestinians now talk with some satisfaction of their new independence. In 1983, the PLO received less than $100 million in state-sponsored donations, one-sixth of the total budget, and in 1984, the figure was even less, with only the Kuwaitis and the Saudi Arabians continuing to give cash. Ten years ago, the PLO was almost entirely dependent on state donations for its existence. Should all state funding be withdrawn today, it would undoubtedly be noticed, but the PLO would survive.

The investments made by the PLO are difficult to distinguish from those made by the different factions because of the intense secrecy surrounding each group's financial activities and the nature of those investments. The PNF has invested in Wall Street and the London stock market but, according to one senior PNF member, only when it is "financially sound." The investments are made through shell companies in Europe—Luxembourg is a favored base—or simply with a bank acting as a front. In late 1982, the PNF converted its whole portfolio of stocks into money-market certificates. "The interest was higher and it is much easier to get our hands on the cash in times of crisis," explained a PNF financial expert.

The PNF also has blue-chip investments in West Germany, France, Japan, and Belgium, as well as real estate in Paris and London. According to one member of the PNF, the PLO's large amounts of ready cash and its solid reputation as a payer of debts have assured that "firms come to us; we don't have to go to them."

For years, the PLO was the recipient of generous loans from the international banking community, but in 1981 it became confident enough to enter the lending business itself when it lent $12 million to the Nicaraguan government, and it plans to increase such activities in the future. Through such actions, the PLO is able to gain the loyalty of other countries through the umbilical cord of major loans. This technique of purchasing loyalty is familiar to the West, but is slightly more unusual for a group characterized as a terrorist organization.

Nicaragua also appears to have played a key role in the PLO's ambitions to develop an international network of airlines that can help transfer people, arms, and drugs around the world. At the end of 1979, the PLO gave a Boeing 727 airliner to Aeronica, the Nicaraguan state airline, and since then, the PLO has donated several others to the airline, leading some sources to suggest that the organization now owns 25 percent of Aeronica, although this has been impossible to confirm. What is known is that Carlos Zarouk, the Nicaraguan minister of transport, is of Palestinian origin and has links with the PLO, particularly through George Dibbs Hallak, general manager of operations for Aeronica, who, some sources say, is the key figure in the PLO attempts over the past ten years to purchase and run aircraft all over the world.

> The PLO's immense financial wealth has given it unprecedented political power, something that the hijacking terrorists of the 1960s failed to achieve.

In the area of general investment in such items as companies or property, the distinction between the PNF and other PLO groups again becomes blurred. At all levels, the PLO makes considerable efforts to disguise the source of money used for an investment. For example, when buying a building in Paris, the PLO purchased it in the name of a Palestinian who was a PLO supporter. (No intelligence agency keeps lists of such supporters. Likely terrorists or gunrunners are known, but financial advisers are not considered sufficiently important.) The PLO might also use one of several shell companies it has in Luxembourg or Liechtenstein, a common tactic that effectively disguises the origin of the money from the different intelligence agencies who take an interest in such matters.

This secrecy is taken to extraordinary lengths between the PNF and the factions, and between the factions themselves, whenever investments are concerned. Because of a lack of trust among the groups, the investments tend to be compartmentalized so that no one can ever be tempted to appropriate income from one group for another. Each faction has its own fund manager who is given considerable responsibility and a high degree of independence. As one PFLP leader said, "Sometimes even we do not know where the money is and it is often best that way." Fuad Shobaki, the Tunis-based fund manager for Al Fatah, apparently "knows all Arafat's secrets," though he is rarely seen in public. His job is that of the anonymous and unassuming company accountant, a role he plays perfectly.

A recurring pattern in the PNF's investment program is that large and liquid funds are invested on the international markets, whether in money-market certificates or in gold on Wall Street, in Zurich, or in Hong Kong, and the longer-term investments are made using the worldwide Palestinian mafia. Palestinians have risen to positions of power in financial centers everywhere and are, therefore, able to quietly lend their support when asked.

In the Middle East, Palestinian companies often turn to the PLO or to one of the factions for help in financing expansion, by investing in the company's stocks. This shows loyalty on the PLO's part and helps the cause, and the funds are readily available from the PNF at reasonable rates of interest. The PNF has invested—rarely as a majority shareholder—in hundreds of companies, and because the PNF tends to invest in companies with Palestinian connections and because Palestinians tend to deal with Palestinians, they have all been able to prosper.

The oil boom also helped the PLO by placing large numbers of Palestinians in key advisory positions to rulers in the Middle East or as heads of the finance ministries of various countries. Because of these placements, the PLO's supporters have awarded multimillion-dollar contracts all over the Gulf, and as a result, a number of large Palestinian companies have prospered.

The autonomy given to the different factions has led to a wide portfolio of investments that belong nominally to the PLO, but more accurately, provide a means of income for the different groups. One PFLP leader says that his organization "has investments everywhere, long term and short term for liquidity. We do have our investments, all of them, in the Western world. When you have capital, you naturally look for profits."

However, the PFLP, as well as being involved in sensible and commonsense business operations, runs a worldwide forging network, providing false documents to anyone with the ready cash. This operation has helped the PFLP through some lean times, although it is not as profitable today, now that the heady revolutionary days of the 1960s and early seventies have led to the 1980s, when terrorist revolution is not as fashionable.

The DFLP favors initial investment in light industries, particularly plastics and

textiles, or it may buy a stake in the company after it is up and running. The DFLP even produces an annual calendar, which is given free to favored clients and sold to supporters.

Al Fatah, which has the largest resources, naturally has the biggest investments and the most ambitious schemes. Other factions often speak with some envy and resentment of its resources: Arafat has his hands firmly on the purse strings of the PLO and is largely able to dictate just how much cash each faction receives, despite the apparent independence of the PNF. Understandably, over the years Arafat has ensured that he and Al Fatah receive the lion's share.

Al Fatah has invested in property in London's Mayfair district and Paris, and owns a Belgian charter airline, hotels in Paris and Damascus, and a Cyprus-based shipping line. Also, Saudi Arabia, one of Al Fatah's main, direct supporters, has supplied oil to the organization at a discount, which it has then resold on the international market. Some sources suggest that American oil companies have purchased such oil, but this has been impossible to substantiate.

The PNF keeps a financial hold over the different factions within the PLO by controlling the amount of money each gets from central funds. Since 1969, a percentage formula has been determined which dictates how much cash each group gets, and under the present arrangements, Al Fatah receives 67 percent, the DFLP and the PFLP each receive seven percent, Saiqa gets 12 percent, and the Arab Liberation Front and the PFLP-GC divide the remainder between them. Al Fatah is responsible for paying the Popular Struggle Front and the Palestine Liberation Front.

In 1983, a large number of PLO members, led by Abu Musa, rebelled against the leadership of Yasir Arafat. Backed by Syrian money and forces based in Lebanon, Musa besieged Arafat in Tripoli and eventually forced him to flee the country. President Assad of Syria had hoped that Arafat's defeat would destroy his credibility as a leader but, true to form, Arafat the survivor managed to hold on to the control of Al Fatah and the PLO, not least because he continued to control the money supply through his influence on the PNF. The subsequent negotiations between Arafat and the rebels over a reconciliation have been, in large part, over money. All the groups advocate a redistribution of PNF income, and inevitably, the different groups disagree over just how the distribution of money should be reorganized. As one senior PFLP man said: "These figures don't coincide with the strength of the various movements."

Most groups agree, for example, that the 12 percent allotted to Saiqa is far more money than its membership or activities warrant. Indeed, the only reason Saiqa was allotted such a relatively high percentage in 1969 was in acknowledgement of Syria's influence, as Saiqa's backer, on the future of the PLO and their position as host to many PLO operations based in Damascus.

Finding a resolution to this will require all of Arafat's considerable diplomatic skills. Any solution will almost inevitably involve Al Fatah, Arafat's own organization, taking a smaller percentage, and he will be reluctant to accept this because a reduction in Al Fatah's income will commensurately reduce his available cash and thus his influence. The alternative is a fragmented PLO, which would also seriously undermine Arafat's influence, thereby making it likely that some deal will be struck.

The PNF also administers offices located abroad. Whether accorded diplomatic status or not, these offices operate like embassies with rotating, salaried staff and prestigious accommodations. Funds for the offices are transferred, whenever possible, from Damascus or another of the PNF centers, to the local branch of the Arab Bank. Accounts are rarely held in the name of the PLO but instead in the names of the senior PLO representatives in the countries concerned.

> Every Palestinian must donate five percent of his income to the PLO. In Libya and Algeria, this amount is deducted before the workers receive their salaries.

Regarding PLO officials' salaries, rumors have placed some as high as $20,000 a month. Officials at every level firmly deny this and agree that even the most senior officials are paid a fixed rate of $600 a month. However, some do receive fringe benefits, including free housing and generous expense accounts. While the level of pay may not be high, there are still many opportunities for corruption, and undoubtedly, because of the loose financial controls on the operators in the field, huge sums of money have disappeared. It is difficult to find a poor Palestinian leader: Most have large cars, all have their own homes, and some have expensive holiday homes. This is perfectly understandable in view of the fact that they control vast wealth and are usually rewarded less well than their counterparts with similar responsibilities in more legitimate industries or businesses in Western countries. But the PLO was established as a revolutionary movement fighting on behalf of an oppressed nation, and some of its members have difficulty in reconciling such high principles with the high lifestyle of many of the revolution's leaders.

Paying no tax and completely unrestricted by borders or government restrictions, the PLO has been able to invest in a wide portfolio in all the major Western financial centers. These investments have been handled well enough to give the PLO a return that would be the envy of many major multinational corporations.

Any realistic discussion of the future of the PLO should concentrate on the organization's evolution from a gang of hoodlums who hijacked planes in the 1960s, into a sophisticated multinational corporation that uses terrorism and sound investment planning in equal measure to achieve its aims. In the same way as the State of Israel will not disappear from any map of the Middle East, the PLO has grown to such a size and is so financially secure that it would be virtually impossible to remove.

Much of the rhetoric that comes from Israeli and PLO leaders is simple posturing, and both now appreciate the other's strengths. To their considerable disgust, the Israelis now realize that, by concentrating on the military aspects of the PLO, they have allowed the organization to blossom.

No incisive military action can affect Swiss bank accounts or Wall Street investments. As long as the PLO maintains its financial strength, it will be listened to, particularly if the assets place it alongside the Fortune 500 companies.

While the PLO may not have achieved its aim of establishing a Palestinian state, its longevity and financial success have made it a role model for the rest of the terrorist world. At the same time, of course, the rise of the PLO should be looked on as a case study for the failures of traditional counterterrorism.

The Israelis, who are reputed to have the finest secret service—the Mossad—and the most effective counterterrorist forces in the world, remarkably, have failed to destroy the PLO. They have followed policies aimed at capturing the terrorists or getting sufficient intelligence to prevent them carrying out their next act, and in their limited way, these have no doubt done something to curb the terrorist activities of the PLO.

But while the Israelis have been looking only in one direction, the PLO have moved down two different roads—the one taken by the gunman and the terrorist bomber, and the other taken by the accountant and the investment analyst—and Israel's blinkered vision has enabled the PLO to grow to its present size and strength. In particular, its immense financial wealth has given it unprecedented political power, something that the hijacking terrorists of the 1960s failed to achieve.

"I like slow lovers who take their time pleasing me. I love a gentle touch, and I love watching myself in the mirror while I'm making love. One advantage of being sexy is that men are attentive to my needs."

BETH

SIREN AT SUNDOWN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Twenty-two-year-old Beth Snyder, who came to Florida from Bogotá, Colombia, at the age of three, is a woman who knows what she wants. Currently enrolled in the nursing program at Central Community College, she is set on eventually becoming a psychiatrist.

"It turns me on to pose like this. There's a tremendous ego boost in knowing that I may be teasing and arousing millions of men—and possibly even some women."

At the moment, she reads only medical books and journals, but there is another, less orderly side to her nature. With her perfect 34-22-34 figure, her blond, breeze-blown hair, and her exotic sea-green eyes, she seems more a siren than a scholar. "I have," she smiles, "an insatiable appetite for sex."

Beth describes herself as dareful rather than careful. She tells of one particular sultry summer night when she and some of her friends were out looking for a party. "We found one, a pool-house orgy with four gorgeous football players."

Lingerie courtesy of Looking Too

Then there was the time she and her boyfriend Dean took a scenic helicopter ride over Manhattan. "The nighttime city looked beautiful below. We embraced and we kissed, and soon we were making love in the cabin behind the pilot."

And once, vacationing in New Orleans, Beth had a bit too much to drink. "I ended up dancing in a topless bar on Bourbon Street. Boy, did I get tips!"

She smiles her siren smile and speaks of slow lovers and the gentle touch. "Men are attentive to my needs."

"It turns me on to pose like this," Beth says. "There's a tremendous ego boost in knowing that I may be teasing and arousing millions of men—and possibly even some women." And if her dream does come true, psychiatry may never be quite the same.

MISS BETH SNYDER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"Veterans Day should be a reminder that America's veterans fulfilled a costly responsibility of citizenship that many others evaded."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The harsh reminders from past Veterans Day celebrations, like those of Memorial Day, seem overcome by the increasing commercialization of the holiday. There is nothing wrong per se with American business trying to peddle its wares on a holiday, a time when potential customers are able to visit its stores and outlets. However, it seems that something more and different is required than ever bigger blockbuster Veterans Day "sellathons" if the reason for the holiday in the first place is not to be lost or forgotten. It is not our suggestion that Veterans Day should be turned into a polemical occasion to denounce America's past wars and the mistakes which were made therein. Rather, it should be used as a reminder to those who may be called upon to serve in the future and to those, during the Vietnam War, who avoided or evaded their nation's call, that America's veterans fulfilled a particularly costly responsibility of citizenship. In short, being a veteran involves paying up when the bill comes due.

The fact that during the Vietnam War *many* Americans of draft age avoided or evaded military service by hook or by crook is without dispute. Their actions are the principal reason for the antagonism between Vietnam veterans and those who ducked the war on grounds of technicalities or by unlawful behavior, such as fleeing the United States or cheating in order to "fail" their draft physical examination. Although this antagonism doesn't generally reveal itself

in nominal social intercourse or in public discussion of issues such as the events in El Salvador and U.S. support for the contras in Nicaragua, it is there—and it is deep.

Many Vietnam veterans are deeply resentful of the "war wimps"—those of their contemporaries who ducked the Vietnam War and are now leading the cries to "get tough" in Central America. Left unsaid in these war cries is the implicit recognition that those who will lead the landings will be the sons of Vietnam veterans and not those of the "war wimps," who, if the past is any guide, will find a way for their progeny to avoid the unpleasantries of military service.

Nothing in the foregoing should be taken as a backhanded argument in support of the modern-day know-nothings' litany of "no more Vietnams." Doing nothing is often as egregious an error as doing the wrong thing, especially when it is done by those who don't understand what they are doing or its intended purpose.

If there is to be a new generation of veterans toward whom their fellow citizens will be grateful and revere the sacrifice of their military service, it behooves us as a nation and a people to affirm the virtue and value of accepting the responsibilities of citizenship. Every time these responsibilities are shirked or evaded, we are diminished as a nation and a people. The fifth freedom that Americans enjoy is the freedom to complain, but these complaints often have a hollow ring when they are uttered by those who, as a matter of course, routinely duck the responsibilities of citizenship. Unfortunately, too many Americans take the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution for granted—and they avoid taking any active responsibility for them.

At the Fourth of July weekend of festivities, a good time apparently was had by all. Those who criticized the glitz and the show-biz entertainment missed the point. It was a party, and a celebration was in order. The reason for the party was to honor the symbol of the Statue of Liberty and what it has meant to thousands who immigrated to the United States in search of freedom. That meaning was eloquently stated, not by rock 'n' roll lyrics or sentimental musical-comedy ballads, but by the new Americans who took the oath of allegiance required of those who desire to become U.S. citizens. That oath is particularly germane on the various national occasions of honoring America's veterans.

It reads, in part, ". . . that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I will bear arms on behalf of the United States when required by the law; that I will perform non-combatant service in the armed forces of the United States when required by the law; that I will perform work of national importance under civilian direction when required by the law; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; so help me God."

We conclude from the meaning of this oath that those who choose to become Americans know, or acknowledge, the responsibilities of citizenship—especially as it pertains to the responsibility to serve in the armed forces and achieve the honorable status of "veteran." Most Americans are not called upon to serve in the armed forces. However, for those who do, such service should be upheld and respected as an act of responsible citizenship on behalf of all Americans.—*William R. Corson*

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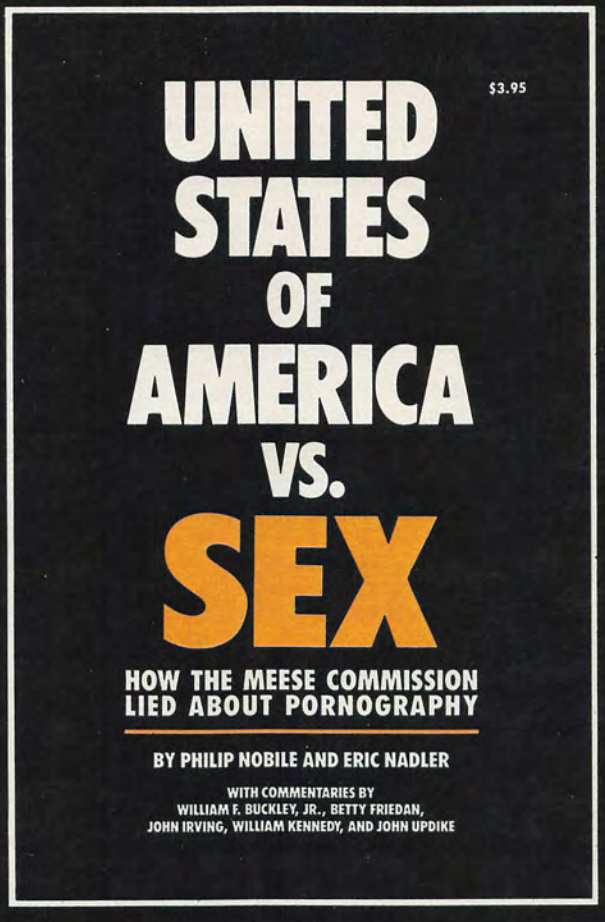
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"Traditional civil rights leadership leaves much to be desired. . . . While they busy themselves making excuses for failure, poor and working-class blacks live with its consequences."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY DR. GLENN C. LOURY

The author is professor of political economy at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government. He has written extensively on economics and the politics of racial inequality in the United States.

THE FAILURE OF BLACK LEADERS

For most of us, loyalty is a highly prized trait. We expect it of our friends, demand it of our kin, and look down on those of our fellow citizens who evidence disloyalty to their nation. Yet it is not always so easy to say what really constitutes loyalty in any particular case. Was Elliot Richardson being disloyal when he refused to obey Richard Nixon's order to fire Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox? Or was he remaining true to a higher authority? Similarly, were those who protested the Vietnam War being disloyal Americans? Or were they showing us just what genuine loyalty is all about?

This question is of particular importance to those black Americans who, like myself, have chosen to depart from group consensus in order to stand up for what we believe. Those of us who have openly criticized the civil rights leadership have been called traitors, Uncle Toms, even racists! A black who did not jump for joy at the prospect that Jesse Jackson might become president of the United States, or who went a step further to openly support the candidacy of Ronald Reagan, was said by many self-appointed guardians of racial virtue to be either brain-dead or morally corrupt.

We are entitled to question this conception of racial loyalty, and to decry the limited debate among blacks about political options to which it has led. Blacks confront economic, social, and political problems of staggering magnitude: unemployment among young men in excess of 40 percent; more than half of live births occurring to unwed mothers, the majority of whom live below the poverty line; criminal participation and victimization rates vastly higher than those found in other sectors of society; pronounced and troublingly stubborn deficits in academic performance among students; a political environment increasingly hostile, or at best indifferent, to the aspirations of the group; a leadership and intellectual class mired in a vision of racial advocacy more suited to the 1950s and 1960s than to the 1980s and 1990s; professional racial-advocacy organizations apparently unable or unwilling to address these profound problems in an effectual way.

These conditions are clearly beyond the direct control of anyone in the black community, but it is entirely appropriate to judge the quality of leadership by the response to this circumstance. The traditional civil rights leadership leaves much to be desired. In the face of massive failures of character and values in the inner-city ghettos of this country, these spokesmen have found little else to do but repeat the litany of charges about slavery, racism, discrimination, and the callous policies of the Reagan administration. While they busy themselves with making excuses for failure, poor and working-class blacks live with its consequences. Murder is now the leading cause of death among black males under 25, and well above 90 percent of the victims are killed by other blacks; inner-city black women are more than twice as

likely as urban white women to be rape victims, mostly at the hands of black men; rampant drug use among children destroys the possibility that education might offer a way out; irresponsible sexuality, wherein children are produced without any provision being made for their support, makes it almost impossible for individuals to take advantage of the opportunities now more widely available to black Americans.

These facts make clear that protest marches, civil rights lawsuits, or affirmative action for millionaire black businessmen cannot be expected to bring about change for those living in the ghettos. They demonstrate that racism—though continuing to exist—cannot be blamed for all that ails the black community. Yet the civil rights leadership continues to talk as if it were 1965, and they haven't noticed that most white Americans have long since stopped listening. In light of the failure of the policies and programs that they have chosen to emphasize, it is vital that there occur a discourse among blacks regarding how things might be improved. Effective leadership for blacks requires creating an environment where critical intellectual exchange can occur without it undermining the basis for cooperative association among members of the group. Those who demand of all blacks blind loyalty to the agenda of the NAACP make this more difficult to achieve. Their natural distrust of those espousing heretical thoughts must somehow be suspended long enough for there to occur a serious reflection on whether the traditional positions of the racial-advocacy groups continue to serve blacks' best interests.

Yet this demand for blind loyalty is deeply ingrained. Racial solidarity remains a powerful force affecting the political behavior of blacks, and often leads to philosophical differences within the community being suppressed. The internal political discourse of blacks is clouded by concerns that critical views expressed within the group may be used against the group by whites. But in view of the devastating effects of crime on poor black communities, of the massive dependence on welfare handouts among young black families, and of the apparent loss of confidence in big government as an effective vehicle for curing such ills, this debate must occur.

There is reason to believe that a carefully managed conservative critique of the black political agenda, one that preserves the appearance and fact of independence from those widely perceived by blacks as political enemies, can make an important contribution to the welfare of all Americans. For the welfare-state policies have clearly failed to solve the problems of poor blacks, while the permanent existence of an alienated inner-city underclass is morally reprehensible and poses a long-term threat to domestic tranquility. Such a critique will be effective if it goes beyond pointing out the failures of the current leadership, and offers specific ideas about how to approach the problems. Far from evidencing treasonous conduct, engaging in such criticism is the highest form of genuine loyalty to the group.

Critics of traditional leadership, like the Council for a Black Economic Agenda, which has met with President Reagan, are urging that there be more emphasis on self-help strategies for black advancement. We believe that there is an unexploited capacity within the black community to directly address some of the most pressing problems, and that government policy should be geared to fostering this kind of self-reliance. We want to encourage the adoption by blacks of children now languishing in state-sponsored foster care, to allow responsible public-housing tenants to own and manage their units, to establish enterprise zones and use tax breaks to encourage business development in the inner city, and to provide educational vouchers so that poor parents can have more options for their children's schooling.

Another issue concerns the wisdom of relying on racial preferences and quotas. This is now difficult for blacks to discuss rationally because of the attacks by the Reagan Justice Department on affirmative action, yet there is a sense in which the demand for racial quotas concedes at the outset the impossibility that blacks could ever be equal citizens. The use of different standards for the hiring of blacks and whites seems to acknowledge the inability of blacks to perform up to the white standard. And the use of different standards is becoming so commonplace that today many blacks must deal with the perception that without a quota they would not have their jobs. Yet our leaders seem proud to say that black progress in elite universities and exclusive professions is due to political pressures for racial diversity, rather than to the skill, industry, and ability of individual blacks. Meanwhile, other nonwhites, notably Asian-Americans, continue to demonstrate that achievement in our society can be gained without special favors. As a result, though quotas can guarantee a kind of equality, truly equal status remains an elusive goal.

Blacks who express these opinions risk ostracism and denunciation. It is to be expected that most people will defend tradition, even when tradition is wrong. There should be a high threshold of resistance to change in long-standing, deeply held belief. Throughout history, it has been the case that revolutionary change has come from those considered outsiders. Creative benefits often arise from the solitude of exile. I choose to express my loyalty to the group by remaining a dissident; I will endure the frightful uncertainties of isolation; I will continue to explore what this combined ethnic and civic heritage of mine—a descendant of slaves who is now a full citizen of a flawed but great republic—might mean. I will not ask for the popularity of the blind loyalist. I will keep the faith.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Chelsea is a junior at the same school. Despite our uptight surroundings and her very strict, prudish parents, Chelsea and I have a fantastic sex life. We've fucked and sucked each other in countless ways in many places, and we're always horny when we're together.

This latest adventure, however, really caught me by surprise. Chelsea's parents like me very much and always include me when they take their family out. Last Friday they took Chelsea and me out to dinner and then to a late play; by the time we were driving home, it was nearly 1 A.M. I wasn't too happy with that because they would certainly drop me off at my home for the night, and I hadn't seen Chelsea for a couple of days. So I sat in the dark backseat of their car with my arms around my fiancée and a throbbing hard-on that I would apparently have to take home unsatisfied.

I was carrying on a light conversation with Chelsea's mother when Chelsea said she was sleepy and lay down on the seat with her head on my lap; as she did so, she covered herself with my coat. I was a bit surprised, because Chelsea has abundant nighttime energy and can usually party or make love well past one in the morning. When her very awake fingers silently reached up to massage my rod through my tight jeans, I yelped with surprise in mid-sentence, almost arousing her mother's suspicions.

Of course, I was terribly afraid that Chelsea's parents would turn around and see, and I tried to push her away. The back of their seat was high and it was very dark, and I couldn't dissuade her without making noise. Instead of stopping, Chelsea popped the top button of my pants and slowly unzipped my fly. As she stroked my shaft, I nervously tried to keep some part of my mind on her mother's conversation, but most of my brain focused on my steel-hard dick which was finally getting the attention it needed. I couldn't even believe Chelsea would dare to jack me off so close to her parents, so you can imagine my surprise when she moved her mouth to my cockhead and began to lick it.

Chelsea is an excellent cocksucker; a few girls sucked my dick before I met her, but none came close to her in talent or enthusiasm. Usually a girl would do most of the work with her hand, grudgingly put her mouth over my tip, and then spit out as much of my juice as possible. Chelsea, however, is unbelievable. She usually lavishes my shaft with her tongue, never her fingers, until she is sure that I can barely keep from shooting jism all over her face. She then likes to plunge my tool into her mouth until all eight inches fill her throat like a sword of flesh. While she squeezes my come-filled balls with one hand, she bobs her head wildly up and down my cock, all the while sliding her tongue around its entire length. Needless to say, no man can long endure such pleasure, and I promptly blast a healthy load of semen into her mouth. Sometimes she swirls it around her mouth and savors the taste of my seed, but Chelsea will eventually swallow every drop of my sperm that touches her lips.

Even in this daring mood, however, Chelsea couldn't give me her full treatment two feet behind her parents' backs. Still, in my overexcited state, it didn't take much to make me blow my load. With my jeans still on, she could only get about half of my length past her lips, but she made full use of every inch, lathing her tongue around and around the head of my cock. Her tongue dabbled in my juice slit, and I began to pump jism into my woman's mouth. I wanted to fuck my meat in and out of her, but all I could do was grit my teeth and clench the seat as she emptied my balls down her throat.

Chelsea couldn't give me her full treatment two feet behind her parents' backs. With my jeans still on, she could only get about half my length past her lips.

I finally stopped coming, and when I softened in her mouth, Chelsea gave me one final lick and tucked my penis back into my pants, zipped me up, and sat up just before we reached my house. She gave me a satisfied smile and a kiss good night, and I thanked her parents for a wonderful evening and then went to bed, still not sure if this had really happened.—*Name and address withheld*

CARD SHARK

My wife and I were playing cards one snowy afternoon with our neighbors from across the street. We had a fire roaring in the hearth, making the room warm and cozy, and the brandies we were sipping gave us all a nice glowing feeling. During the course of the game, I felt a stockinged foot caress my leg. Looking down, I saw it belonged to Carmen, Jim's wife. I scooted up in my chair, enabling Carmen's foot to slowly trace its way up my leg and come to rest in my crotch. My cock got hard in record time. Even though the game was still in progress, I managed to reach under the table and slowly guide her foot to my dick. Carmen began to massage it with her toes and roll it back and forth against my inner thigh. As I reached for an ace to take the card trick, my cock erupted, filling the cracks of Carmen's toes with my warm come. She just smiled and trumped my ace.

I decided it was time for some sweet revenge. I brought my foot up under the table and made contact with Carmen's thighs. She slowly parted her legs and allowed my foot to go under her skirt and rub her pantie-covered snatch. By wiggling my big toe, I was able to get into her panties and contact her hairy mound. My toe found its way to her cunt lips and into her pussy. I could tell that Carmen's mind was no longer on the card game because she misplayed the next two cards in a row. Suddenly, her eyes glazed over and my toe became very wet.

The game broke up shortly after, with Carmen and I the losers. Our spouses were totally unaware of our extracurricular game playing. I helped Carmen clear off the table while our partners retired to watch TV. As I leaned on the partition that separated the dining room from the living room, Carmen looked at me with a wicked gleam in her eyes. Hidden from view, she dropped to her knees and crawled over until she was eye to eye with my one-eyed trouser snake. She undid my zipper and extracted my sticky prick.

She began to thoroughly lick my cock clean, and with each flick of her tongue it grew bigger and bigger. Knowing we might get caught any minute, but unwilling to stop, I placed my hands on Carmen's blond head and guided her lips to the head of my stiff rod. In one quick motion she parted her lips and slid her mouth over my swollen organ. With one hand on the base of my cock and the other on my balls, she began to jerk and suck me off simultaneously.

I could not believe what was taking place. No more than ten feet away, Jim lay on the floor watching television while his wife had her face full of cock. Meanwhile, my wife Georgette sat just inches away on the other side of the divider, unaware that her husband was getting the blowjob of his life. My balls were beginning to retract and jets of sperm pulsed into Carmen's mouth. Barely audible choking sounds came from Carmen as she swallowed rapidly to keep the come flowing down her throat. She kissed the head of my member before crawling back into the kitchen.

She emerged from the kitchen a few seconds later and asked if anyone would like coffee and cake. Georgette and Jim agreed but I demurred. After all, I had already had my dessert.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

ELIZABETH AND STEVE

"Now, after all these years," she whispered, "I finally know what they mean when they talk about the torrid tropics."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

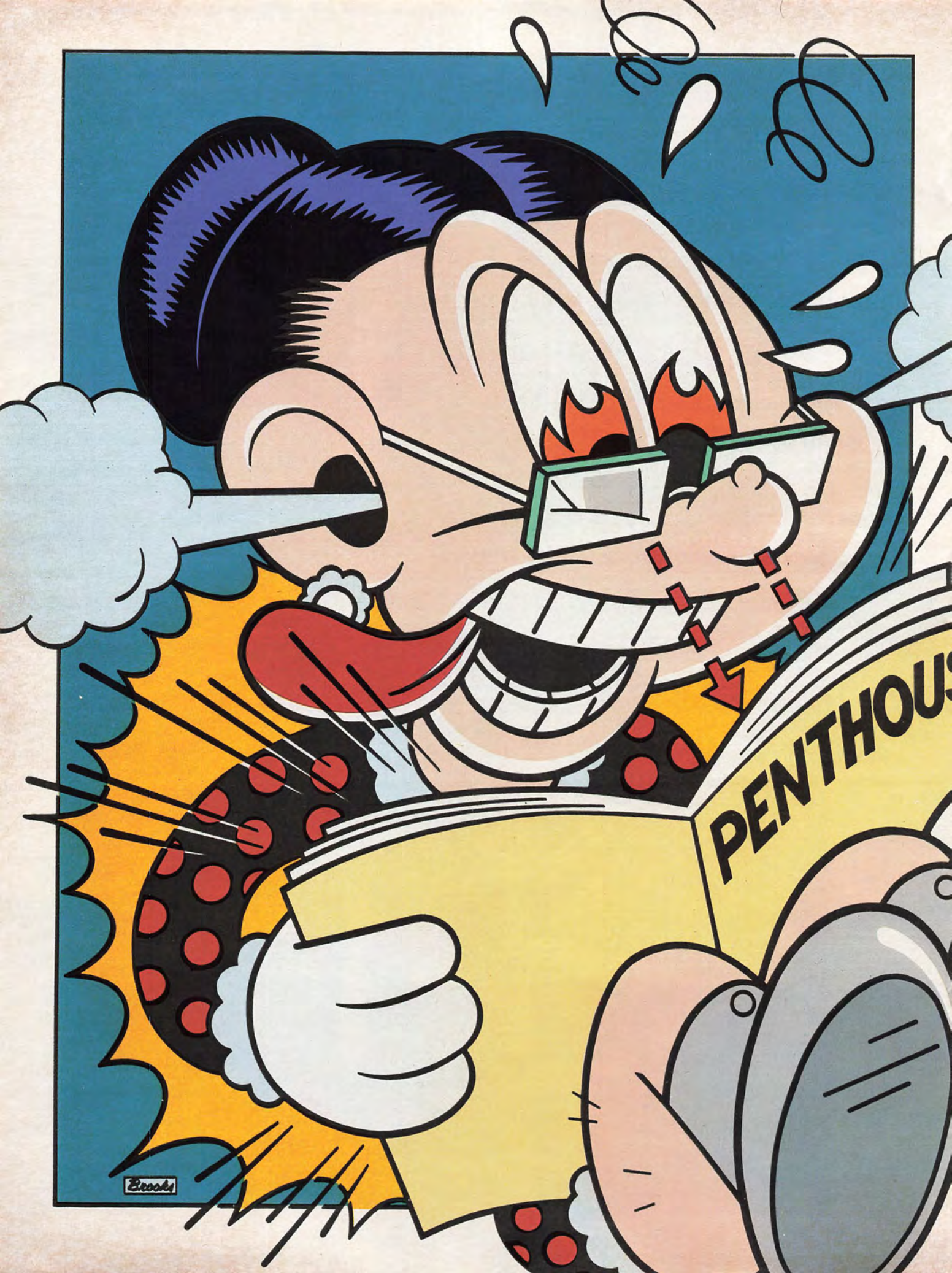
South, where the breeze blows hot, two strangers meet beneath the sun. One, the lady named Elizabeth, is a commodities trader who has come for a respite from the frenzy of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange and the bitter cold of that city's winds.

Stylist: Christina Mareu; photo assistant: Bobby Furst.

The other, the man named Steve, has known these islands all his life, trawling their waters and romancing their women. But none of those women prepared him for Elizabeth.

Together, they lost count of the days, closing their eyes to everything but the sun and the water and themselves.

"After all these years," Elizabeth whispered, "I finally know what they mean when they talk about the tropics." And then Steve watched her fly away.


PENTHOUS
Brooks

JUDY REISMAN'S $734,000 THRILL

That's how much of your money the Reagan administration gave an unknown songwriter to get off on sexy cartoons.

BY GORDON RALEY

So you think the Pentagon's $600 toilet seats border on the outrageous? You might be surprised to know that the Justice Department has paid $734,000 to an ex-songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" to read 660 issues' worth of cartoons published in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and *Hustler*.

My first knowledge of this little enterprise came in an anonymous package left at the offices of the House Subcommittee on Human Resources, for which I was a staff director, in January 1984. It didn't come in a brown-paper wrapper, but perhaps it should have. From a taxpayer's perspective, it was every bit as pornographic as the material it presumed to study. It was a copy of a federal grant, awarded without competition to American University for the amount of $798,531 (eventually scaled down to $734,000), for a study to be carried out by Dr. Judith Reisman. Its stated purpose was to study the relationship between juvenile delinquency and pornography. Some months later, I described it officially "as incredibly wasteful, irresponsibly prepared, and a giant rip-off of the American taxpayer."

As staff director for seven years of the Human Resources Subcommittee, with jurisdiction over a number of federal agencies, I had seen anonymous packages delivered before. During both the Carter and Reagan administrations, nearly 100 questionable grants had been brought to the subcommittee's attention.

But this grant proposal was different. It had already been signed by Alfred S. Regnery, the controversial administrator of the Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. It would be considerably more difficult to stop than others that arrived still unsigned.

Moreover, the project director, Dr. Reisman, who was reaping the benefit of the Justice Department's largess as a self-described "media sexology specialist," seemed to lack the credentials of a social scientist. Two and a half years later, in March 1986, Regnery would lament his decision: "The grant was for too much money, I don't think there's any question about that. And that's probably my fault." Although Regnery would also try to blame others in his agency—"I got bad advice from my staff on it. . . ."—his own department auditor warned him in August 1983 that the proposed study could be done for less than $60,000—which was $674,000 less than what Reisman was asking for. Regnery would also acknowledge that the study was a failure, and that given the chance, he would have "done it differently."

PAINTING BY LOU BROOKS

Noncompetitive grant-making within the Justice Department is not illegal. However, its own regulations permit such a practice only when the grantee has such unquestioned qualifications and the work to be done is so urgent that the need to proceed without competition is obvious to all. Dr. Reisman was not widely known, and her proposed review of "*informal* sexology magazine literature and data (from *Playboy* to *Hustler*, etc.)" seemed anything but urgent.

In the first place, the relationship between pornography and delinquency had been examined numerous times before, most notably in 1970 by a presidential commission appointed by President Johnson in 1967. No relationship had been found. Why was the Justice Department spending all this money on studies instead of going after actual child pornographers involved in organized crime? Was that too tough, or was there just not enough political payoff?

The significance of this proposed research paled compared with the need for research into such serious youth problems as child abuse, teen suicide, being placed in adult jails, and runaway, homeless, and missing youngsters—all of which Congress had given Regnery a much clearer mandate to investigate.

The idea that nearly $800,000 was to be spent investigating so-called soft porn in the face of such crying needs was frustrating from the start. As I began to examine the proposal, frustration turned into anger.

The Office of Juvenile Justice had been headed for slightly more than a year by Regnery, who had first drawn public attention, shortly before his Senate confirmation hearing, when CBS News caught him driving to and from his $70,000-a-year job in the Justice Department with a bumper sticker captioned HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY? This was the man selected by the President to head the largest single federal agency with responsibility for troubled kids. Now his "humor" had extended to federal grants, and the joke seemed to be on the American taxpayer.

The first odd element of the proposal related to its budget. Dr. Reisman, who was purportedly a full professor at American University, was to be given a seven-day trip to Israel, at taxpayer expense, to collect "research files." She sounded like a winner on "Wheel of Fortune." But there was more. The American taxpayer was also going to pay an additional $9,000 for her "relocation" expenses from Israel, including $700 in long-distance phone calls. Why was it necessary to relocate a professor at American University in Washington, D.C., from Israel to Washington?

Still more foreign travel was planned. Dr. Reisman was also to be sent to Europe to participate in a panel studying drug use. That seemed to have little relation to pornography. Besides, government reimbursement for foreign travel was almost unheard of.

After the government paid for her relocation from Israel and sent her to Europe, she estimated that she would need to make 26 trips within the United States. She already had 12 conferences picked out—again, all expenses paid. The bill for her travel and relocation expenses would come to about $30,000. By now, this was beginning to sound better than "Wheel of Fortune." Even if the Reagan administration felt a need to have *Playboy* and *Penthouse* scrutinized, wasn't there some researcher already living in this country who could do the job without needing to be relocated from some foreign country and without such a yen to wander?

Who was to stay on top of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* in her absence? Well, she wanted five or six staff members—in addition to consultants. They, too, would need to travel. Their conference expenses would total more than $10,000. She never said exactly how many consultants she would need. But, in all, she said she needed 590 days of their time—at $135 per day. (Some would later be

"This being a gynecologist is great, but I was this close to becoming a proctologist."

paid nearly twice that amount.) Why did Dr. Reisman need staffers if she was going to use so many consultants? Why did she want an additional $10,000 for "Graphic Art Production"? Was she going to study pornography or have it drawn?

Why did she want medical consultants, "especially those researching split brain hemispheric stratification," when the Justice Department was specifically banned from conducting biomedical research in 1974?

All of these rather excessive expenses were made more disturbing by a copy of a memo that accompanied the anonymous package. It was from Pamela Swain, director of research for the National Institute for Juvenile Justice. The memo was to Regnery. In it, Swain, who had evidently reviewed the Reisman proposal, made her recommendations. She suggested that much similar research had already been done, but if another review was needed, it could be done in-house for between $20,000 to $60,000. *The Reisman grant was 1,200 percent more than Swain's recommendation!* Specifically, Swain wrote, "I believe this project can be accomplished in a much shorter time period, and at a considerably reduced cost to the Federal government."

Judith Reisman's résumé only deepened the mystery. Extending for seven pages, it seemed an amateurish attempt to pad a decidedly undistinguished academic career. In fact, for someone 48 years old, her academic accomplishments had been exceedingly slim (only four years) and recent (ending in December 1979)—certainly not sufficient to make her an undisputed authority in *any* field whatsoever.

Remarkably, she had never received an undergraduate degree! In merely four years and two months—from September 1975 to December 1979—Reisman had gone from a high school graduate to a Ph.D. Moreover, she was neither a scientist nor a social scientist. She was a mass-media communication major—with a doctoral concentration in what she termed "the application of Aristotelian and Systems Analytic Theory to Mass Media Effects." She said that her bachelor's degree had been waived "in lieu of professional experience." What was her professional experience? She had written children's songs for "Captain Kangaroo"!

What were her "published works"? For two pages of her résumé, she listed them: "My Daddy's a Policeman"; "I Haven't Any Friends"; "Merry Magic Morning"; "Daytime, Nighttime," which she listed twice for good measure; and so on. These ditties may well have ranked high on the Captain's Top 40, but they were not the sort of professional accomplishment for which one expected a university like Case Western Reserve to waive an undergraduate degree. Nor would they seem to merit the rank of full professor at American University, as the proposal claimed. A full professorship was usually given

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There are thousands of charred oak barrels in a ten-story warehouse. Full up, each barrel is too heavy to lift. So to get the whiskey properly maturing, our barrelmen need to kick them into place. If you ever tried to boot a 400 pound barrel, you'd know what these gentlemen are up against. But after a sip of properly aged Jack Daniel's, you'll be glad they're so fancy with their feet.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

years after tenure had been achieved. Judith Reisman did not appear to have been out of school long enough to have been tenured, much less promoted to full professor.

I read the rest of her résumé with considerable interest. Her "publications" were not really publications at all but, instead, generally material "awaiting publication" or "to be submitted for publication." Usually one waits until after articles are published to put them on a résumé. Very little of her work had actually been published, and very little of that appeared in recognizable, professional journals.

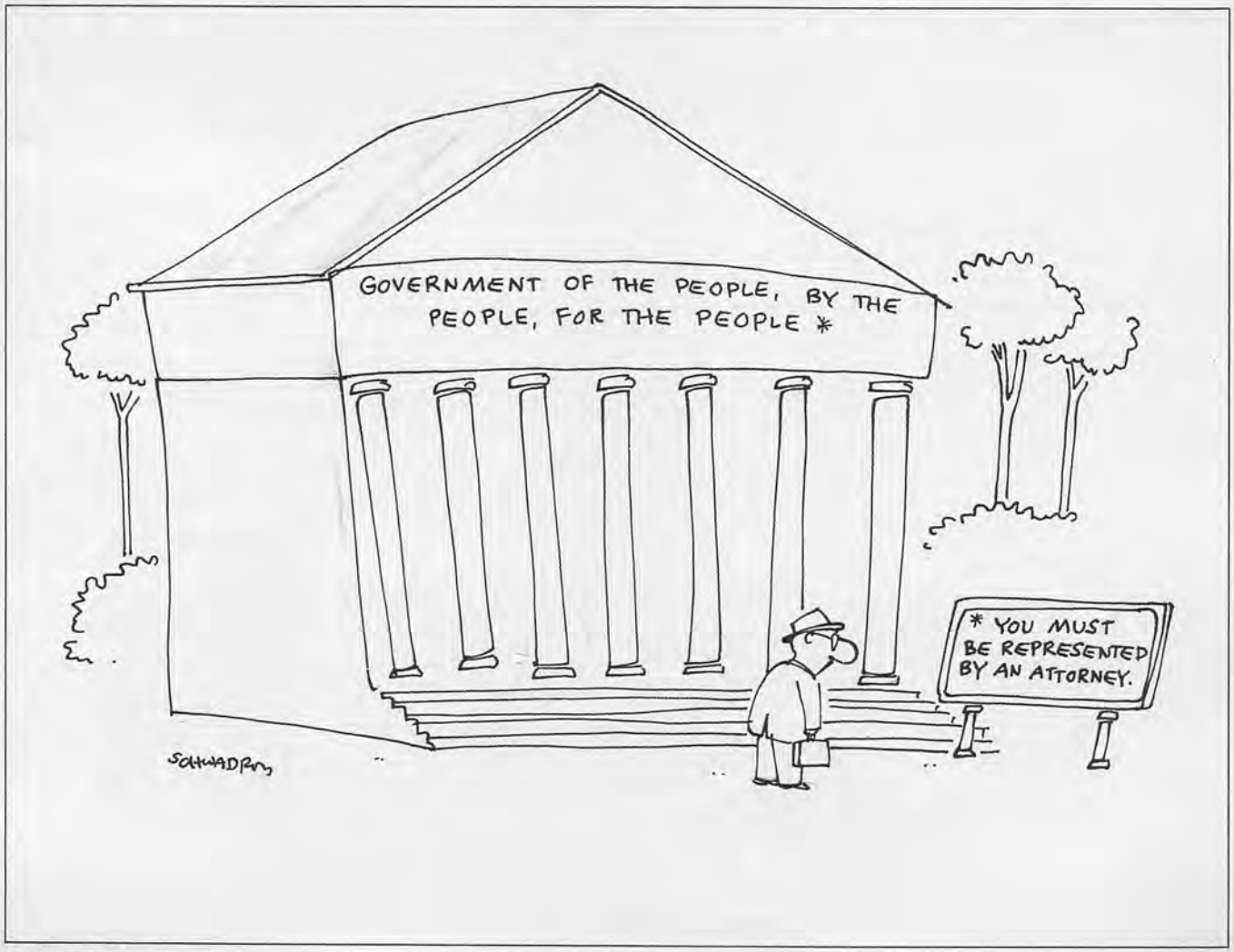
She claimed to have written and delivered papers on everything from Dr. Alfred Kinsey to pedophiles, but the topic of pornography was predominant throughout. Perhaps most remarkable was the paper she said she delivered at a conference in Minnesota in 1978, while presumably still a student at Case Western. It was titled, "Teen Toilet Room Talk II: Drug/Pornographic Language in the High School Bathroom." The picture of this middle-aged doctoral student tucked away surreptitiously in the stall of some high school bathroom with a pad and pencil in hand, voyeuristically taking notes while eavesdropping on the conversations of unsuspecting students, seemed to be taken straight from some sexploitation flick—a real-life *Porky's Revenge.*

I asked the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress to do a check on all the articles and books Dr. Reisman claimed to have written. It found none. I then asked it to check under her name and the name "Judith Bat-Ada," which she seemed to have used for the last year or two. Only two references were found. One was an article written by feminist Laura Lederer. It was actually a transcript of an interview with Judith Bat-Ada, published along with some 30 others, in *Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography.* For having an interview appear, Judith Reisman—or Judith Bat-Ada—evidently thought it appropriate to take credit for the entire book. It was during this interview that Dr. Reisman likened Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione, and Larry Flynt to being "every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito, the political fascist triumvirate of World War II."

Ms. Reisman claimed to have published an article in the *New York University Law Review,* one of the nation's more prestigious legal journals. The Library of Congress found no such article. However, by doing a cross-check under the name "Judith Bat-Ada," they did find one, a nine-page article in N.Y.U.'s lesser-known *Review of Law and Social Change.* This piece had evidently been written while she was still in school and was published in the spring of 1979. Interestingly, the *Review* described her as already having a Ph.D., having 20 years of experience in the field of mass communications, and being the author of a forthcoming book, *The Playboy Strategy: From Object to Incest.* The Library of Congress had no record of it.

Reisman's status as a "full professor" at American University was also questionable. From the $798,531 grant, $238,777 was to go directly to American for "indirect costs," even though the university was being reimbursed for nearly every expense. Another memo included in the package gave the strong appearance that Reisman had been appointed, only a few months before Regnery signed the grant, not as a full professor but rather as a "research professor"—an untenured position primarily reserved for recipients of federal or foundation grants. A vice-provost of the university told me that the designation was sometimes even given to wealthy contributors who wanted a title and an office.

Even Reisman's appointment as a research professor seemed to have been made only on the condition that she be accompanied by money from the Justice Department. The dean of the School of Education, Myra Sadker, said in a closing



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memo, "Obviously, my recommendation that Dr. Reisman be appointed as a research professor is contingent upon receipt of external federal funding." That one sentence seems to reveal several things: Judith Reisman was not associated with American University while in Israel, and certainly was not a full professor with tenure, as her proposal led one to think. Moreover, there must have been some discussion between the Justice Department and American University about Dr. Reisman prior to the grant's approval. Rather than American University developing an idea, cockeyed though it appeared, to investigate *Playboy* and *Penthouse,* employing Judith Reisman to head it, and then approaching the Justice Department to fund it, it appeared, instead, that the Justice Department had approached the university and promised money before receiving any proposal whatsoever.

Questions were also raised about the relationship between then–presidential adviser Ed Meese and American University. Meese was listed as a member of the university's National Advisory Committee, and his wife, Ursula, was on its board of trustees and was employed with the university on a special project at a reported $40,000-a-year salary. The question arose as to whether Meese, even at that time rumored to be headed for the position of attorney general, might not be exerting undue influence in the selection of American as the noncompetitive grant recipient. The Justice Department might not only be improperly making noncompetitive awards, but actually soliciting the individual and university that would receive the funds.

After a copy of the grant was shown to the subcommittee's chairman, Congressman Ike Andrews, and his approval to proceed was obtained, an investigation began. The specific focus of the investigation was why Alfred S. Regnery, the Justice Department's juvenile-justice administrator, had awarded Reisman the grant without soliciting the usual competitive applications, and why he ignored a recommendation from aides that the same study could be done for less than $60,000.

Capitol Hill staffers were not the only ones outraged by Reisman and Regnery's idea of research. As reported in the American Psychological Association's *Monitor,* University of California, Irvine, psychologist Gilbert Geis, an experienced grant-reviewer for the National Institute of Mental Health, was adamant: "I've never seen anything like this in 33 years of looking at grant proposals. It's just a crazy, wild proposal. She doesn't know anything about statistics or the Delphi Oracle."

Slowly, a scenario began to emerge. It was said that Reisman not only was not a full professor at American University at the time the proposal was drafted, but also that she had not been a professor in Israel either. She had described her status in Israel as being equivalent to that of an associate professor at the University of Haifa. It was rumored, instead, that she was in fact only a "research fellow." That rumor would be verified by Senate investigators in the summer of 1984 and further substantiated as recently as January 1986, in a letter from the rector of the University of Haifa, Professor Uriel Rappaport.

In her résumé, Ms. Reisman claimed to belong to eight "professional" organizations. Six of these required no professional credentials to join. For example, she listed the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which costs about $15 per year to join and comes complete with a magazine subscription. As reported by Larry Bush in *The Village Voice,* five organizations had no record of her membership.

Judith Reisman also claimed to have won a number of awards during her career. One in particular, the ACT award (Action for Children's Television), she claimed to have won from 1976 through 1981 while working for "Captain Kangaroo," which was surprising since she would have been a student and then in Israel throughout this time period. One journalist talked to the producers of "Captain Kangaroo." They said that the show had indeed won the ACT award, but that Judith Reisman had not.

> Perhaps most remarkable was the paper Reisman said she delivered in 1978: "Teen Toilet Room Talk II: Drug/Pornographic Language in the High School Bathroom."

How did she come to be accepted as a research professor by American University's Department of Education? An anonymous source from the university suggested that she had been turned down by three other departments, including the speech department, before the education department head agreed to accept her. One department head reportedly said that when he first interviewed Reisman, he thought the president of American University was playing a practical joke.

Her eventual acceptance in the education department was said to have been accompanied by some pressure from the president of the university, Dr. Richard E. Berendzen. Why would someone have pressured a department head to accept Dr. Reisman? Unbelievably, the White House was said to have been involved, although the source did not know from what level.

How had Judith Reisman come to be discovered by the Justice Department? According to her own account, it was because she had been asked to "present a review of my Kinsey documentation on Patrick Buchanan's radio and television programs in Washington, D.C." During one of the radio shows, she was perfectly willing for people to assume she was a psychiatrist with a worldwide organization. Following that presentation, according to Reisman, "the staff management of the Office of Juvenile Justice requested an immediate meeting." She met with Regnery and, afterward, "was offered federal sponsorship."

In other words, without one word of a proposal being written, Regnery was seemingly so taken by Judith Reisman's "Kinsey documentation," as presented on "The Braden-Buchanan Show," that he offered her federal sponsorship immediately. What was this "Kinsey documentation" which so riveted Regnery and the Justice Department? Barely three years out of a Ph.D. program in communications, the esteemed Judith Reisman had decided that Dr. Alfred Kinsey, of *Kinsey Reports* and Indiana University fame, was "involved in what amounts to the vicious genital torture of hundreds of children."

What was her evidence for this incredibly serious charge? Did she have witnesses? Had she talked to victims? Did she have written accounts? Well, no. In fact, during the show she never once said exactly what her evidence was. The best that can be surmised from the transcript is that Dr. Kinsey had included material in one of his books a little too explicit for Reisman's taste.

As all of this became publicly available through the media, what was the reaction of the Justice Department officials? Did they reward the whistle-blowers inside the agency? Did they terminate the grant, thus saving taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars? Did they immediately demand that Judith Reisman be replaced for having misrepresented her professional credentials?

Hardly. The Justice Department's reaction to the public exposure of wasteful grants within the Office of Juvenile Justice was sure and swift. As reported by ABC News, they locked the filing cabinets and searched the files for fingerprints! Several suspected whistle-blowers were interrogated without being allowed to have counsel present. This was your U.S. Justice Department at work. They also allowed Judith Reisman to rewrite her grant proposal at public expense. Surely, sooner or later, she would get it right.

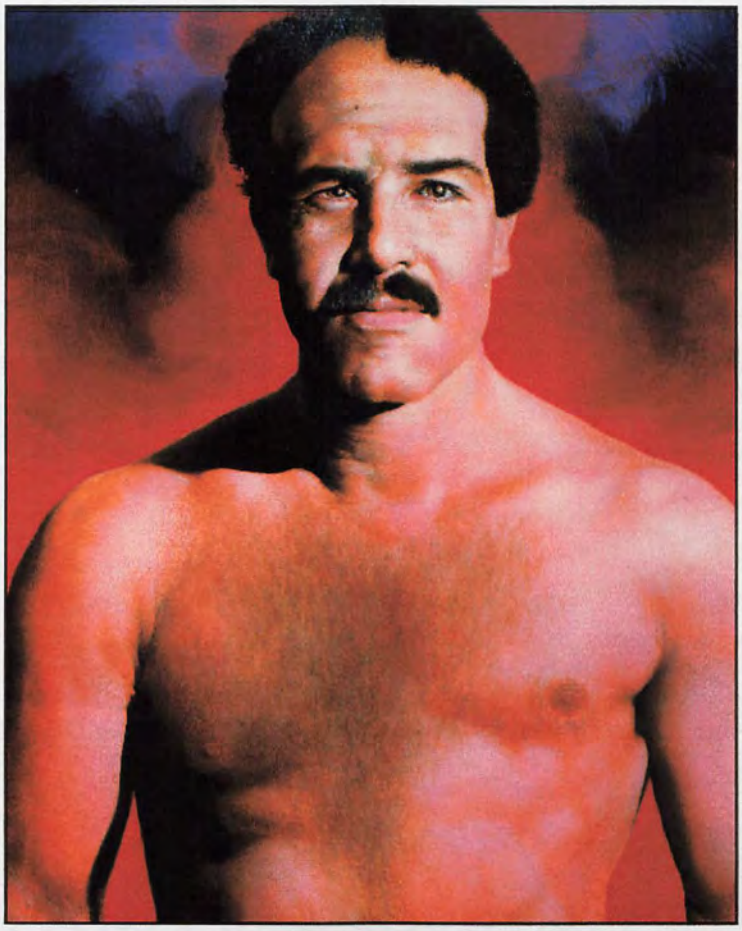
The House Oversight Hearings were held in Washington in April 1984. At those hearings, it was determined that Dr. Reis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

The way we age is undergoing a profound transformation. Today's middle-aged man is the next century's youth

LIFELINES

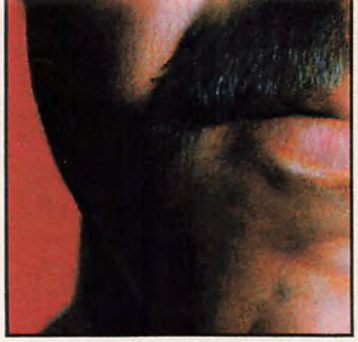
BY SUSAN ELLIS



You're probably wondering why the man above looks so strange. He is forty years old, but the two halves of his body live in different centuries. The right side of his body (left side of picture) represents the forty-year-old male of 1986: skin sagging, hairline receding, muscles stiffening. But his better half (left side of body, right side of picture) is what the forty-year-old man of the twenty-first century will look, and feel, like—if longevity research is allowed to develop its potential.

Why must we grow old and die? What triggers the settling of bones, the shifting of flesh, the

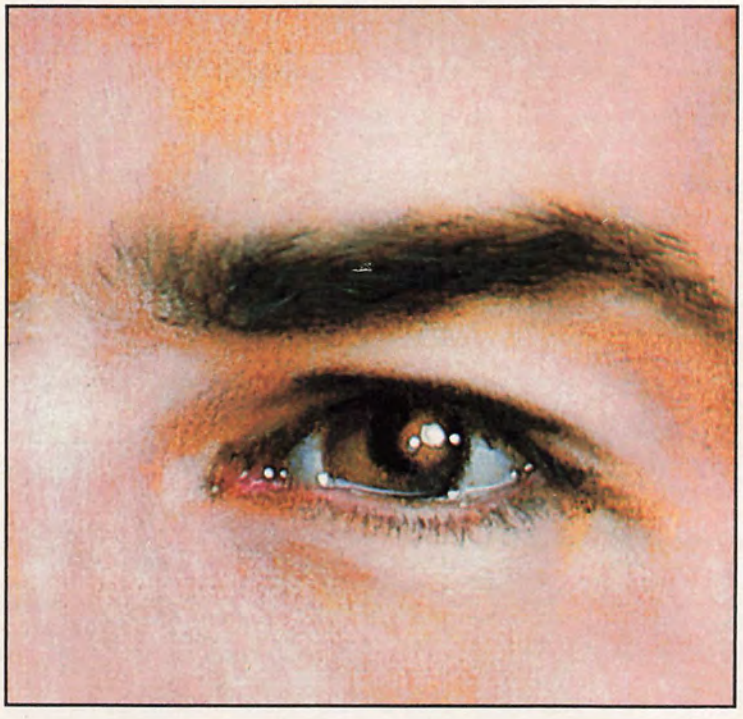
PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO



resculpting of contours? The answers are still being worked out by an energetic core of scientific researchers. And from that work a new pattern may emerge, one in which the life span of the human being verges on immortality.

It doesn't occur to the average young man that the aging process has already begun. But by age twenty-five, he has already shrunk slightly so that by forty-five he will have lost an eighth of an inch in height. He has also grown hairier, but not where it counts. On the top of his head, an overload of the male hormone testosterone is short-circuiting hair growth. His skull is thickening, enlarging the head's circumference about one-quarter inch every ten years. His shoulders are narrowing, and muscle mass is yielding to fat—in deference to muscle cells that fail to regenerate and repair themselves. His vocal cords have stiffened, pitching his speaking voice higher. And because the brain takes slightly more time to process information,

TODAY'S FORTY-YEAR-OLD (THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT): THE EYE'S LENS HARDENS, HINDERING CLOSE VIEWING; HAIRS SHRINK; TASTE BUDS DECLINE IN NUMBER; CONNECTIVE TISSUE REPLACES BODY'S MUSCLE FIBER, CAUSING THE MUSCLES TO STIFFEN; SKIN THINS AND SPREADS, LOSING ELASTICITY AND BAGGING IN MIDSECTION.



TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY MAN: HIGH-TECH FITNESS TESTS WILL HELP OPTIMIZE EXERCISE REGIMENS, CONDITIONING MUSCLES FOR LONGEVITY (ABOVE AND TOP RIGHT); DRUGS WILL PROTECT VISION (MIDDLE LEFT); HORMONE-BASED FORMULAS WILL SLOW HAIR LOSS (TOP LEFT); COMPOUNDS WILL REJUVENATE AND PRESERVE THE SKIN (RIGHT).

his reflexes have slowed.

Will we ever be able to delay these changes and prolong our youth? Science has already provided some answers. Aging, it appears, stems from no single cause but from many. Researchers are investigating the genes, the endocrine system, and the chemistry of our cells for the secret of youth. While some scientists hunt for the genes that may control how quickly we age, others seek to fine-tune the body's self-repair mechanisms that maintain good health. Already in clinics there are steroids that curb obesity and diabetes, and a group of hormones that bolster the immune system. There are drugs to help prevent the chemical damage that precedes cataracts, and others that enhance memory by intensifying neurochemical activity. In time fetal-brain-cell transplants may reverse neural disorders. Someday we may live our entire lives as youths, protected from the gradual alterations of age.

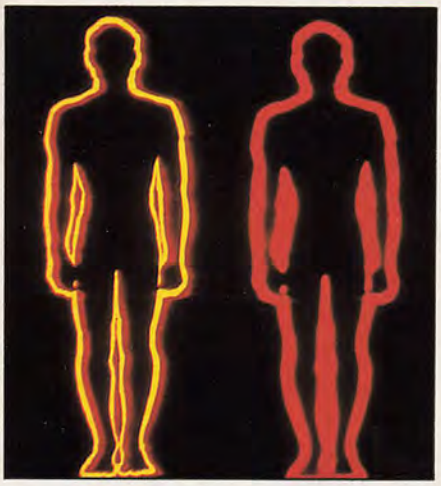
SOME OF US MAY LIVE FOREVER

LONGEVITY

THE NEW MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FROM OMNI MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIBE TO LONGEVITY TODAY AND RECEIVE THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO HEALTH, WELL-BEING, AND A LONGER, MORE VIGOROUS LIFE!

At no point in man's history have there been so many dramatic advances in the science of life extension and in the number of years we can stay healthy, active, and young. Even more exciting is the revelation that it's never too late or too early to begin! With this in mind, we would like to invite you into a bold new world in which people do, in fact, live longer, more vibrant lives—the world of LONGEVITY. Not just another fitness magazine, LONGEVITY is the extraordinary new monthly newsletter bringing you the latest breakthroughs and up-to-the-minute information on the art and science of staying young.



IMPROVE WITH AGE

More and more we're finding that the overwhelming majority of personal issues related to health and longevity are within our control. LONGEVITY will draw together the latest findings on how we can retard the aging process and prolong youth.

- Why do we age?
- How can we help our bodies stay young?
- Are there ways to rejuvenate the human brain?

The quality of your life is yours to determine—and LONGEVITY will show you how.

CONSUMER WATCH

There is a great deal of confusion about the products now crowding the health-care market. LONGEVITY will cut through all the clutter and offer clear, concise reports on how they stack up.

- How do antiaging creams compare against each other?
- Which hair-growth formulas really work?
- Are there memory drugs available that can enhance intelligence?

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WHAT TO EAT

The question of what diet best promotes health and longevity has long been imbued with controversy. In order to help you choose the best diet, LONGEVITY will help you understand the basic principles.

- How many of the old nutritional tenets are viable today?
- Do vitamins C and E help extend life?
- Can polyunsaturated oils hurt more than help?

LONGEVITY will bring you the most encouraging advances available today on achieving longevity through dietary manipulation.

THE IMMORTALISTS

In the pages of LONGEVITY you'll meet the practitioners of the new life-extension techniques.

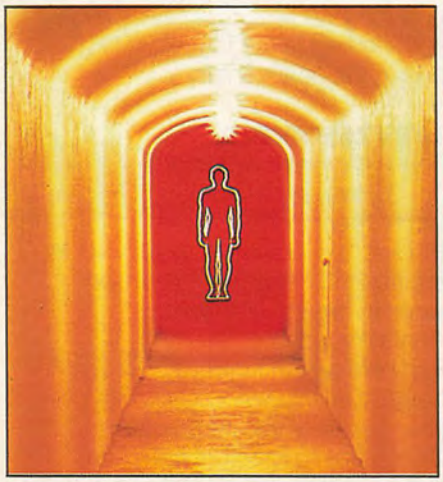
"Information is already available to enable one to live more than 120 years."

—Roy Walford, gerontologist
UCLA Medical Center

"People now under thirty (and perhaps those substantially older) can look forward—at least tentatively—to medicine's overtaking their aging process and delivering them safely to an era of cell repair, vigor, and indefinite life span."

—Eric Drexler, author
Engines of Creation

LONGEVITY will examine the personal regimens of today's visionaries and determine how useful they may be for others.



INTO ETERNITY

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- Is there a way to repair the body on a molecular level to keep it running indefinitely?
- Can genetic engineering redesign our bodies to live forever?

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"WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF NOTHING LESS THAN A PROFOUND REDEFINITION OF HUMAN LIFE."

—SEN. ALAN CRANSTON, ON THE SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY INTO WHY WE AGE

LONGEVITY will visit the front of aging research and bring back the kind of information that could change the lives of all who read it.

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BREAKTHROUGH REPORTS

Retooling genes for a longer life . . . Bringing dead tissue back to life . . . Life extension profiles on Senator Alan Cranston, gerontologist Roy Walford, Life Extension founder Saul Kent, *Life Extension* authors Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, and others . . . Consumer reports on memory drugs, life extension formulas, vitamins, hair-growth formulas, antiaging skin creams, calcium products, fitness programs, health spas . . . The value of cell extract injections . . . Spas that claim to make you younger . . . Finding out your "true" age . . . Natural longevity aids . . . Mind over longevity . . . Aging myths . . . Curing insomnia . . . The power of dreams . . . Machines that cleanse blood clogged with fat . . . How a woman ages . . . Conceiving a child at 60 . . . Cell transplants that could build a whole new brain . . . Reversing the effects of stroke . . . Drugs that make you smarter . . . New and improved antioxidants . . . Life preservers . . . Natural enemies . . . Aging index . . . Lifestyles of the 100+ set . . . Food for life . . . Why we die . . . Resetting the biological clock . . . Preventing bone loss . . . Antiaging drugs . . . How to avoid cutting life short . . . Energizing the body's youth factors . . . The world's longest-lived people . . . Fetal extract with life-prolonging potential . . . Protecting cells against damage . . . The value of "life extension" formulas . . . Finding the genes that control how long we live . . . Ageless athletes . . . Lifelines to the future . . . Old age in the next century . . .

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LONGEVITY

THE NEW MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FROM OMNI MAGAZINE

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REISMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

man had indeed been offered federal sponsorship prior to submitting a proposal, and that about 85 percent of the federal funds that were under Regnery's control had been awarded noncompetitively.

The real answer to what Judith Reisman was about, though, came from a Senate hearing held in August 1984. During that hearing, Reisman testified along with officials from American University. Several suspicions were confirmed. First, and most amazingly, there had indeed been pressure directly from the White House. During questioning, American University President Berendzen acknowledged that on June 7, 1983, some two weeks after Reisman's appearance on Patrick Buchanan's radio show, James Wootton, Regnery's deputy, had called him and said that the "Justice Department was interested in Dr. Reisman's work and that it would support her next stage of research."

Then, in January 1984, as word of the grant began to leak out, Bruce Chapman, director of planning and evaluation at the White House, who worked under Ed Meese, called Berendzen and said, "He had heard there might be problems with her [Reisman's] appointment," Berendzen said, "and if that were true, he would be disappointed." He said he was calling because the White House was "concerned about child abuse." That was singularly amazing since two weeks later, in February, the President would suggest cutting federal child-abuse funds by more than $9 million.

It also became quite clear that Judith Reisman had never been a full or associate professor at American University. Dr. Berendzen described Reisman's research status in scathing terms: "Such an appointment does not confer membership on the faculty. Persons in these ranks shall have no presumption of a right to reappointment. These appointments carry no implication of or credit toward academic tenure. A person holding such an appointment must have his or her salary entirely funded by sources outside the university."

Dr. Frank Turaj, dean of American's College of Arts and Sciences, also testified about whether Reisman's appointment had been contingent upon receipt of federal money. Like Dr. Berendzen, Dr. Turaj was explicit: "The appointment would have been contingent upon not necessarily the receipt of that amount of money [$798,531] particularly that you have mentioned, but it would have to be upon receipt of a grant. Otherwise, Dr. Reisman would have nothing to do at our university."

Although Reisman, even at the hearing, claimed to have served as an associate professor at the University of Haifa, officials at the director general's office at the university had quite different notions about her status there. They advised Senator Howard M. Metzenbaum, who was questioning Reisman, that she had never been an associate professor but only a research fellow, and that she was not paid by the university but rather "financed by the minister of absorption," as was usually the case for persons who stated a strong intention to stay in Israel and seek citizenship.

Furthermore, Reisman stated in her résumé that her assignment at the University of Haifa had been to prepare a curriculum for the new Department of Communication, which she would head. However, the director general's office advised that the university did not have a Department of Communication, nor did it intend to have one.

Judith Reisman was caught in the United States Senate with one of her many slips showing.

> Dr. Reisman's résumé only deepened the mystery. Extending for seven pages, it seemed an amateurish attempt to pad a decidedly undistinguished academic career.

After the hearings, in the fall before the elections of 1984, there were rumors that funds for the Reisman grant had been suspended—that she would be allowed to finish the year and then be closed out. Things quieted down and some of us around the House and Senate began to think that maybe a small victory of sorts had been won on behalf of the American taxpayer. While Regnery had not recalled the grant, it seemed that it would end nonetheless, and a good deal of money would be saved. Such was not the case, however.

Plans for the suspension, if they were ever more than rumors, ended after the elections. With the President safely reelected, Reisman was back, too—this time with still another freshly rewritten grant proposal. There would be no more talk of new definitions of pornography. No, this time the enemy would be clearly identified by name: *Penthouse, Playboy,* and *Hustler.* Now she was going to do what she did best—the "content analysis" of cartoons! According to her own quarterly reports, Dr. Reisman, sponsored by the American taxpayer through the beneficence of the Department of Justice, was now entering as a pioneer into the brave new world of what she called "cartoonology."

To quote Reisman's new narrative: "This investigation will analyze the content of all child cartoons and child pictorials in all editions of *Playboy, Penthouse,* and *Hustler* from the date of initial publication to December, 1984." If time allowed, she also hoped to get around to a random sample of all published letters to the editor and advice columns. No stone would be left unturned.

In February 1985, I left the House subcommittee and accepted a position with the Child Welfare League of America, an organization dedicated to serving the needs of children, especially those who are abused. More than two years after becoming acquainted with Judith Reisman, I still follow news of her grant and wait for results. Why? Why should anyone who passionately cares about children's welfare mind if a rather eccentric woman parades as an expert on "pornology" and "cartoonology"?

We have now come to a time when even Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States find it necessary to label some right-wing antipornography initiatives as "thought control." Certainly Judith Reisman makes a convenient if unintended accomplice to such ideological intrigues.

However, the main reason I am concerned about Reisman and her research concerns child abuse. There is no question that reports of sexual abuse are rising. Between 1983 and 1984, every state reported increases. According to a survey by the Child Welfare League, reports of child sexual abuse rose by an astounding 59 percent.

Most abuse occurs in the home—not by child molesters stalking the streets dressed in raincoats. Much of the abuse occurring in the home can be much more directly correlated with economic stress in the home—a fact that the Reagan administration may be all too willing to ignore. Finding scapegoat villains like *Playboy, Penthouse,* and *Hustler* is sometimes all too convenient for some people. It covers a multitude of sins with regard to our federal economic policy, while providing political pablum to administration allies on the Far Right.

Tragically, it leaves untouched the real victimizers of children outside the home—those involved in real pornography, those who wait at bus stations for the runaway and homeless, those whose trade is the eight-millimeter film or the underground videocassette, those who lure children into prostitution and into the big business of organized crime.

The Reagan administration cannot have it both ways. If this line of study is important, they must have qualified researchers to undertake it—the best in the country—not recently graduated speech majors with little to recommend them other than their extreme dedication to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

NIKKI

LADY OF FEW WORDS

Twenty-two-year-old Nikki Downey, truly one of the loveliest products of Macclesfield, England, is a lady for whom actions come more naturally than words. When asked what she does in her spare time, Nikki's concise reply is "Have a good time." When asked what she would do if she had more spare time, she smiles, "Have a better time."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

To be sure, the wondrous, simple sight of green-eyed, seven-and-a-half-stone Nikki, with her 35-24-35 figure and enigmatic pout, does convey an image beyond the eloquence of words.

Nikki likes rich, young, handsome men. She likes American football and Rod Stewart, Chinese food and the children's tales of Enid Blyton, and Marilyn Monroe "because she couldn't act, either."

She says that she once had an orgasm riding on the back of a motorbike, and she says that when she wants a man, she grabs him. The way Nikki moves says the rest.

Ginger Lynn is the Dick and Jane of adult entertainment, and "See Ginger fuck" is the primer's first sentence.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Wet Science: *stilted sex.*

WET'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU . . .?
Wet Science
(Playtime).i.
Erica Boyer plays the proverbial mad scientist, and her Frankenstein is Tom Byron, in this lame knockoff of last summer's bomb, *Weird Science.* She's made him flesh and blood so he can be there when her "passion ray" works its none-too-subtle magic. Problem is, what's a man-made satyr to do when his creator is done with him? What Byron does is to go on and fuck everything in sight, a sort of human orgasmatron on the rampage. This short plot summary alone ought to show you how addled *Wet Science* is, and the sex can't save the tape because it's as stilted and artificial as the plot. If this is science, Albert Einstein is rolling over in his grave.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
Amber Lynn's Personal Best
(Vidco).i.i.i.
Amber Lynn—no relation to Ginger—has rounded out into one of the steadiest workers in adult video, and it's easy to see why. She has a stunningly perfect body and uses it like Mario Andretti uses the internal combustion engine—as a champion. Amber's acting has also come a long way. In this tape, she plays a long-distance runner in love with her coach but wooed by everyone in sight. The plot is a bit unlikely, since it shifts midway through the tape from the campus to the porno set, but Amber gamely plays along. There is a lot of warm, consensual sex here, much of it between two women. That may turn off some female viewers, while it may turn others on. Either way, Amber carries enough of the action to make this tape well worthwhile as she cements her move from starlet to full-fledged star.

PENTHOUSE PICK
Bad Girls IV
(Collector's).i.i.i.
You would think the *Bad Girls* series would have run out of steam by now. That's not the case, primarily because this fourth tape in the series was made way back when and just recently unearthed from the vaults of David I. Fraser and Svetlana. This is vintage footage, and it shows its age—not only with the presence of the deceased Shana Grant, but with a certain mustiness in the fashions and attitudes. But even dated Fraser-Svetlana material is better than 99 percent of the stuff on the market today, and *Bad Girls IV* has the bodies and the bawdiness to put it near the top of the adult-video pile.

Jamie Gillis is Jamie Hunt, who is trying for a place in the "Kiness Book of Records" by fucking 15,000 women within a certain time span. His partners in slime are Richard Pacheco and Jerry Butler, and these three prove themselves to be the finest actors in smut. They are matched by an incredible array of beautiful women, the type we've come to expect from a Fraser-Svetlana tape. Kitten Natividad unleashes her roomful o' bazooms for Gillis, and she's just the majorette of a long parade. Shana Grant and Tina Ross play two-thirds of a trio of girls who move in next door to the studs, and that's when the plot begins to twist.

What happens when Casanova falls in love? Gillis comes close to missing out on his superstud title and on the fortune that comes with it, but it all turns out well in the end. The last scene, an outrageously sexy session between Gillis and Ross in her wedding dress, is among the hottest in adult entertainment. Again, *Bad Girls IV* doesn't quite measure up to the Fraser-Svetlana hits of the past, but it still might render you in need of an IV yourself, so torrid is some of the footage.

CLUB FETE
Club Ginger
(Vivid).i.i.
Ginger Lynn is a franchise. This lady not only has a line of tapes in which she stars, she also has her very own video store. This type of "privates enterprise" was pioneered by Seka, of course, who sold everything from her home movies to her used panties. Lynn's done the same thing in video: She's taken over a video company and is now happily churning out tapes like *Club Ginger.*

This one's a loony, loopy tale of a sex-fantasy contest with Ginger as the judge. It is a story that began with a tape called *Gentlemen Prefer Ginger.* What we come to *Club Ginger* for is stripped-down sensuality—constant, pumping sex. See Ginger fuck a blond bimbo with a dildo. See Ginger fuck and then get love-beaded by a graying Harry Reems. In fact, Ginger Lynn is the Dick and Jane of adult entertainment, and "See Ginger fuck" is the primer's first sentence—the only one you'll ever have to learn.

Club Ginger *offers stripped-down sensuality and constant sex.*

YOU'RE IN THE RV NOW
The Sweetest Taboo
(Electric Hollywood).i.i.
What porn producers like most about recreational vehicles—RVs for short—is that they are cheaper to rent than a whole house. Thus we have any number of "on-the-road" type plots, and *The Sweetest Taboo* is one of them. A trio of bleached-out California blondes heads for the thrills in a huge Winnebago, and the action, as well as their fantasies and flashbacks, is built out of their stops along the way. What I liked about this tape was the feel of female camaraderie and the sensuality that was built up—a feeling that the girls just wanna have sex. The shot-on-video technical values are annoying, as always, but the girls, Desiree Lane and Laurie Smith among them, redeem the tape.

FUNK OFF
Funky Brewster
(Dreamland).i.
It's not enough that porn producers slavishly imitate the plots of every mainstream movie, hit or not, in their grasping attempt to fill in the gaps of their creativity. Now Dr. X, the producer of *Funky Brewster,* has turned to the television sitcom for inspiration. Funky Brewster is supposed to be Punky Brewster all grown up and able to fuck. The problem is, the tape is simply lousy. It is anti-erotic, as the director time and time again loses out on sensuality and focuses on mechanical sex.

For example, Melissa, the lead, vamps around in a skimpy blue bathing suit for the first half of the action,

Funky Brewster: *Punky Brewster all grown up and able to fuck.*

building the erotic tension nicely. But Dr. X fails to show us the moment when that suit comes off, cutting instead directly to the piston scene, hard-core sex all the way. If Dr. X simply wants to dish up unadorned sex, why bother with all this silliness? A bad tape, funky or not, and in this context, bad doesn't mean good.

THE BIG THRILL
The Thrill of It
(Catalina).i.i.
The intimate connection between sex and death is one among numerous themes adult entertainment just doesn't seem ready for. Such complexities are better left to people like Shakespeare, Freud, and Hemingway. Fred Penna, aka F. J. Lincoln, tries his hardest, but *The Thrill of It* just doesn't succeed. It's a straightforward knockoff of *The Big Chill,* but in that mainstream masterpiece, the actors had the skill and training to pull the movie out of its morbid mud. In Lincoln's tape, "Bobby" expires the way we all want to go, midway through the act of coitus. Before he's cold in the ground, his mate is running ice cubes over the nipples of her best female friend, evidently looking for

Thrill: *technical expertise.*

solace the only way she knows how. There's a technical expertise to *The Thrill of It,* but the acting fails to get the job done.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Bon Appetit
(Quality X).i.i.i.i.
During a recent interview I conducted with Gloria Leonard (who recently copped top-actress honors at a gathering of adult-film producers), she mentioned some of her all-time favorite movies she's acted in. Chuck Vincent's *Bon Appetit* was one title I wasn't familiar with, so I rented it and was treated to a real X-rated blockbuster. Gloria's not quite central to the movie, but she does have a juicy feature role in which she plays a publisher who makes the boast of being willing to pay $1 million to any woman able to fuck the world's top-ten studs. The exquisite Kelly Nichols takes Gloria up on it, and the chase is on. Seeing Nichols in one erotic acrobatic situation after another was almost too much to bear, since she has long been retired from the business, where she is sorely missed. Kandi Barbour and Samantha Fox also turn in sterling performances. This one's from the Golden Age of smut.

RATING KEY

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.i.i.i. Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
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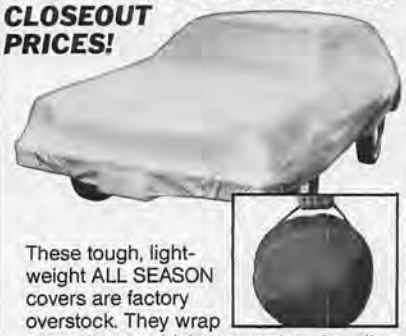

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REISMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

highly value-laden beliefs. That is not to criticize those beliefs. Women's rights are important. But that "war," as Judith Reisman has called it, needs to be waged by persuasion. To the extent that it is waged by misconstruing and misrepresenting the scientific search for truth, to the extent that it is waged by ideological pranksters who attempt to purchase academic integrity, it is a war that cannot be won.

EPILOGUE

In late March 1986, the following headline appeared in *The Washington Times:* OFFICIAL SAYS $734,371 TO PEER AT PORN WAS WASTEFUL. The story that followed detailed an admission by Alfred S. Regnery that he had made a mistake in funding the Reisman grant to determine how children are portrayed in the cartoons of *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. "The grant was for too much money. I don't think there's any question about that. And that's probably my fault," Regnery said. Several weeks later, on May 21, he announced his resignation.

While the Reisman grant was by far the most controversial grant approved by Regnery, it was not the only highlight of his controversy-studded years as the presidentially appointed head of the Justice Department's juvenile-justice program. Following are some milestones of what *The New Republic* recently termed "the pathetic career of Reagan's juvenile justice chief":

November 1982—Regnery, a former official of the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom, is named by President Reagan as administrator of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention.

March 1983—Only weeks before his Senate confirmation hearing, CBS News catches Regnery, a father of four, driving a car sporting a bumper sticker asking, HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY?

April 1983—Regnery approves and then, after disclosure by *The Washington Post*, discontinues a $98,000 grant to a Senate aide to publish a book for which Regnery would have been paid $1,000 to write a chapter.

April 1983—During his Senate confirmation hearing, Regnery attempts to explain away his lack of experience by saying he had done "considerable reading and other study" on juvenile-justice issues. When pressed, he is unable to name, on the spot, the title of a single book or reference that he used in his self-education.

May 1983—Regnery is confirmed by the Senate.

October 1983—Columnist Jack Anderson reveals that Regnery plans a $500,000 study to detect latent criminality by conducting medical tests on 2,000 nine- to 12-year-old boys, including tests to measure galvanic skin response to mild electric shocks. Left-handedness is also suspected as a criminal trait. Regnery kills the grant a week later, after public outcry.

December 1983—Regnery makes a noncompetitive award of $798,531 to Judith Reisman, an ex-songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo," to study the role played by pornography in juvenile delinquency. Nearly $250,000 in indirect costs is directed to American University, where Ursula Meese, wife of presidential adviser Ed Meese, is employed and serves on the board of trustees.

January 1984—Regnery makes a noncompetitive grant award of $4.25 million to George Nicholson, defeated Republican candidate for attorney general in California and personal friend of Ed Meese, to disseminate school-safety information. About $400,000 is directed to Pepperdine University (though Nicholson will work more than 300 miles away), where Meese is listed as "Pepperdine Associate."

April 1984—Regnery tells Rev. Jerry Falwell's *Moral Majority Report* that he sees a pornography/child-murder link.

July 1984—"ABC Nightly News" reports that three Juvenile Justice employees were summoned by Justice Department attorneys, locked in, refused counsel, placed under oath, and questioned about their alleged whistle-blowing activities regarding the Reisman and Nicholson grants. Grant files are locked and checked for fingerprints.

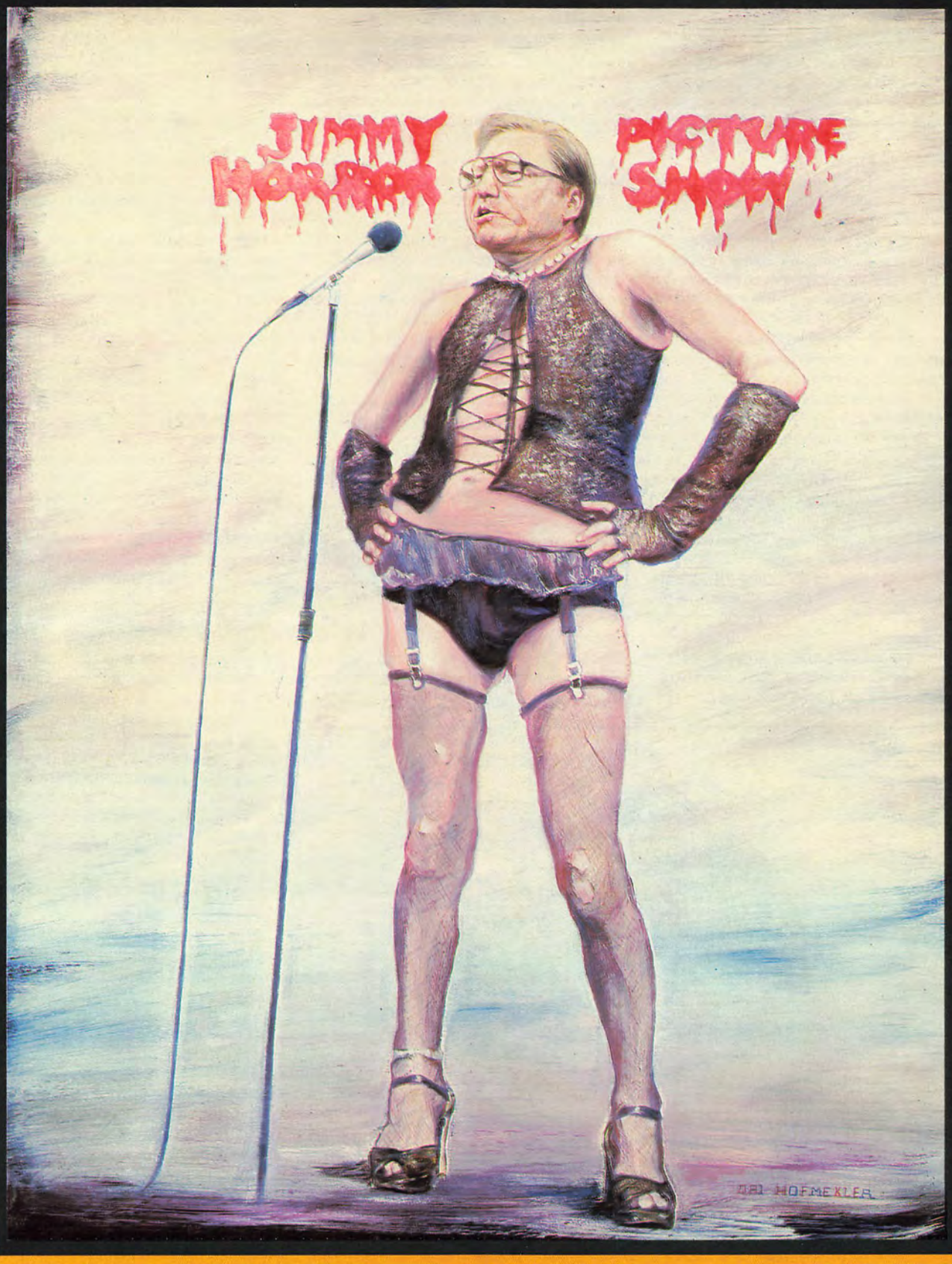
January 1985—Regnery approves a new, revised grant award to Judith Reisman for $734,000 to conduct a "content analysis" of the cartoons in *Playboy* and *Penthouse*.

March 1986—While freezing other grant funds, Regnery makes a $186,710 noncompetitive grant award to an official of Rev. Falwell's Liberty University to design a high school course on the Constitution, even though another Justice Department grant to that official had just been suspended for nonperformance.

March 1986—Regnery admits that Reisman porn study was a mistake.

May 1986—Regnery announces his resignation.

June 1986—An article in *The New Republic* reveals—as originally reported in the November 1985 *Penthouse*—that when police searched Regnery's home, shortly after an alleged assault in 1976, "they found a cache of pornography, including 'several catalogues for various prophylactic devices and erotica.' The police also found 'a book with numerous color photos of various sexual gratifications, including oral sex and the placing of objects into the vagina,' a German sex magazine, and a copy of *Penthouse*." In the article, Regnery concedes that he "probably had a little [pornography] around the house," but denies that he was a consumer.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 43

Jimmy Swaggart says that rock is a sin
But its rhythm gets under his skin;
We bet when he's dreaming
His mind is blaspheming
With fantasies of being in *Spin*.

CONFIDENTIAL

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He hadn't turned up in court, which perhaps was fortunate. On trial in an earlier case, alongside the Bonanno family crime don Carmine Galante, he had had to be gagged and shackled to his chair after vaulting into the jury box.

• *The Rich and Powerful* provide much of the real estate for the brothels and the rest of the sex industry. Unwittingly and unwillingly, of course. This began to emerge some years ago when Edward Finch, a relative-by-marriage of Richard Nixon—his nephew was the husband of First Daughter Tricia—was revealed to be the landlord of Peepalive. This 42nd Street emporium's specialties included a coin-operated window that, for a quarter, slid back to reveal a floozy who, dressed only in fishnet stockings, was poised most unTricia-like on a small revolving stage. Finch issued a statement: Peepalive would close that *very day*. The Bankers Trust Company balance sheet was discovered to include the former Ripley's Believe It or Not theater, which was showing such epics as *Last Days of Porn*. A bank spokesman responded that these *were* the last days of porn—the property, operated by a tenant, was being held as an investment for pension funds and would become the site of a large hotel.

Such gentrification is combining with the FBI's onslaught on organized crime to weaken the grip of both the mob and the pharaohs on the sex business. For the fact that prostitution continues to flourish, therefore, we have to thank various women. Liberated women. "It seems," muses *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein, "that a lot of feminists have found their true calling." The trend is most apparent in the outer skin of this sector of the Onion's skin business: Many hookers either have dumped their pimps—or consigned them to kitchen duty. "When we went to arrest a pimp not long ago, we found him baby-sitting for his girl," says the police department's Jerome Piazza, sounding slightly wounded for his brother. One indicator of how well the girls are doing: The Teamsters want to organize them. The union's New York boss, Barry Feinstein, sent a top aide to pledge to do this just as soon as (citing an enduring concern of Teamsters everywhere) prostitution is legal.

Who cares about legal? Among the many women who have been setting up happy houses that are not at all the kind that the former Linda Lovelace now minds, Sydney Biddle Barrows, the "Mayflower Madam," allegedly was among the more successful. Yet, pleading guilty to promoting what police initially estimated was a $1-million-a-year call-girl operation, Sydney was even luckier than the hooker who got to sit on the bench. She was fined just $5,000. No need to reveal the names of her clients, who doubtless were a who's who of the city's social circus. Before this understanding deal was cut, she had faced seven years in jail.

"I have been given to understand that a lot of concerned and prominent people contacted [the DA's] office," she said primly.

"She's really milking this for all it's worth," responded Robert Morgenthau, the Manhattan district attorney.

Before you start milking it for all it's worth, make sure you understand the following guidelines:

Right: Being in any kind of fashionable legal trouble in New York is as good as being called Vanderbilt. So many people rallied to help Sydney *get back on her feet* that sometimes it was difficult to distinguish her from a billboard. Limelight, a club known for philanthropic gestures (it once threw a benefit for the Hell's Angels), played host to a blacktie party for her defense fund. Our invitation was accompanied by a publicity release announcing that Sydney would be wearing a strapless pink taffeta gown by Tracy Mills, "accessorized with some of the Biddle family jewels" and "blonde hair and understated make-up . . . courtesy of Louis Licari and by Jennifer Lawrence of La Coupe." The stretch limos were courtesy of Royal Coach.

Wrong: Several hundred people, most of them strangers, paid $40 each to shake the alleged $1 million hand. Probably, they all then went home and reread their tax filings to make sure they hadn't underpaid on their $25,000 salaries.

Right: Sydney was a *risk-taker*, which is how you build your growing business. "She booked clients that other agencies had blacklisted," says Kathy, the madam at a rival call-girl service. The blacklist includes a Paramount executive who got himself a freebie with an Australian crumpet by telling her she'd got the lead role in *Flashdance*. The job was not forthcoming, of course.

Wrong: Like many of the New-Breed madams, Kathy wastes time and dollars nurturing her employees' welfare where Sydney, stickler for Old School discipline, simply would have ordered them to shave their legs. Kathy is especially proud that she introduced one particular slut to literature: "I gave her Baudelaire, Montserrat, books on symbolism and decadence, and she's reading *Ulysses* now. Things like that make this business worthwhile."

Right: Kathy checks up on each girl during the $135-an-hour sessions by phoning after the first 50 minutes. (Most Manhattan escort services will only dispatch to clients whose numbers are listed in the directory or who are staying at hotels.) "If anything goes wrong, like a client is refusing to pay, I call the cops; 911 has been very good to me," Kathy says.

If You Are Korean: Tell your husband to polish his own apples at the family's produce market—and open a geisha house. There has been a boom in these estab-

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lishments in the city, probably because their protocol makes them more difficult to bust than the massage parlors that dominated the prostitution business in the seventies. While a masseuse would make a few desultory passes with the rubbing alcohol, then get down to the basics, a geisha goes through time-consuming dramatics: A drink is served, a sauna is indicated, then a body shampoo and a shiatsu massage. Suppose the entire neighborhood gets together and comes up with the requisite 20 complaints for a raid? "The Orientals create a real difficulty for us," says the police department's Captain Piazza, "because they do give you a massage first, and they will not tell you what the cost for sex is in advance. It could get a little hairy if we put an undercover guy in there because they're going to touch his private parts before they make a deal."

There are more of these oases opening every week.

"You want special massage?"

At the Oriental Star Health Club in Queens ($30 admission, plus a tip for the girl), Miss Kim paired our reporter with a skinny Korean lass. After the long, arousing preliminaries, the femme fatale finally led him to a soft double bed.

"What are your hobbies?" she said, peeling off her leotard.

Our reporter assumed she meant carnal hobbies and replied accordingly.

"I like golf," she said shortly. "But usually I work six days a week at this so I don't have time for it."

"Try to imagine men in these poses."—Women Against Pornography

"Our whole industry," frowns Kathy the escort-service madam, "is the end result of men being so repressed that they don't know how to have a relationship. A lot of the guys who use us are relatively young, good-looking, they do all the right drugs, have got good jobs, live in the best neighborhoods, but they don't want a relationship. They'll ask for the same woman from the service on a regular basis and then, when she is really in love with them, they simply pick up the phone and book another woman. I've seen that happen over and over again.

"There should be a man's movement."

There is. It's called Men Against Pornography and we're going to one of its New York workshops. Right, class, we're handing you this magazine centerfold of a beautiful virgin who was forced by the maniacal publisher to be garlanded in pink ribbons and arranged on a piano. Such tyrannical oppression of women has "nothing to do with any honest kind of eroticism," according to MAP founder John Stoltenberg. So we want you guys to just slip the ribbon over your left nipple, drape your right leg thataway over the keyboard. . . . Regular practice at this exercise will help "retrain" your filthy thoughts and perhaps even set you on the way to earning one of the Women Against's cherished Ms. Liberty awards (the converse of the porker that's conferred on Male Chauvinist Pig advertisers). Stoltenberg knows about these things firsthand, having long been the roommate of Andrea Dworkin, the Godmother of Women Against Pornography.

"Part of the reason I got into porn is that all we talked about in my house was racism and the Renaissance, and nobody ever taught me a damn thing about making money. Our feminine engineering is a powerful asset."—Lisa Be, the feminist daughter of prominent New York intellectuals, who became a porn star and performer in live-sex shows

Lisa Be was endowed with her pseudonym to distinguish her from another Lisa—Lisa A—when she worked at America's busiest porn parlor, Show World Center, at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue. She was cast in one of the live-sex shows that so disgusted Mayor Beame after a short interview in which she wasn't asked to remove her clothes, then she went onstage with no rehearsal to do a lesbian act (she was not a lesbian) with a woman she'd never met. During our visit to the center, a shapely young

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE A "SICK" MIND?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

The deeper doctors probe into the nature of disease, the more links they find between physical and mental well-being. A healthy mind and a healthy body really do seem to go together, while illness can often be an outgrowth of psychological disturbance. This questionnaire is designed to find out if your psychological outlook correlates more closely with bodily health or with illness.

Physicians of ancient Greece and China believed that if the mind were in a state of comfortable equilibrium, the body would follow suit. Recent medical research suggests that this is often the case. In his book *Disease, Pain, and Sacrifice: Toward a Psychology of Suffering*, University of Chicago psychologist David Bakan notes, for instance, that even the *anticipated* loss of a lover can make a person more prone to physical illness. "Separation and estrangement from significant persons—actual, anticipated, or symbolic—have been implicated in numerous diseases," he writes. Among those illnesses that sometimes seem to have a psychological trigger are asthma, cancer, heart failure, diabetes, rheumatoid arthritis, and tuberculosis. This doesn't mean that viruses and bacteria don't cause disease; it's just that when a person is psychologically at ease, his body appears to provide a less congenial environment for disease organisms to flourish in. On the other hand, psychological stress seems to lower the body's resistance to disease. It's almost as if illness sneaks in while your body is busy wrestling with any type of psychological turmoil.

A healthy mental outlook also appears to aid healing after injury, sickness, or surgery. That's why those who are considered candidates to receive artificial hearts undergo exhaustive psychological evaluation. Only those with the most positive mental attitudes are selected, because it is felt that their strong psychological drive will provide crucial help in healing the body after such a traumatic operation.

The following questions are based on research into the psychological and social factors that correlate with both sickness and health. This psychograph should not be considered a foolproof diagnostic test; only a doctor should make medical diagnoses for you. However, if you gain some insight into how your mind may be affecting your body, it could be a first step toward improving your health prospects for the future.

1. Do you have trouble making friends?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your friendships?
   (a) My friendships tend to be long-lasting. Even when I move, I often maintain contact with friends from earlier times.
   (b) My friends change as my life changes.
   (c) I have both short- and long-term friendships.
   (d) I don't have friends; on those rare occasions when I've formed friendships, they've turned out to be disasters.

3. Do you feel you make enough money to take care of your needs?
   (a) Yes, I've got more than enough money to satisfy me.
   (b) I could always use more money, but basically I'm not in bad financial shape.
   (c) no

4. Are you currently in love?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do your romantic involvements tend to be:
   (a) smooth and generally pleasurable
   (b) volatile and emotional
   (c) I don't have romantic involvements.

6. Are you satisfied with your sex life?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) It could certainly be better, but it's not bad.
   (c) no

7. Have you been divorced?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Have you been divorced more than once?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) I think I've chosen a career path that will be rewarding in the long run.
   (b) I've chosen the wrong career and hate it.
   (c) I don't know whether or not I'm in the career that's right for me.
   (d) I have no career plans.

10. Do you enjoy the job you're working at now? (If you're a student, that includes schoolwork.)
    (a) yes
    (b) not particularly, but that's all right because the experience I'm getting will eventually pay off
    (c) My work is bearable, but I can't say I really enjoy it.
    (d) no

11. Do you think you're a fuck-up?
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) sometimes

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

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with YVONNE BASKIN
OUR MINDS, OURSELVES • THINKING LIKE A WOMAN
FIT AND FEMALE • FUTURE FAMILIES • WOMEN'S WORK
BIRTH TECHNOLOGIES • BREAKING TRADITION
SEXUAL STRATEGIES • LIVING LONGER • TECHNO HOMES
A STUNNING ACCOUNT OF WOMEN'S STATUS IN TODAY'S WORLD...THEIR OPTIMISTIC VISION OF TOMORROW...AND WHAT THEY MUST DO TO MAKE IT HAPPEN

SEEN NATIONALLY ON MERV GRIFFIN, SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL, AND GOOD MORNING AMERICA!

WOMAN OF TOMORROW
BY KATHY KEETON
AVAILABLE THIS OCTOBER
PUBLISHED BY
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS
$4.95

"A healthy mental attitude appears to aid healing after injury or sickness."

PSYCHOGRAPH

12. Do you get depressed?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) occasionally
    (c) not generally

13. Pick the statement that comes closest to describing your feelings:
    (a) I feel that right now I have a substantial degree of control over my life.
    (b) I feel that I have very little control over my life.

14. Are you satisfied with the house or apartment you live in?
    (a) yes, very
    (b) It's all right.
    (c) no

15. Were your parents very strict and demanding?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat
    (c) no

16. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
    (a) I grew up in a home where I didn't really feel loved by either my mother or my father.
    (b) I think one of my parents loved me, but the other was cold, distant, and uncaring.
    (c) I grew up in a home where I felt loved and cared for.

17. Are you close to any brothers and/or sisters you may have?
    (a) yes
    (b) I am to one (or more) but not to all of them.
    (c) no
    (d) Our relationships are okay but not very close.
    (e) I'm an only child.

18. Have you gotten into a lot of fights and arguments throughout your life?
    (a) yes
    (b) some, but probably no more than the average person
    (c) no

19. Are you often nervous and edgy?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

20. All things considered, are you basically contented or dissatisfied with your life?
    (a) very contented
    (b) quite contented
    (c) quite dissatisfied
    (d) very dissatisfied

SCORING

All answers to each of the questions have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your answers. The highest possible score is 105 points; the lowest, 19.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-5, b-2, c-3, d-1
3. a-5, b-4, c-1
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-5, b-2, c-1
6. a-5, b-4, c-1
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-5, b-1, c-2, d-4
10. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
11. a-1, b-5, c-3
12. a-1, b-3, c-5
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-3, c-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-1, b-3, c-5
17. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-3, e-3
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. a-10, b-6, c-1, d-0

If you scored 84 to 105 points:

You appear to have a phenomenally "healthy" mind. This doesn't mean you'll never get sick. Some diseases just can't be fought off, even if you've got the world's most positive mental attitude. However, when it comes to diseases that are known to have a psychological component, you're in much better than average shape. People with a psychological outlook like yours seem to be able to keep sickness at bay better than most people. And when people like you do get sick, they can often fight it off more quickly and thoroughly than others.

62 to 83 points:

Your mind appears to be doing its part to keep you healthy. You exhibit a substantial number of the psychological factors that correlate with better health. You aren't invulnerable to illness, but you do seem to have psychological reserves on which to draw when your body must deal with sickness or disease. If you scored toward the lower end of this category, however, those reserves may not be all that full and might be easily depleted if your body has to deal with illness. Anything you can do to make yourself feel better about life in general—and about your life in particular—can help keep your psychological defenses in shape to aid your body in its constant battles against physical vulnerabilities.

41 to 61 points:

Your answers do not strongly reflect the psychological and social factors that are known to correlate with improved health prospects. You don't seem to have achieved the psychological equilibrium that appears to act as a barrier against some forms of illness. This doesn't mean that you will immediately contract some terrible terminal disease. But it does suggest that you might have a tougher time dealing with illness than many other people. You may improve your prospects if you can strengthen your psychological outlook. Some of the items on this psychograph obviously were beyond your control. A person can't change the fact, for instance, that he was brought up in a cold, unloving home. Other questions on the psychograph, however, covered areas that you can do something about. It's not impossible, for example, to work at strengthening your friendships and love relationships, or to look for a more rewarding job. Whatever you do to increase your overall level of satisfaction may benefit your health in the long run.

19 to 40 points:

You may have a "sick" mind in the most literal sense of the word. You appear to exhibit few of the factors that correlate with improved health. Your answers suggest that you are not in the most benign psychological shape. That in turn can be a drain on your body when it's trying to deal with illness. Some psychological counseling may actually improve your health prospects. Don't laugh. There's quite a lot of research that indicates people with physical illnesses can be helped by psychotherapy. One study at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, for instance, showed that colitis patients who received psychological counseling improved at a substantially faster rate than those who only received medical treatment. If sickness *is* a problem for you, this approach might be worth a try, right?

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XEX-105 SUPERSTARS & SUPERSTUDS—Seka, Ginger, Amber, Harry Reems
XAT-118 HEAVENLY DESIRE—Seka, Serena, Johnny Keyes
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

couldn't get it up for her anymore.

It seems to me that you are not being completely honest with yourself. Your "deep discussion" about the age difference shows that you are preoccupied with it, especially as you ask if your attraction is "normal." Age is relative. There would be nothing strange about a 20-year-old finding a beautiful woman of 32 infinitely desirable. Young girls are frequently attracted to men in their thirties, if not older. What you're saying is that while you still consider yourself young, you regard this lady as being old. There is nothing wrong with you, but if the thought of her advanced age worries you, then stop now if you are looking for someone to "share your life with."

However, I think you are taking it all rather too seriously. Although I am always urging people to talk to each other, to air their hang-ups, to communicate, in fact you can go too far. It is not necessary to have an hour of discussion on the pros and cons of oral sex, when your questions can be answered most simply by a practical experiment. If you got down to the nitty-gritty a bit sooner and spent less time talking about it, maybe you wouldn't suffer from power failure.

If and when you find you have a satisfactory physical and mental relationship with this lady, and she with you, that is the time to consider the serious question of whether you want to live together, get married, or whatever.

ORAL ENIGMA

I have begun to wonder about something that I think most men think about at some time or another. Why do women like to give head? I ask because my current girlfriend, Raquel, apparently loves to suck cock. Raquel is tall, slender, with short blond hair, terrific legs, and a 35-26-36 figure. She shaves her pussy. By the way, she loves to fuck, but it's only when she takes my tool into her mouth that she gets really hot.

For example, last night we were watching the news when she suddenly stood up and stripped off her sweater and jeans. She wasn't wearing any underwear, so that left her nude. She got down between my legs, undid my zipper, and spent the rest of the news show sucking me off slow and easy. Whenever we get into the hot tub, this is a regular part of the routine. I sit on the edge and she sucks me until I come, then we soak for a while. Any sex we have almost always includes a blowjob.

When I visit her, she is usually stripped down to high heels, and as soon as I come in the door she gives me a blowjob. I don't mind, of course—I think it's great—but I have begun to wonder if it's not a way to avoid regular sex. What does she get out of it? It doesn't seem as if a woman would get much out of sucking a cock. I like sex in the morning, and lately when I wake up she is already at work on me, with her tongue and her lips all over my cock. Is she doing it to get me off without my fucking her? I remember reading somewhere that call girls prefer oral sex to regular sex because it's less work for them. Do girls suck dick to get out of a heavier job? Or do they do it because they think their boyfriends like it and they are being generous?—W. J.

I have said repeatedly that sublime sexual sensation lies more between the ears than between the legs. But lately I think this may only apply to women. If you can get a man's penis interested in you, it doesn't seem to make any difference what goes on in his brain: he will do what his joystick tells him. Fucking is great, and a girl gets to see what her lover's face looks like when he is doing what he likes best. Suck him, however, and you are in control. A squeeze of the balls, a nip with the teeth, a light application of the fingernails, and Big Daddy toes the line.

Most of us are orally oriented. We start on our mother's nipples or a baby bottle, graduating to our thumbs, lollipops, pens and pencils, cigarettes, and, of course, food. Putting things in our mouths is one of the great pleasures in life. So what could be more natural than trying out the best part of your man with your tongue and your taste buds?

There are occasions when it is easier (and less work) to suck a guy than to fuck him, and from the point of view of a busy professional, there is certainly less wear and tear in giving a blowjob.

"Oh, there you are, Rodemeyer! I see you've met our chief of security!"

CREDITS

Page 6 left, Kunio Hagio; **page 6 top left,** Don Punchatz; **page 6 top right,** Lou Brooks; **page 6 center,** Paul Cadmus; **page 6 bottom,** Picture Group; **page 8,** Joanie Schwarz; **page 20,** Paul E. Spiegler; **page 35,** Seiji Nakamura Japan Creators Association; **page 36,** John S. Turner; **page 37 bottom,** Tony Duffy All-Sport Woodfin Camp; **page 38,** Hilo Chen Louis Meisel Gallery; **page 43 left,** Memory Shop; **page 43 right,** Eddie Adams Gamma-Liaison; **page 44 top,** H. Philippot Sygma; **page 44 bottom,** John Kelly; **page 45 top,** Animals Animals; **page 45 bottom,** Movie Still Archives; **page 56,** Anthony Suau Black Star; **pages 64–65,** Paul Cadmus Courtesy Midtown Galleries, New York, N.Y.; **page 143,** Reuters Bettmann Newsphotos; **page 144 top,** Sygma; **page 144 left,** Harry Boll Quad City Times Photo; **page 144 right,** Raymond A. Mendez Animals Animals; **page 145 top,** Benelux Outline; **page 145 center,** Photo Trends; **page 145 bottom,** Movie Still Archives; **page 162 top to bottom,** Ronnie Cutrone Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York, N.Y. Photo by Ivan Dalla Tana; Budd Gray Picture Group; Paul J. Sutton Duomo; Allen Carrasco.

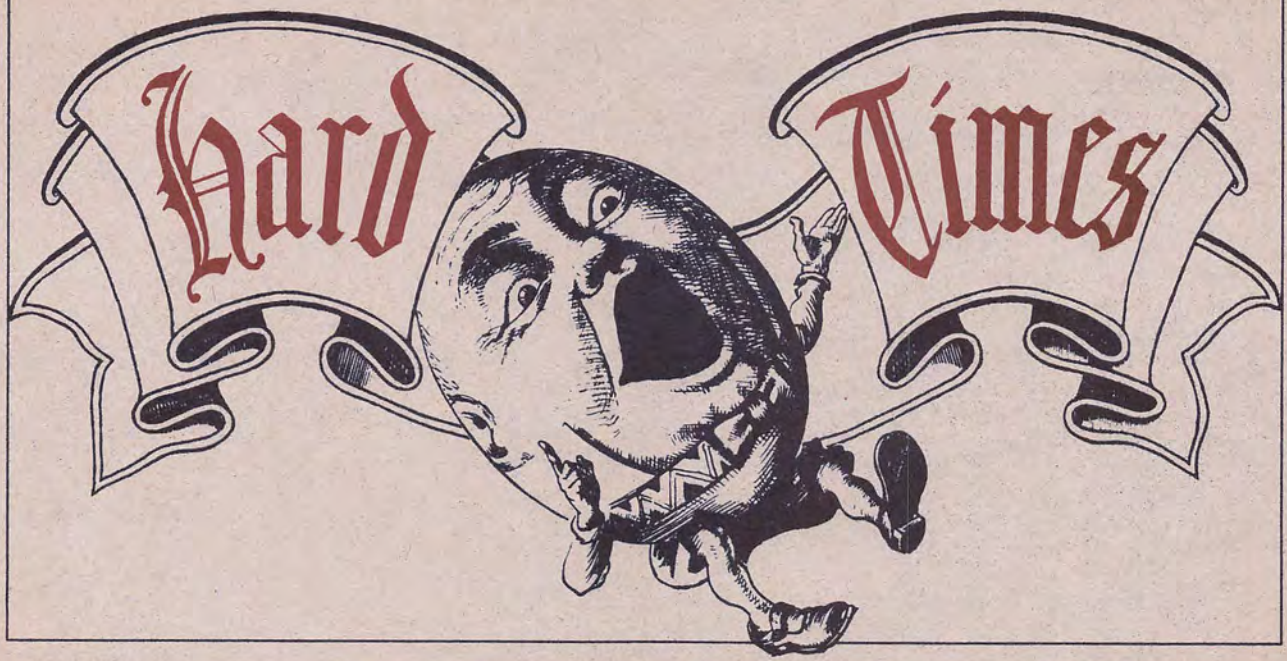
CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Beth Snyder was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera and a Nikkor 80-200 lens. She appears on page 75. Patricia, who appears on page 46, was photographed by Charity Belle with a Nikon FM2 camera and Angenieux lenses. Our love set, on page 97, was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 80-200 lens.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER

It was a solemn affair in Tokyo recently when Buddhist priests held a memorial service for cast-off underwear. What was intended as a publicity stunt by a lingerie firm turned out to be a serious memorial service, including an abbot, incense, gongs, and chants. A lingerie company spokesman said: "The main reason is to express our appreciation to the bras." And what appreciation it was, as 200,000 used bras were heaped in a giant pyramid as a priest offered his blessing. It should be noted that most of the cast-off bras were of the conservative cream-and-white variety. (*South China Morning Post*—submitted by S. Mudd, Hong Kong)

The Japanese believe in letting it all hang out.—Editor

Husband of the Month

A 67-year-old physician from Illinois, Dr. Antonio Santa-Maria, also known as "The Butcher of Galesburg," was recently convicted of killing his 44-year-old wife. The late Mrs. Santa-Maria had asked her husband for a divorce. He became so irate that he responded by knocking her unconscious. Not at a loss as to what to do next, he surgically removed her head and chopped up her body into 15 pieces, grinding up the remains in a food processor. Figuring he no longer had any use for the food processor, the physician later returned the machine to the store, telling the clerk his wife didn't like it. Lest any of our good readers prejudge Dr. Santa-Maria as a cold-blooded murderer, they should consider what he told the court after it was revealed he had peeled the skin off his dead wife's face: "I didn't want anybody to see the effects of the blows and bleeding on her beautiful face." (*Weekly World News*)

Who said there are no sensitive men left in the world?—Editor

HE LEARNED HIS LESSON!

Say what one may about guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, but the exiled cultist does have a way of always being surrounded by beautiful and big-breasted women. As with all things concerning Bhagwan, there is a spiritual reason for this phenomenon. According to his ex-bodyguard, Hugh Milne, the holy man has explained: "I have been tortured by small-breasted women for many lives and I will not do it in this one." (*Weekly World News*)

We couldn't have put it any better.—Editor

Henpecked and Hog-Tied

A judge in Munich, West Germany, learned that Fritz Priessheimer is not just another henpecked husband. Poor Fritz is married to 300-pound Winifred, who spends her days pigging out on food, eating so much she forced her husband to rob banks in order to keep her pantry stocked. Should Fritz have refused, Winifred would beat up on her skinny mate. "If I said no she'd beat me and kick me," Fritz moaned to police. "Once I told her I wasn't going to commit any more robberies, and she broke my nose with her fist. When I went down, she kicked me and broke three ribs." When the Munich police heard Fritz's story, they began to consider bringing conspiracy charges against Winifred. Said one detective: "Seems to me she's the real criminal here." (*Weekly World News*)

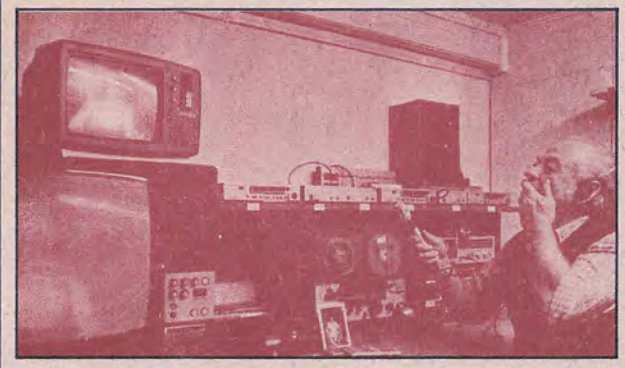
Is that any way to talk about the little hausfrau?—Editor

FROG WEDDING BELLS

Everybody gets married these days, including frogs. In northern India, a pair of frogs was recently married by desperate drought-ridden villagers to appease the god of rain. The wedding was a formal ceremony. The formally attired bridegroom was taken in a ceremonial procession to the bride's home, accompanied by the beating of drums and blowing of conch shells. The festive occasion was highlighted with graceful dances by women, and villagers sang as the soon-to-be-newlywed frogs sat on small stools while a priest performed the rites. It is not yet known if it rained or not after the ceremony. (*Toronto Star*—submitted by R. Grainger, Brampton, Ontario)

And everybody gave them toasters as wedding gifts.—Editor

DEADEST SHOW ON TELEVISION



It hasn't yet made *TV Guide,* but there is finally something new on the tube. A West German inventor, Klaus Schreiber, has invented a method for viewers to see the spirits of the dearly departed on their television screen. Thus far, Schreiber has been able to view the spirits of his deceased wife, son, and daughter. The mechanics of this breakthrough are vague, involving voices from beyond the grave and spiritual energies of the deceased and the living, but Schreiber has been able to make 7,500 images of his late family appear on the television screen. (*Weekly World News*)

Once the reruns begin, the show will get a new lease on life.—Editor

Vampires Move Out

Vampires are no fools. Like many other Americans, they are migrating to the more pleasant Sunbelt states, according to vampirologist Stephen Kaplan, director of the Vampire Research Center in Elmhurst, New York. "It's my opinion," Dr. Kaplan advises, "that the South, especially Florida, is the world capital of vampires and supersedes California." He also warned that blood cults thrive in Florida, and that many nonaffiliated vampires join only to get a "free drink." Dr. Kaplan also dispels the myth that vampires go out only at night in search of victims; indeed, in their pursuit of blood, they even go to the beach—wearing suntan lotion, of course—while on the prowl for veins. At night, vampires can be found at singles bars and discos. To those who wish to flesh out vampires, Dr. Kaplan warns they are dangerous when stalked and will kill their hunters. "I try not to threaten them," he admits. "It's just too damn dangerous." (*National Examiner*)

Now we know the answer to the song "Where Have All the Vampires Gone?"—Editor

WILD AND CRAZY COMRADE

Ivan T. was the boss of a cemetery in the Soviet city of Murmansk who demanded sex with grieving widows to bury their husbands in family graves. If they refused, he threatened to dispose of the remains in a pauper's plot. Ivan T. was too much even for Soviet officials, who sentenced him to eight years in prison. It was also learned that Ivan had other quirks in his role as chief grave-keeper, e.g., cracking crude jokes when coffins were lowered, removing gold teeth from the deceased, and singing bawdy songs and drinking vodka at grave sites. (*National Examiner*)

But has he ever put a lampshade over his head at parties?—Editor

A Blond Bombshell

The beauty-pageant judges were stunned when gorgeous Nicola Barrett stepped to the stage to claim third-place prize in a Sussex, England, beauty contest. Nicola smiled at the judges and announced: "My name is Nicolas and I'm a fellow." The 17-year-old later admitted that he entered the contest on a dare from his chums. Looking at his picture, it's easy to see how he fooled even the unsuspecting friend who took the photograph. (*The Toronto Sun*—submitted by Teodoro Conjo, Toronto, Ontario)

A man does what a man has to do.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

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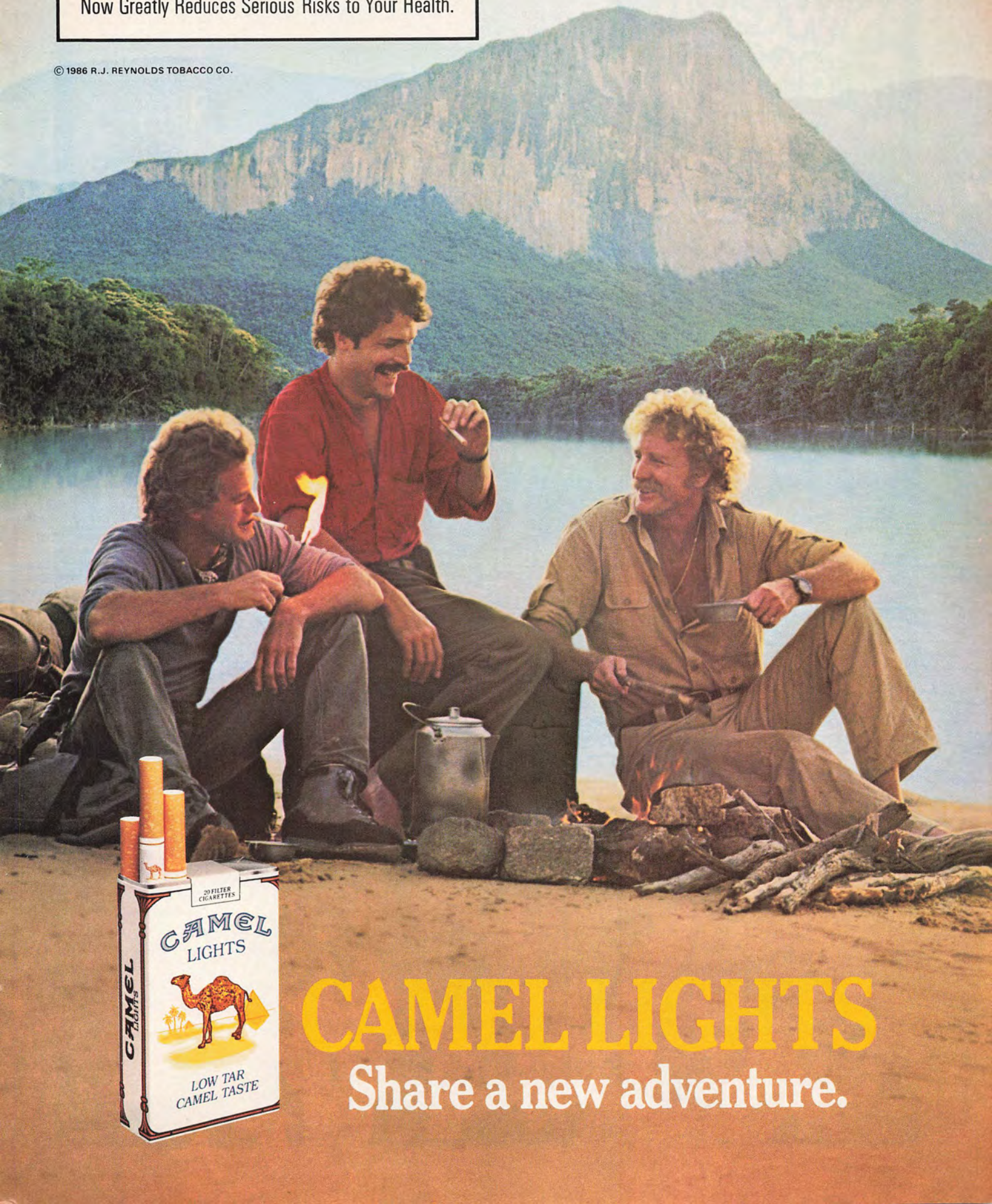


CAMEL LIGHTS

Share a new adventure.

Sweet chastity
OBOY! WUZ WE GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISTER RUMPO! WOTCHA DOIN' 'ERE, ANYWAY?
THAT GREAT SYMBOL OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM, RUMPO, HAS SAVED THE GIRLS FROM A VERY TRICKY SITUATION. CAN HIS FERVOUR AND ENTHUSIASM FOR FREEDOM AND JUSTICE HELP THE PEOPLE OF TRANSYLVANIA?
I WUZ BUSY FREEIN' DA WOILD FUM COMMUNIST DOMINATION AN' I HOID ON MY TRANNY DAT YOUSE WUZ IN TROUBLE.
YOUSE 'VE ALWAYS BEEN MY FAVOURITE ARTISTE, MS. ORGASMIA – I GOT ALL YA ALBUMS!
WELL, I WUZ THINKIN' OF TAKIN' A FEW DAYS VACATION – SO I FIGURED I'D COME DOWN HERE AN' SORTA GIVE YA A HAND!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
YOU CERTAINLY ARRIVED AT AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT, MR. RUMPO!
YEAH! AN' I GOT HERE JUST AT DA RIGHT TIME, TOO – DIDN'T I?

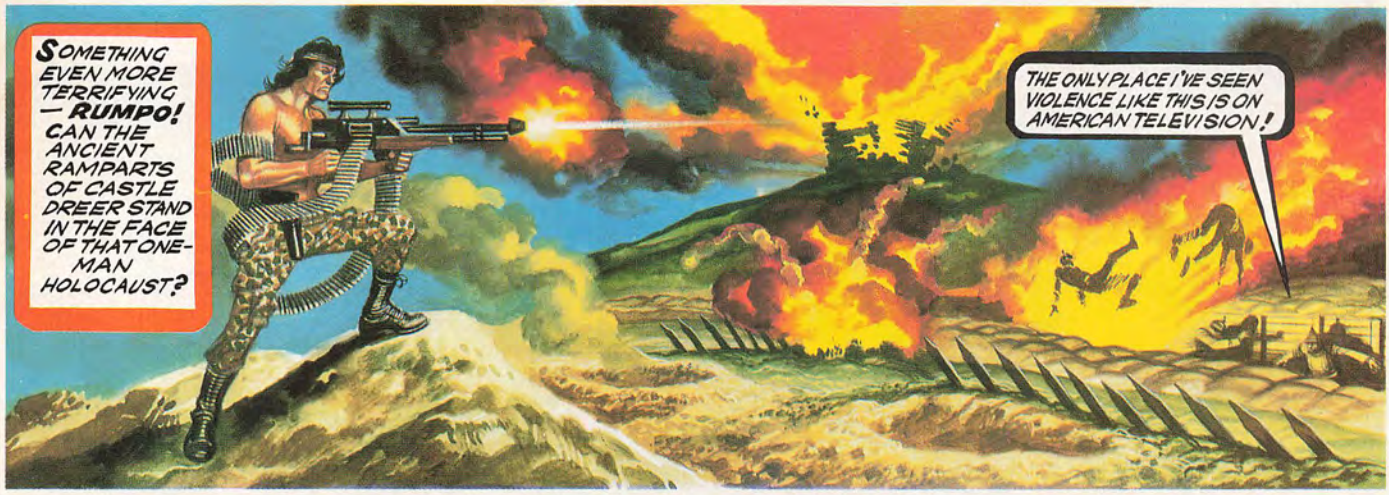
OUR PROBLEM, MR. RUMPO, IS TO GET INTO CASTLE DREER! TO DO THAT WE HAVE GOT TO GET THROUGH AN IMPREGNABLE LINE OF DEFENSES — MANNED BY ELITE TROOPS!
NO PROBLEM, MS. CHASTITY! I'LL SMASH A WAY THROUGH AN' YOUSE CAN COME IN BEHIND ME!
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHETHER OR NOT I WATERED MY CHRYSANTHEMUMS BEFORE I CAME ON DUTY!

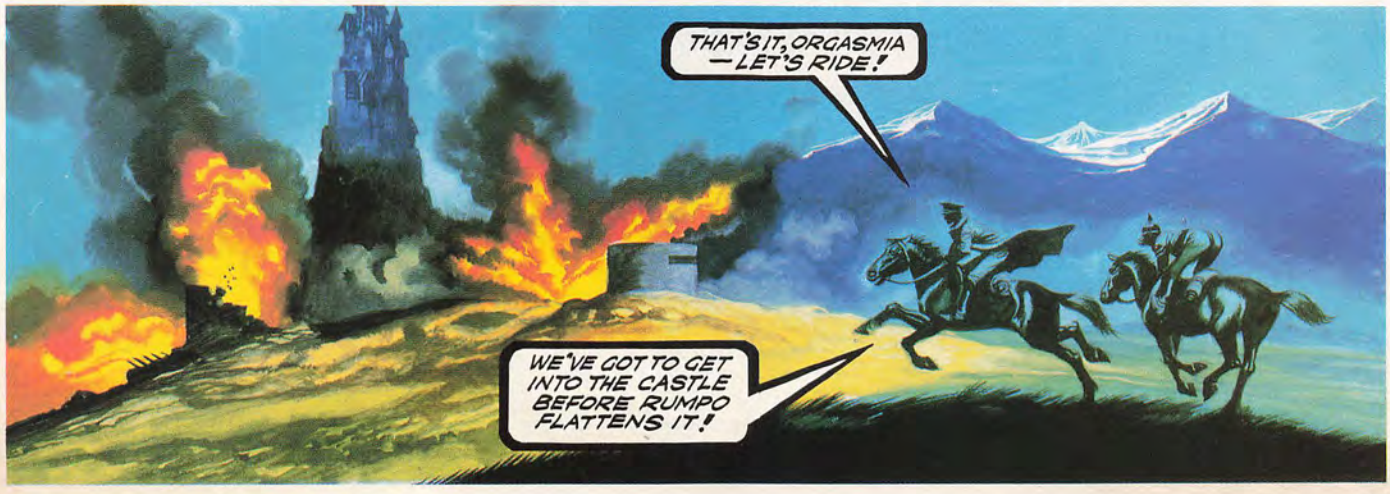
HANG ON! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA!
?
?
WHAT'S WID DESE GOILS? DEY TAKE DERE CLOTHES OFF MORE'N I DO — AN' DEY AIN'T GOT ANY MUSCLES!
CHAS! FER 'EAVEN'S SAKE — WHAT'RE YA DOIN'?

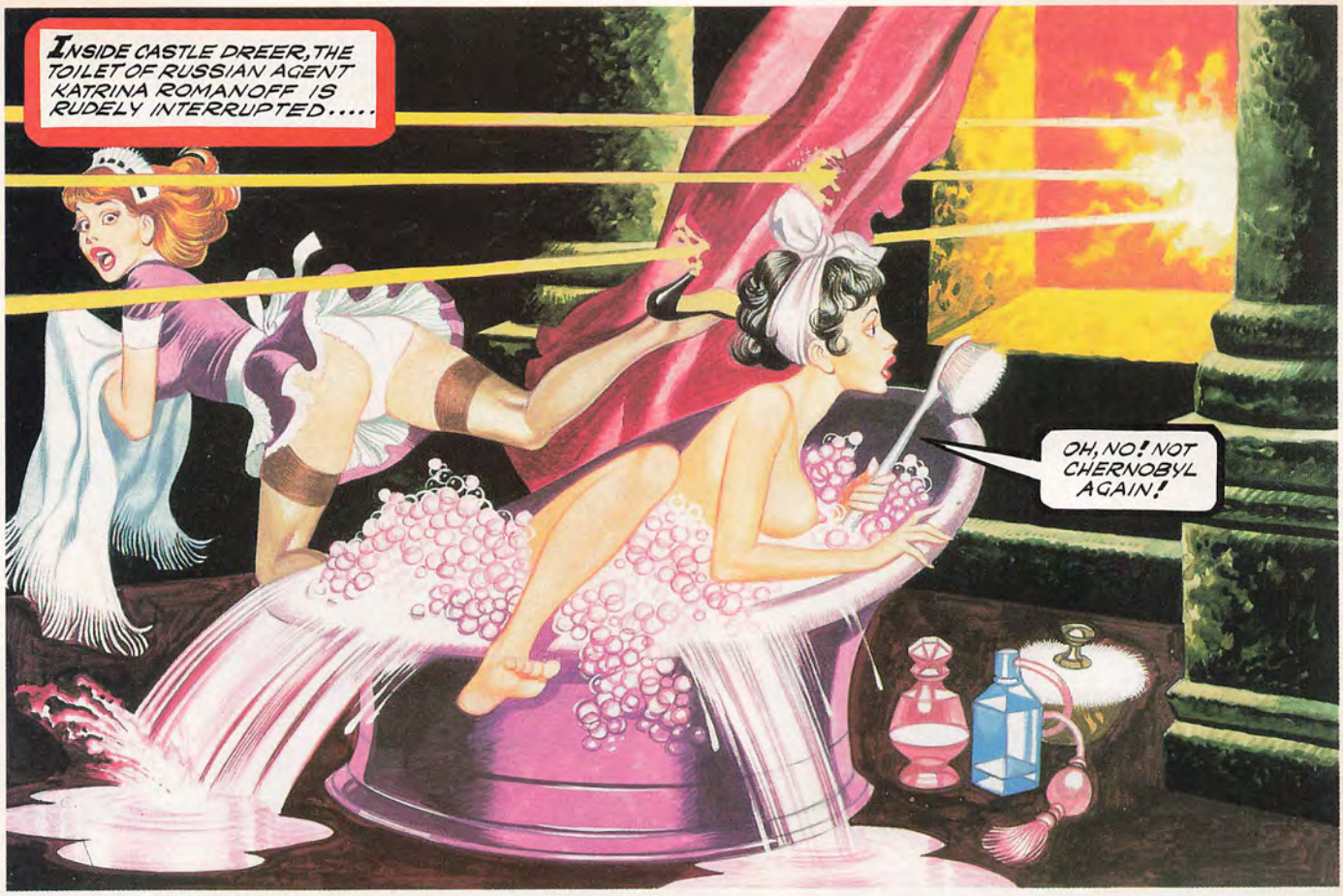
WELL— WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HEY! DAT'S TERRIFIC!
JUST REMEMBER NOT TO STICK YA CHEST OUT, CHAS!
OKAY, MR RUMPO? WHEN WE GET INTO THE CASTLE, WE'LL RAISE A WHITE FLAG ON THE BATTLEMENTS!
I 'ATE 'ORSES!
I'LL CREATE A DIVOISION—AN' YOUSE GUYS— SORRY—MIZZES —GO STRAIGHT THROUGH DERE LINES!

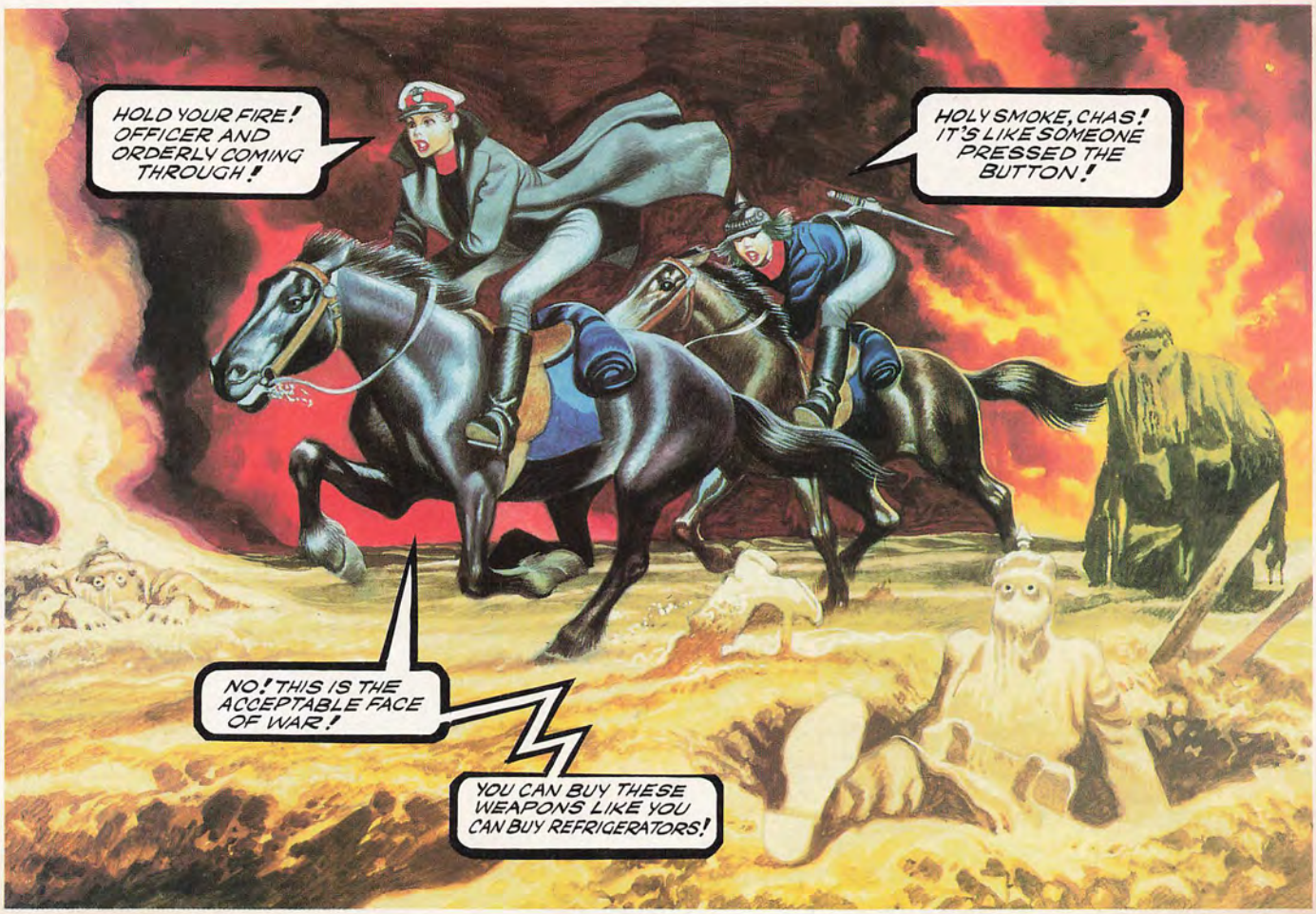
AS THE SUN SETS OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, ALL'S QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
SUGAR OR DIET SWEETENER IN YOUR TEA? THERE'S NO PEPSI!
NO PEPSI? GOD! WAR IS HELL!
PENTHOUSE

SUDDENLY.....
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HAVE THE AMERICANS LANDED?
HAVE THE RUSSIANS SENT IN THE TANKS?


SOMETHING EVEN MORE TERRIFYING — RUMPO! CAN THE ANCIENT RAMPARTS OF CASTLE DREER STAND IN THE FACE OF THAT ONE-MAN HOLOCAUST?
THE ONLY PLACE I'VE SEEN VIOLENCE LIKE THIS IS ON AMERICAN TELEVISION!


THAT'S IT, ORGASMIA — LET'S RIDE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE CASTLE BEFORE RUMPO FLATTENS IT!


INSIDE CASTLE DREER, THE TOILET OF RUSSIAN AGENT KATRINA ROMANOFF IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.....
OH, NO! NOT CHERNOBYL AGAIN!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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

lady in a coral-pink swimsuit was working a shift in a red-lit room with a pudgy older woman who was nude. The pair could be spied on through a window for 30 seconds for a quarter and Coral Suit was busying herself folding a Sears imitation patchwork counterpane while Pudgy lay back on a dais and scissored her legs. Coral Suit had just finished this housekeeping task and the legs were just showing the first flash of vagina when our time was up.

New York efficiency at its best. The emporium is owned by Richard Basciano, an associate in other businesses of Robert "Dee Bee" DiBernardo. DiBernardo has been described by authorities as a majordomo of the Mafia. This was denied by his attorney as recently as this summer when, shortly before his indictment on federal racketeering charges, "Dee Bee" vanished—a victim, the FBI suggests, of internecine mob violence. Still, no one can deny the outstanding ethics of New York's Coney Island of fast sex. Basciano bans prostitution on the Show World premises, which are illuminated by glaring lights, disinfected regularly by attendants with mops and buckets, and policed by barkers who mitigate against loitering by keeping up a constant chant of "Check it out! Check it out! Ch-e-eck it out! Pussy, pussy, pussy . . ."

Federal auditors were somewhat nonplussed when they did check it out and discovered that the Show World owner had obtained a $65,000 loan from a Small Business Administration program. But the money, you'll be glad to hear, was used to renovate offices in the building, not the booth showing *Three Cocks for Carol*. Besides, the return on the taxpayers' capital presumably was several points higher than from the gold-mining claims co-owned by Richard Nixon's nephew, Donald, which, because he is a Vietnam vet, qualified for a $45,000 boost from the same program as a "minority" enterprise. A male porn star who worked in Show World's acts recalls coming across 15 men sitting at a long table in the building—adding the takings, he says.

"When we go in there and make arrests, we get the assistance of their security and they note the time the girls leave so they can maintain their records," says Captain Piazza.

"I decided why be exploited by others? Now I exploit myself."—Robin Byrd, whose late-night show on Channel J of Manhattan Cable opens to a shot of her in a bikini, shimmying to her own recording of "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box"

Daniel Lander used to be a pastor—a pastor of the Lexington Avenue Church of Sharing, which was dedicated, said a

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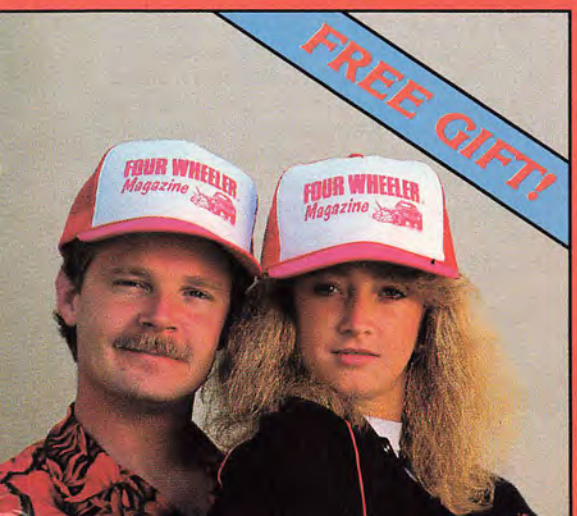

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large sign over the door, to the belief that "God wants all humanity to survive, be happy and to have a sharing, loving and respectful regard for all human beings." Like certain other institutions operated by God's builders (many New York churches are into real estate development), the denomination was pragmatic in its interpretation of its motto—"religion in action"—and imposed admission charges ($80 for single men; $15 for unaccompanied women) instead of an offertory. It even issued its own version of the Ten Commandments: "It is okay," one precept declared, "to ask anyone present at the club to do anything." After a pretty detective who applied to join Lander's ministry was told she could work either as a "naked hostess" or a "party sex girl," the police busted the pastor for promoting prostitution. He pleaded guilty, but only, he says, to avoid the cost of defending the case. The church "was a swing club," he explains.

Lander can now be seen regularly on Channel J, hosting a sort of nude version of the Dick Cavett Show, "Interludes After Midnight." Channel J is sometimes called the city's "porno station." Resulting from the nation's most liberal and legally impeccable public-access statute ("*very* off-the-record," a cable company source murmurs, "I will say that there are some programs out there that we would sooner be carrying"), the channel is available to anyone who wants to put on a show.

Any show. *Screw* magazine's Al Goldstein is the impresario behind "Midnight Blue," which once treated viewers to a "Spermathon," starring a nondescript brunette who made love, so far as could be told from the camera angle, with 83 members of the invited audience.

With the program claiming to outdraw Johnny Carson on occasion in cable households, the cable company does its best to protect the public weal, periodically censoring the footage: "In place of the deleted material, we put up a picture of Ronald Reagan riding his horse," says "Blue" executive Steve Gruberg.

The company's one victory against the Tide of Filth involved "Ugly George" Urban, an amateur Svengali who, shouldering a camera, prowled the city's streets, inducing busty girls to take their clothes off. His "Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence" was first bounced off the air when Manhattan Cable grumbled that he had aired a different tape from the one he'd provided to its censors. He was allowed back on a month-to-month contract forbidding him ever to enter the cable company's 23rd Street premises (he lives next door to the studios). In the early eighties, he mysteriously vanished again.

"Manhattan Cable was owed money by him, so he was thrown off," a spokeswoman tersely told us. Ugly, who paid $150 a week for his airtime, seemed unperplexed. He showed us a prospectus for a magazine he hopes to start, called

Mammary Lane, which will feature women with extraordinarily large bosoms. Tokyo electronics companies will sponsor him, he said, when he returns to the Manhattan airwaves. "I am not aware that he is returning," said the spokeswoman.

For Ugly's ex-fans (his audience was estimated at 150,000) and frustrated ex-swingers everywhere, New York has a new industry, porno *phone*. The city's seven aural sex services sprang up, like cable porn, as the unforeseen protégé of a government regulation. The FCC, in ruling that companies like New York Telephone had to lease out their "dial-it" lines through competitive bidding, had in mind encouraging a flood of applications to set up services providing information on fat-stock prices, hurricanes, that sort of thing.

High Society magazine's living centerfold "Hotline" provides recorded information on sex acts. Breathily described by ladies with names like Serena and Holly, the data enables subscribers to "Get off over the phone," explains a business card showing two blondes baring their behinds. The spooks of the Defense Intelligence Agency found this enormously, well, handy, since they were able to achieve in 57 seconds with Holly what had required long, exhausting sessions at home. Hence they could devote more time to analyzing naughty Soviet troop movements. However, after some two-star eunuch took exception to the $25,000 a month that the calls were threatening to cost taxpayers, the Defense Department had electronics specialists put a block on the number.

"He was my age, a stockbroker, why should I be nice and give an hour to someone I'm never going to see again?"—A New York yuppie, who moonlights from her career as an advertising account executive as a call girl with Kathy's escort agency. She gave the john 20 minutes for his $135.

In the guerrilla theater of New York sex, allegiances are constantly shifting. For instance, shortly after a luminary of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), was reported to have asserted at a 1984 conference of his "civil rights" group that "there isn't a boy out there who doesn't need a blowjob right now," a 12-year-old (at least, the publication said he was 12 years old) columnist for the NAMBLA bulletin announced he was quitting. "NAMBLA is not a political support group for boys and their pedophile lovers," the pseudonymous columnist charged in his valedictory screed. "NAMBLA's sole function of late has been to organize pedophiles for social activities. . . ."

Screw publisher Al Goldstein also is reinforcing the ranks of the abstemious. Abstaining, that is, from the dating methods propounded in his publication's ads, he has been advertising instead in *New York* magazine's personal columns for the perfect mate and has registered with a video dating service. Since he is "not talking sex, I'm talking relationship," Al has in mind a "beautiful and intelligent high-fashion model, lovely actress, leggy stewardess, ballet dancer, age 21 to 32."

And we are delighted to be able to tell Ed Meese that pornography itself is going respectable. Consider, for instance, Candida Royalle, who made her name as the star of such porn flicks as *Ultra Flesh* (in which she was lowered three stories on a rope, landing gracefully on her co-star's erect qualification for membership in the Men Against). Candida now runs Femme Productions, a Brooklyn company that makes "feminist porn."

That's no close-ups of genitalia, no come shots, but lots of afterplay in which the Great Lover doesn't go to sleep. "I see all that's wrong with porn," Candida says earnestly, "but banning it is never going to happen, so I want to show what can be done to add some respectability and responsibility to this industry."

For instance, the throbbing action of *Femme II: Urban Heat* builds climactically to a scene in—the kitchen. We thought kitchens were reserved strictly for New York's pimps, but then, the outcomes of revolutions always were hard to predict.

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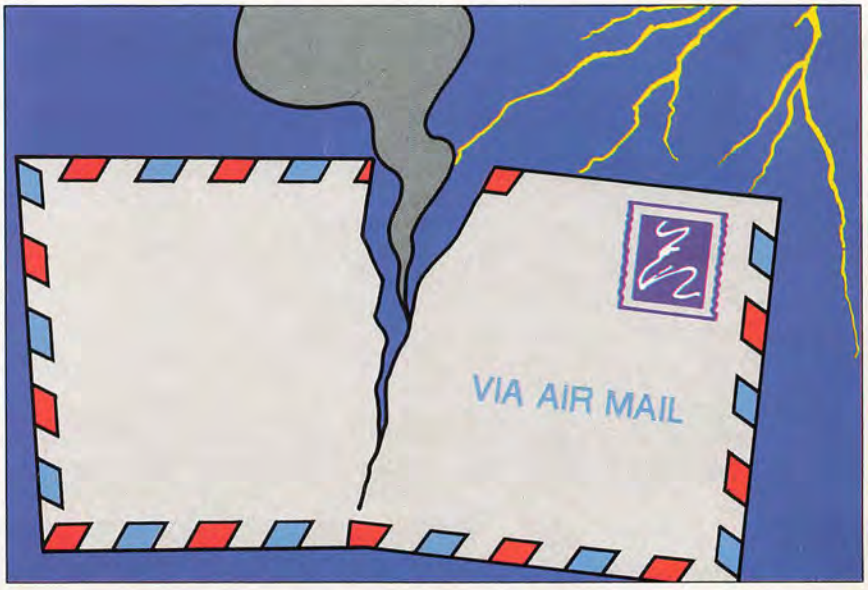
The Locked-Room Suicide
and other classic logic problems.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

There is a classic type of puzzle called a logic problem. I have never written about them until now in this column or in my "Games" column in *Omni*, because they are essentially social in nature. One person, the "puzzler," describes a scene of apparently irrational behavior, or an unsolved murder, suicide, or some other death under mysterious circumstances. The "guessers" ask yes-or-no questions until they narrow in on the "solution." The barely plausible "wrong" answers that people come up with along the way are half the fun of playing logic problems.

Still, the other half is fun too—finding out the puzzle and its answer so you can pose it to a friend. Several months ago, when we asked readers for April Fools' questions, we received many of the logic-problem type. The first seven questions below are the most popular "classics," in order of their popularity. Since you can't ask me questions, you are at an extreme disadvantage in this game, but you have probably heard a few of these before.



THE BEST-KNOWN LOGIC PROBLEMS

1. THE ELEVATOR RIDER. A man lived on the 21st floor of an apartment building in New York City. Every day when he came home from work, he rode the elevator up to the 15th floor, got out, and walked up six flights. In the mornings he took the elevator from the 21st floor all the way down to the lobby. Why did he do this?

2. HE JUST ASKED FOR WATER. A man walks into a bar and asks the bartender for a glass of water, and the bartender gives one to him. A few moments later the bartender pulls out a gun, points it at the man, and threatens to shoot. The man thanks the bartender and leaves. Explain.

3. THE LOCKED-ROOM SUICIDE. A dead man is found hanging from a chandelier in a sealed apartment. There is a puddle of water on the floor beneath his feet. All the doors and windows are locked from the inside. The man is alone and the apartment is empty—there is no furniture of any kind. How did he die?

Americo Simonino of Brooklyn, New York, tells the same story with these added details: The man was a blind midget wearing a clown wig, and his walking stick, found in the puddle of water, had its bottom tip cut off. The method of suicide was the same as before, but now there's the question why.

4. THE DEADLY LETTER. A man is seated and writing a letter. There is a thunderstorm outside and he dies. How did he die?

5. ROUND-TRIP. A man named George leaves home, and when he tries to return, a man wearing a mask blocks his path. Immediately, George turns around and runs to a safe place.

A. What is George doing?

B. What is the masked man's occupation?

C. Where is George's "safe place"?

6. MURDER AT THE MOVIES. Tom and Joe go to a movie. During the picture they exchange angry words, Tom draws a gun, Joe screams, and Tom shoots Joe dead. Tom gets out of his seat and leaves the movie. The shooting and screaming did not coincide with loud noises in the movie soundtrack. Although there were many other people in the theater, no one tried to stop Tom. Why didn't they?

THE BEST READERS' ORIGINALS

We found these the best new (to us) logic puzzles. Readers who sent them in will receive a one-year *Penthouse* subscription or a one-year extension to a current subscription.

7. DEATH IN THE CAR. A married couple was speeding into town when their sedan ran out of gas. The man went for help after making sure his wife closed the windows and locked the doors of the car. Upon his return, he found his wife dead and a stranger in the car. The windows were still closed, the doors were still locked, and no damage was done to the car. How did the woman die, and who is the stranger? (From Brian W. Harle, San Antonio, Tex.)

8. THE POISONED DRINKS. Mr. El and Mr. Lay went to a bar and each ordered

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GAMES

a scotch on the rocks. Unbeknownst to them, they both got glasses containing poison. Mr. El downed his quickly and proceeded to gab for an hour while Mr. Lay drank his slowly. Later, Mr. Lay died, but Mr. El did not. Why? (From Damien Wiseman, Fort Wayne, Ind.)

9. THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE THRONE. The king dies and two men, the true heir and an impostor, both claim to be his long-lost son. Both fit the description of the rightful heir: about the right age, height, coloring, and general physical appearance. Finally, one of the elders thought of a way to identify the true heir. He proposed a test. One man agreed to the test but the other flatly refused. The one who agreed was immediately sent on his way, and the one who refused was correctly identified as the rightful heir. What was the elder's test? (From Mirtha M. Himschoot, Plantation, Fla.)

10. ANOTHER DEATH IN THE CAR. A man was shot to death while in his car. There were no powder marks on his clothing, which indicated that the gunman was outside the car. However, all the windows were up and the doors locked. After a closer inspection was made, the only bullet holes discovered were on the man's body. How was he murdered? (From Merita DeLucia, Sunrise, Fla.)

11. THE WIDOWER ON THE ELEVATOR. Every morning a man gets up, fixes his breakfast, kisses his wife goodbye, and takes the elevator downstairs to go to work. One morning, on his way down, he realizes that his wife is dead. How does he know? (From Wayne W. Kencharek, Munhall, Pa.)

12. THE FATEFUL DREAM. A soldier had a dream that his king would be assassinated on his first visit to a foreign city. He pleaded with the king to cancel his visit, thinking that the vision might be a horrible omen. The king pondered the man's advice for a moment and then ordered him taken away and beheaded. Why? (No name or address)

13. TRANSACTION. A car stops in front of a house. The owner of the car has to pay money to the owner of the house. Where did this happen? (No name or address)

14. WHY ME? I'm driving down a highway at the legal 55-miles-per-hour limit. I'm sober; my license plates, license, and insurance are in order; and I'm wearing my seatbelt. I passed three cars without going over 55 miles per hour, but a state patrolman pulled me over and gave me a ticket. Why? (From Michael Beaver, Buena Vista, Calif.)

Answers:

1. ELEVATOR. He was a midget and could only reach up to the 15th-floor button. When he rode the elevator up alone, he had to get off at the 15th floor and walk the rest of the way up.

2. JUST WATER. The man had the hiccups and hoped that the water would help. It didn't, but the bartender's scare tactic did. Hunter Colby of Huntington Beach, California, sent in this plausible second answer: The man was still thirsty and it was a water gun.

3. LOCKED ROOM. He tied the noose around his neck and stood on a block of ice. He committed slow suicide as the ice melted down to a puddle. In Simonino's variation: He made his living in a circus sideshow, thus the wig. Someone had sawed off the tip of his cane as a joke, and when he felt that his cane didn't reach the floor he thought he had grown, and would soon be out of work.

4. LETTER. He was a skywriter. Lightning struck his plane and he crashed.

5. ROUND-TRIP. A. Playing baseball. B. Catcher. C. Third base.

6. MOVIES. They were in a drive-in movie.

7. CAR. The woman died during childbirth. The stranger in the car is the baby.

8. DRINKS. The poison was inside the ice cubes, which dissolved in Lay's drink, but not in El's.

9. HEIR. The test was a blood test. The elder remembered that the true prince was a hemophiliac.

10. ANOTHER CAR. The man was in a convertible. He was shot when the top was down.

11. WIDOWER. The light went off and the elevator stopped. During the power failure, the man knew his wife died because her iron lung stopped working.

12. DREAM. The soldier dreamed when he was supposed to be on guard duty.

13. TRANSACTION. A Monopoly game.

14. WHY ME. I was traveling in the wrong direction; the cars I passed were all going the other way.

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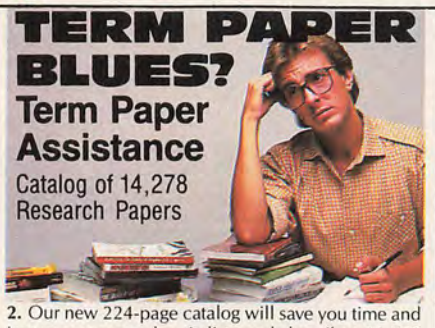

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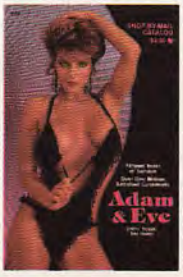

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TAKING IT ON FAITH

Earlier this year, James Randi, an extraordinary magician and author who has made it his business to expose psychic rip-off artists, took on a new class of charlatan—the faith healer. "The Amazing Randi," as he's called, went on "The Tonight Show" with proof of how one of America's most popular faith healers was systematically duping his audience. Shortly after that, Randi received a "genius grant" from the MacArthur Foundation—a tax-free, no-strings gift of $272,000 during the next five years, to allow him to continue his research. Next month, in an exclusive *Penthouse* report, Randi tells us how many of these "miracle workers" actually work their miracles . . . an article that is important to every American citizen at a time when a TV evangelist/faith healer is actually running for president of the United States!

KISSINGER SPEAKS OUT

In an extraordinary interview, one of the world's most influential men shares his views on the international scene today. Henry Kissinger, whose power was almost unlimited when he worked under Presidents Nixon and Ford (and many observers would have said that the situation was the other way around), discusses our volatile world with Washington reporter Russell Warren Howe. And, typically for Kissinger, his opinions—ranging from the survivability of Israel to his candidates for the great statesmen of the twentieth century—are certain to cause international controversy.

TYSON'S TIME

"Boxing," writes *New York Times* sports reporter Roy S. Johnson, "is an intriguing profession. . . . Unlike baseball, basketball, football, tennis, or golf, sports that spawn their legends because of their achievements rather than their personalities, it is not good enough in boxing to merely be the best." Great fighters become legends because they're perceived by the public to be great outside the ring. Ali, Marciano, Louis, Robinson . . . and now Michael Tyson just might be added to the list. "And," says Johnson, "he may do it before he's old enough to drink."

SNOWSURFING

Most new trends seem to start in California, so we should probably prepare ourselves for an outbreak of "snowboarding" this winter. That's what some surfers on the Coast turn to when winter storms blow into town. They head for the ski slopes and take their surfboards with them. Next month, in an action-packed pictorial, we show these snowsurfers in action—in a sport that often makes skiing look tame.

FOUR-WHEEL LIFESTYLE

Four-wheel-drive vehicles are off and running, and America's roads, woods, and deserts will never be the same again! They're no longer simply the wheels of preference for blue-collar, hardworking, hard-living country folk. These days, four-wheelers have become prestigious status symbols—somehow equally at home on Rodeo Drive as on Tobacco Road. Next month, we look at this phenomenon that promises to revolutionize our lives with an impact almost as great as Henry Ford's original Model T.

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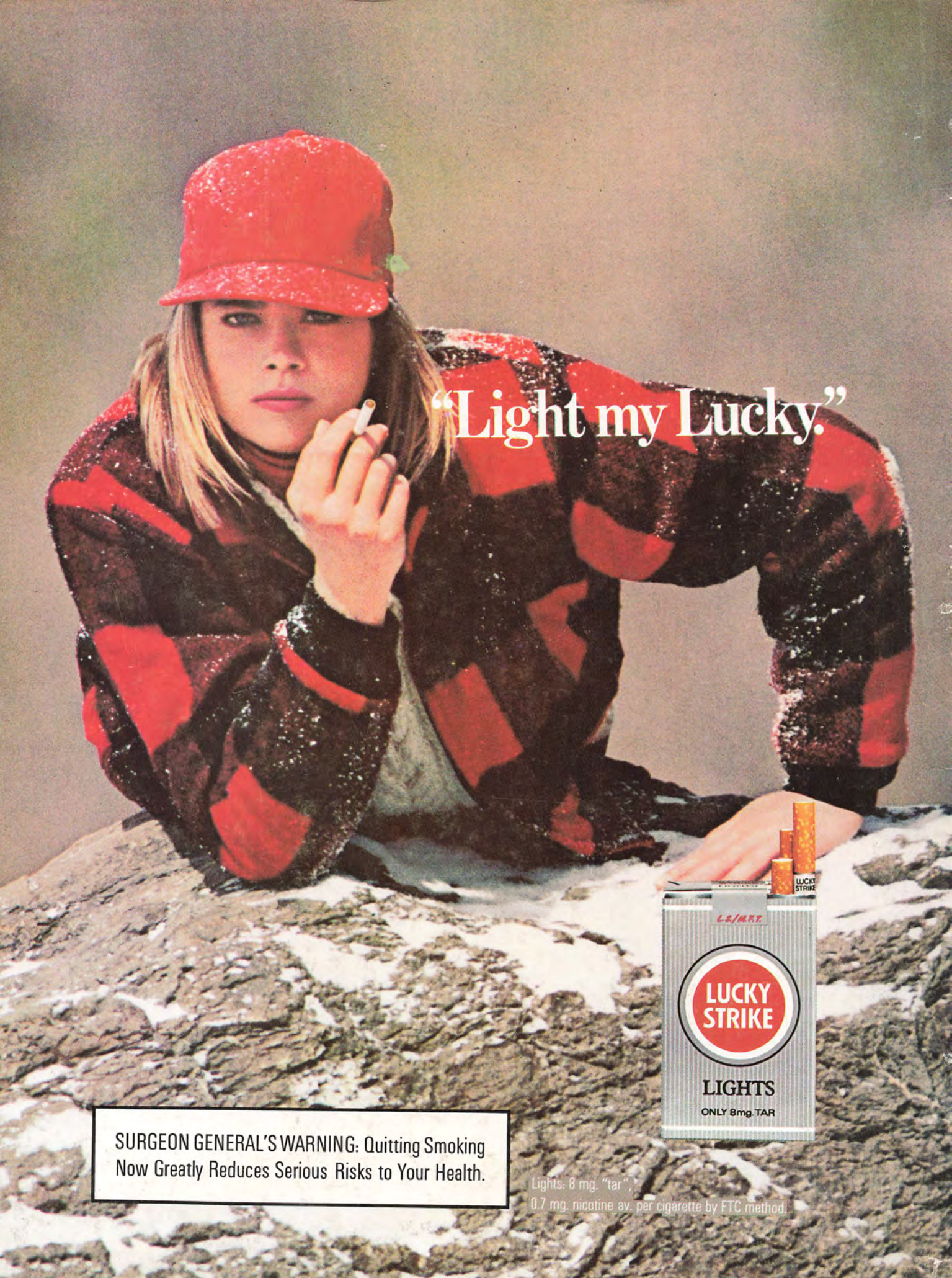

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